

July 24, 1963

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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

Although the world's best-dressed women get newspaper coverage approaching that given to Nobel Prize winners, they seem to talk mostly to each other, and not for publication.

Our Cover

Beautiful double daffodils named Irene Copeland are available for planting in Australia. Turn to page 21 for the big color-illustrated section, "The Art of Doing the Flowers."

To remedy this situation, Helen Markel interviewed Mrs. Charles Wrightsman, of New York, 10th in this year's best-dressed list (story, pages 4 and 5).

Helen explained that she selected Mrs. Wrightsman because she is a newcomer in a list again headed by Mrs. John F. Kennedy and including such hardy perennials as the Duchess of Windsor, Princess Grace of Monaco, and Audrey Hepburn.

During the interview, Helen said to Mrs. Wrightsman:

"When Gloria Vanderbilt first heard she had made the best-dressed list, she remarked, 'Oh, dear, no more blue jeans.' Has the award changed your life?"

Mrs. Wrightsman replied: "Very little. I simply continue to buy clothes for the life I lead."

INCIDENTALLY, Mrs. Kennedy has thanked the Eastern and Northern Goldfields Pastoralists' Association in Western Australia for sending her a woollen layette.

We reported the gift and showed the layette in our June 26 issue.

Mrs. Kennedy is expecting a baby in August. She told the association the layette would be put to good use.

A LETTER we published recently has helped to reunite friends who had lost touch for 30 years.

The letter was from Mrs. Jane Whipp, of Bondi, N.S.W., who wrote that she still had a bottle of lemonade given to her on her wedding day 57 years ago.

Mr. Charles Blanchard, of Maitland, N.S.W., then wrote: "I gave Mrs. Whipp the bottle of lemonade. She and her people were very dear friends of ours."

"I have lost touch with her and her family for 30 years and would like to write to her."

PATRICIA EASTERBROOK ROBERTS arranged the four table-settings on page 27 at David Jones Ltd. last year.

They illustrate her advice that flowers should complement the table appointments and color scheme; that an arrangement should look like fresh flowers rather than a still-life group.

Australian-born Patricia Easterbrook Roberts has written six books on flower arranging.

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS



3rd MARVILLE NATIONAL BAKING QUEST NATIONAL WEEKLY WINNER

Mrs. R. F. Smiles, DALBY, QLD. wins a Philips Transistor Radio. For her recipe, see page No. 40

120 OTHER WEEKLY WINNERS

Each wins a set of 6 multi-colour Agee Pyrex ramekins.

N.S.W.: Mesdames: A. Wilson, Goolah; G. Boer, Southgate; I. Gilmore, Muswellbrook; E. Crutch, Ritz; H. Emerton, Shellharbour; N. Lutz, Penrith; W. Broome, St. Pius; B. Hays, Dindal; A. Hays, Tarne; R. Green, Berrima; A. Johnson, W. Pant; M. Rennie, Wince; H. Lister, Kingsgrove; P. Marshall, Scone; H. Fair, Tamworth; F. Mitchell, Barabar; G. Hammond, Katoomba; D. Vale, Rly; H. H. Trevitt, Uralia; L. Nicholson, Ryle; C. Manning, Armidale; A. Watts, Winton; J. Ebner, Mt. Druitt; K. Jack, Albury; A. Newman, Murwillumbah; L. Vailen, Pt. Macquarie; K. Rossborough, Berrig; B. Connolly, Eger; C. Cressy, Port Hill; B. Birchley, Frit; C. Ehsman, Saphire; R. Simpson, Murwillumbah; C. Voss, Toroni; W. K. Tobman, E. Maitland; I. Seaborn, Belmont; O. Tewkesbury, Fels Bay; S. Richardson, Cessnock; D. Johnson, Wallend; E. Pettfield, Toronto; F. Frank, Cyn.

VIC.: Mesdames: H. Johnston, Dm; C. Trahair, Myrtleford; M. Klump, Geelong; L. Kriegl, Warragul; R. Johnston, Beaufort; M. Yarde, Ham; G. Rasmussen, Warrambool; S. Watson, Won Wron; L. Higginbotham, Nob. Pk; G. Callister, Rumbolt; S. Wilson, E. Kew; D. Singleton, Menk; D. Watson, Wangaratta; J. Taita, Gippsland; M. Faltum, Moe; Miss F. Breen, N. Coburg; J. Cobb, Ft. Gully; C. Clark, Rosn; K. Elliott, Hamilton; S. Nicholas, Spina; A. Ellison, Mornington; A. Greenhalgh, Newpt; R. Hamilton, Castlemaine; H. Hochkin, Paynesville; I. Kidd, E. Btr; J. Jones, Chewton; R. Thompson, Ess; L. Gerbts, Ballarat; D. Green, Cher Miss K. Courtney, Horsham.

QLD.: Mesdames: P. Wilson, Southport; C. Irvin, Herston; B. Harvey, Clump Pt.; A. Berry, Tewantin; M. Hitchings, S. Johnstone; K. Withnall, Wooroolin; Miss Gloria Tester, Kangaroo Pt.; T. Hazen, Clermont; M. Pirone, Art; C. N. Townsville; M. Brownridge, Townsville; S. Donaldson, Hall Pk; J. Harcourt, Julia Creek; D. Moutt, Toowoomba; D. Weaver, Woodridge; R. Roberts, Bord Pk; S. O'Sullivan, Ashg; P. Williams, Sherid; R. Stonley, Rad Hl; M. Kynsley, Mackay; L. Wallace, Mervie; H. Andrews, Northgate; L. Hass, Oakley; M. Smith, Goolahing; Miss A. Asmus, Corinda.

S.A.: Mesdames: F. Ipswich, Hunt; W. Broad, Boomeraw; N. Bullock, E. Glenelg; H. Wandke, Brinkworth; R. Wendelbort; Tarlee; E. Rollins, Prus; E. Batschelt; P. Elliot, D. Kavanagh, Mt. Gambier; S. Clark, Btr; T. Johnson, Btr; D. Soff; L. Lohy, J. Wegener, Pt. Lincoln; M. Wilson, Renmark; W. Arnold, Port Pirie; F. Batsch, Hahndorf.

TAS.: Mesdames: O. Lawton, Launceston; P. Anderson, Paiklands; M. Wall, Launceston; L. Terry, W. Tamar; S. Manning, S. Hobart; M. Hayes, Ulverstone; D. Shaw, Trevallyn; H. Showell, Trevallyn; L. Smith, Kingarby; B. Hewitt, Georgetown.

Enter now! Prizes worth £11,050 include 5 Ford Falcon Deluxe Sedans. Entry forms at your grocer's.



PLUMES and PAGEANTRY

● The Queen and Sir Robert Menzies both wore the rich robes of the Order of the Thistle when she installed him into that high and ancient order of chivalry at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh.



PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN wearing the robes of the Order and holding the osprey-plumed hat was commissioned by Sir Robert to mark the occasion. He is expected to hang it in the drawing-room of the Prime Minister's Lodge in Canberra. The portrait is the work of Australian painter Paul Fitzgerald, to whom the Queen gave three sittings. Mr. Fitzgerald is a brother-in-law of Commander Michael Parker, Prince Philip's friend and private secretary for several years. Mr. Fitzgerald and Commander Parker were both born in Melbourne and went to the same school, Xavier College. (Picture by Alec Murray.)

SIR ROBERT posed for photographers after the ceremony and asked laughingly, "Must I keep this hat on?" The ceremonial opened with a procession, headed by heralds in medieval tabards, in which he walked with other members of the Order, the Queen and members of her household, and Dame Pattie and their son, Mr. Kenneth Menzies.

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SHE'S ONE OF THE

● Mrs. Charles Wrightsman, of New York, is in her early 40s. She shops in the Paris fashion houses, calls the U.S. President's wife "Jackie," lives mostly in a flat on Fifth Avenue or a palazzo in Venice, and is a connoisseur of 18th-century fine furniture.

SHE currently ranks 10th to Jackie Kennedy's first on the official list of the world's best-dressed women.

Mrs. Wrightsman, an intimate of Mrs. Kennedy's, is making her second appearance on the list, swept in the wake of her chum's smashing victory.

Billed as "the wife of the oil millionaire," she is the least known but the most "in" of the current crop of fashionables, being on a first-name basis with at least twenty Kennedys, an occasional rider to hounds at Glen Ora in Virginia, an authority on French eighteenth-century furniture, and a lady of proven taste in both fashion and friendship.

After wangling a proper introduction through a series of delicate negotiations with a Wrightsman intermediary, I put on my best little nothing sheath and a smashing double strand of fake pearls and presented myself—a study in basic-black insecurity—at the Wrightsmans' apartment high over Fifth Avenue, New York.

Mrs. Wrightsman, true to the current tradition of casualness, opened the door herself—a cool, dark-haired beauty in a royal-blue Chanel suit, a single strand of faultless oriental pearls, pale nailpolish, and an effortless, understated charm.

In the quite magnificent eighteenth-century drawing-room, orange-red roses, known officially as the Wrightsman rose, shimmered on the signed French furniture.

Fine French paintings glowed on the gold-brocaded walls, and the city's Central Park shone greenly beyond the french windows.

Over tea, served in Sevres cups by a swallow-tailed English butler, I gently prodded Jayne Larkin Wrightsman, who is in her early forties, to tell me a little about her life.

The Wrightsmans divide their year between their New York apartment and their Palm Beach residence, close by what has come to be called the "Kennedy compound."

In June they may slide over to Venice for a few weeks in their pink palazzo

EVENING jacket, rich with embroidery and big fur cuffs, is favorite current fashion with Mrs. Wrightsman.



before moving on to Paris for the August collections.

When the mood seizes them, they may also take off on an Aegean cruise in a chartered yacht, or a quick flight into Egypt.

Last summer they flew their own plane to Russia for a look at the storied jewels in Leningrad's famous Hermitage museum.

Like most members of the international set, the Wrightsmans are infinitely mobile.

Unlike many of them they have been stably married for a long time (Charles Wrightsman is Jayne's first husband; she, his second wife. They met at a dinner in California and were married in 1944).

Their private life is determinedly quiet. Mrs. Wrightsman, genuinely shy and seldom photographed, has a scholar's preoccupation with the eighteenth century, takes constant pleasure in the treasures with which she has surrounded herself.

She and her husband entertain quietly at home in groups of six or eight, and are rarely seen at the openings, nightclubs, and charity balls that feed on the best-dressed ranks.

"Charles abhors restaurants," Mrs. Wrightsman said apologetically, passing me a hot croissant, "and we consider twelve too many for a dinner party..."

A white-capped French maid interrupted with a murmured message.

PRETTIER hairdo here goes with a very daintily embroidered top and one of the long, pale skirts which Mrs. Wrightsman just now prefers for evenings.

While Mrs. Wrightsman excused herself—to confer with Balenciaga? to discuss White House decor with Jackie? to shore up a fallen soufflé?—I touched, very gently, a Wrightsman rose and reflected that in a jet age the Wrightsmans manage to lead an eighteenth-century life, dedicated to the pursuit of beauty rather than pleasure.

When Mrs. Wrightsman returned I pulled myself together and the conversation turned to clothes.

By HELEN MARKEL

The following revelations on what it takes to be well dressed are what I found out during that long, golden, 18th century afternoon.

MYSELF (plunging in): I read recently that a woman must spend between £10,000 and £50,000 (Australian) to make the best-dressed list. Is that a fair estimate?

MRS. WRIGHTSMAN (withdrawing): I'm sure that many women who never make the list spend even more than that.

I do know that Mrs. John Barry Ryan, who has been on the list for years, spends a good deal less—by designing her own clothes and having a dressmaker execute them.

In my own case (very hesitantly) I spend perhaps £350 for a suit, £250 for a dinner dress, £225 for a daytime wool. In Paris, that is.

If I bought the same clothes in New York they would cost twice that much. And I find the staying power of a great couture dress saves money in the long run.

MYSELF: How much

WORLD'S BEST-DRESSED

(her millionaire husband doesn't grudge the bills)

time does it take to be a best-dressed woman?

MRS. W.: I give it very little actual time but a good deal of thought.

At one time in my life I studied clothes as seriously as I studied painting—until I developed a personal style that seemed right for me.

Now I simply stick to the few great French houses who seem to understand me best—Dior, Chanel, Givenchy—and where I have perfect fitters (smiling). Fittings are the secret weapon.

Jewellery

And then, of course, I also buy from the great Balenciaga.

MYSELF (inexorably): What about jewels and furs? The same source says that standard jewellery equipment for women on the best-dressed list is a double strand of 11-millimetre matched pearls and a working wardrobe of diamonds.

MRS. W. (pained but patient): I love jewels—on other people.

For myself, I would rather have something to look at on my walls than to wear around my neck.

I think many American women make the mistake of wearing too much jewellery, particularly at lunch. Diamonds, like stars, should only come out at night.

As for furs . . . I think little cloth coats are much smarter.

I once had a mink coat, but I now use it as a button-in liner for my theatre coats.

MYSELF: Do you have one perfect little dress that you re-order and wear as a uniform?

MRS. W. (smiling): I never order the same dress twice, although I know some women who do. I tried doing it once and I ended up hating the dress in all variations.

I don't care how old a dress is as long as I'm happy in it and I don't have to wear it too often with the same people. But I like changes.

MYSELF: Where do you do most of your shopping?

MRS. W.: I am almost never inside a store. I have an angel of a *vendeuse* at Dior, who has my measurements and knows my taste.

She sends sketches and fabrics of the new collection to Palm Beach, and I study them and then order.

Seeing a whole collection in person only confuses me.

In August I spend a mad week in Paris fitting what I've ordered while Charles waits impatiently at the Ritz. When we return a month later my things are ready.

MYSELF (with unprepared hostility based on

simple envy): Do you ever buy ready-made clothes in America?

MRS. W. (beautifully equable): I buy Pucci jerseys and Irene Galatzine pyjamas (which I live in at Palm Beach) at Saks and Lord and Taylor.

I never buy quaint, picturesque clothes on our travels, since I always hate them when I get home.

(Gently) As I said, a Balenciaga costs half as much in Paris as in America, and, since I'm lucky enough to be in France every year, I do my buying there.

MYSELF (mollified): Do you ever make mistakes?

MRS. W. (reassuringly): Of course. We all do, even women like Jacqueline Kennedy, who has an incredible fashion sense.

I may fall for a hat that looked marvellous on a mannequin, or an evening dress so ultra-chic that Charles says, "What are you going as tonight?"

Then I never wear it again . . .

(Sighing) Half the trick of dressing well is knowing what you can't get away with . . . Lee Radziwill (Mrs. Kennedy's princess sister), for instance, looks marvellous in low-heeled shoes, because she has long, slim, elegant legs. Whenever I buy them I look like an underprivileged English governess . . .

MYSELF (ever-hopeful): Do any of you ever meet in the same dress?

MRS. W.: Since there are only a few truly beautiful things in each collection, it does occasionally happen. But since women may look very different in the same dress, it never seems catastrophic (smiling), particularly when it's someone whose taste you admire.

MYSELF: Whose taste do you particularly admire?

Sweat shirt

MRS. W. (slowly ticking them off): Nicole Alphonand (wife of the French Ambassador to the U.S.) because she manages to look consistently impeccable . . . Jacqueline Kennedy, who can look marvellous in a sweat shirt . . . her sister, Lee Radziwill, because she always has the right things at the right time . . . Gloria Guinness (wife of Loel Guinness, an international banker), because she's a true original . . . Babe Paley (wife of Columbia Broadcasting System chief, William Paley), who is such a tearing beauty that she can put on any old black dress and make every woman in the room wish she'd bought it . . .

MYSELF: Do you consult your husband on your clothes?



ELEGANTLY gowned, Mrs. Wrightsman is here photographed at her New York home, which is notable for lovely things including fine period furniture pieces, paintings, beautiful carpets. The lavishly jewel-embroidered top of her dinner outfit contrasts happily with the comfortable skirt with in-built pockets.

MRS. W.: No, because he's too busy and too impatient. But I know how he likes me to look, and I try to stick to it.

Like most men the only time he comments is when he doesn't like what I'm wearing, and he's usually right.

I agree with a friend of mine who bought a magnificent unfitted Balenciaga shift and had it taken in. When Balenciaga saw it he said furiously: "How could you do this to my silhouette?"

"Because my husband is going to pay for it," she said calmly, "and he prefers my silhouette to yours . . ."

She broke off as Mr. Wrightsman himself entered the room, a tall, elegant, greying man of about 60, in a faultless pin-striped suit.

He leaned down to kiss his wife.

I asked him how he felt about being married to one of the world's best-dressed women. He rested on the

Louis XVI mantel for a moment and thought.

"We spent last New Year's Eve in Palm Beach at a party where the Kennedys, the Radziwills, the Alphands, and the Guinneses were also present," he said slowly.

"At one point during the evening Ambassador Alphonand gallantly offered a toast to 'an historic occasion, the presence among us of five of the most elegant women in the world'."

He smiled across at his wife. "I know that husbands are supposed to complain about this clothes business, but I assure you that every man in the room considered himself extremely fortunate."

"Thank you, darling, I consider you a pretty elegant specimen yourself," Mrs. Wrightsman said, and raised her teacup to him.

I accepted a Wrightsman rose in farewell and left, the rose pinned to my little black cloth coat (which I resolved to have properly fitted in the morning).

Mrs. Wrightsman's six dress tips

1. Buy one good dress instead of two cheaper ones, and buy the best one you can afford. Build a wardrobe for long-range performance rather than quick turnover.
2. Don't bend with every shifting waistline. A simple, well-cut dress that carries no fashion date-line looks smarter, lasts longer. Clothes, like life, should be kept as uncomplicated as possible.
3. If you're uncertain of what to wear on a particular occasion, underdress. You'll feel more comfortable, which is the basis of looking pretty. The minute a woman is uneasy in a dress it shows on her face.
4. Never buy something because it looked smart on someone else. Face up to what you can't get away with and make your own style out of what you can.
5. Spend money on having your clothes fitted. An inexpensive dress that really fits well will look twice what you paid for it.
6. Give up black. Men hate it. It looks sad at night, and it makes any woman over 25 look older.

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57621/62

Flintstones Baby contest winner



THE WINNER! Mr. Norman Carr at the wheel of the mobile crane he drives for a local timber company.

• The Flintstones Baby contest was conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly in association with TCN, Channel 9, who screen "The Flintstones" TV cartoon comedy at 7 p.m. on Mondays.



More than 20,000 people entered the contest. They were asked to estimate the birthweight of Fred and Wilma Flintstone's expected baby and to write, in 25 words or less, "Why I Like 'The Flintstones'" programme. The prize in this section of the contest, won by Mr. Norman Carr, was a round trip to England for two by Sitmar liner, plus £250 spending money.

Part II of the contest offered a £100 savings account to the New South Wales baby born nearest to the Flintstone baby's TV birthtime—7.23 p.m. on Monday, July 8.

Contestants had to obtain a statement, signed by a doctor or the hospital matron, giving their baby's exact time of birth and then deliver the statement to TCN the following day.

For winner, see below.



CONCRETE DINOSAUR, about half a mile from the Carrs' home at North Gosford, is an appropriate background for our contest winner and his family: Trevor, Tony, Jennefer, Garry, and his wife, Barbara.

• They certainly don't look alike, but Norman Carr, of North Gosford, and TV's cartoon character Fred Flintstone have rather a lot in common.

LIKE Fred, Mr. Carr drives a mobile crane (for a timber company in Gosford). But his crane is much more modern than Fred's prehistoric dinosaur model.

There is a dinosaur in the district, though. It is life-size, made of concrete, and was built by one of the local

firms as a stop-and-look-here device.

Also like Fred Flintstone, Mr. Carr has a little daughter. Her name is Jennefer. She is a bouncing five-year-old.

And she weighed 9lb. 14oz. at birth — just like Pebbles Flintstone.

This was a lucky break for the Carr family. When Mr. Carr decided to enter our Flintstones Baby contest he thought he would put the baby's weight at 9lb.

"Then I said, 'Why not add on one and a half ounces and make it like Jennefer's,'" said pretty, dark-haired Mrs. Barbara Carr.

So he did.

That contest entry has won a Sitmar voyage to England for two, plus £250 spending money, for Mr. Carr. His "Why I Like 'The Flintstones'" reason was judged the best from 19 entries with the TV's baby's correct birthweight.

Now the Carr family are feeling rather overwhelmed. Mrs. Carr says she can't sleep; she just lies awake and thinks.

"Norm was terribly calm when TCN rang, though," she said.

"He just stood there talking on the phone as if it wasn't anything special. He was holding a cup of tea and his hand didn't even shake."

When Mr. Carr left the phone, however, he started

By **DAWN JAMES**

pace up and down the room. And he kept going till about 10 p.m.!

To celebrate their father's win, the Carr children — Jennefer and her three brothers, Trevor (14), Garry (12), and Tony (10) — were allowed to stay home from school.

"Yabba - dabba - doo!" whooped Trevor — a suitable Flintstone way of expressing his approval.

So the whole family was at home when staff photographer Ron Berg and I drove the 58 miles to Gosford from Sydney.

Mrs. Carr showed us round "the house that Norm built." It's No. 13 in the street.

"But I told Norm that number might be lucky for us," Mrs. Carr remarked.

Mr. Carr first built a double garage in the backyard, and the family lived there for about five years till he built the house.

Now the garage is half-filled by Mr. Carr's latest project.

It's a 16-foot cabin cruiser — or the wooden framework of one. The plans and specifications are nailed up on the garage wall ("I drafted them myself," he said).

Now he has the prospect of a voyage in one of Sitmar's England-bound liners.

And that, according to the Carrs, is "Norm's wonderful, unbelievable luck."

BABY'S £100 PRIZE



WINNER of the Flintstones Baby birthtime, Antonio Inzitari, and his 22-year-old mother, Mrs. Antonio Inzitari, of Cabramatta, N.S.W.

• Dark-haired, pink-cheeked Antonio Inzitari, son of Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Inzitari, of Cabramatta, N.S.W., winner of Part II of The Flintstones Baby contest, is one minute older than his "television twin," Pebbles Flintstone.

WEIGHING 7lb. 11oz.

Antonio was born at the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, at 7.22 p.m., July 8, the evening Pebbles made his first appearance on Channel 9 at 7.23.

By his good timing Antonio has won a £100 savings account with the E.S. and A. Bank and enough baby food to stock his pantry for a year, as well as gifts of clothes and toys.

"Sono molto contenta — I am so happy —" was all shy, 22-year-old Mrs. Inzitari could say when she heard Antonio had won.

She migrated to Australia from Italy eight years ago with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruno Geraci, and their four other children.

Her 24-year-old husband, who works in a Cabramatta fruit shop, came here from Italy nine years ago.

They met in Sydney when she was 18, and have been married for two years.

Mrs. Inzitari said they were paying off the house they bought at Cabramatta and must budget carefully.

Antonio is their first child.

Excitement ran high at the hospital throughout the last week of the contest, with members of the staff hoping the lucky baby would be born there.

An empty cot — beautifully dressed with crepe paper — was even set up in the main nursery as an invitation for the baby to choose Crown Street.

—MARY COLES

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ROCKMANS

Stephen Birmingham examines an age-old masculine belief (or prejudice?) and asks

Do women talk too much?

A FEW Saturdays ago as my wife and I were driving home from a dinner party, she suddenly turned to me and said anxiously, "Did I talk too much tonight?"

"Why, no," I said. "At least, I don't think so."

"Somehow," she said, "I kept hearing myself going on and on."

"You were talking about what's wrong with the theatre," I said. "Everybody seemed interested."

"Oh, yes," she said. "Seemed interested. But maybe they were actually bored stiff—especially the men." And she added, "Men always think women talk too much."

That remark has stuck in my head. I have been brooding about it.

It seems to carry within its seven words a whole Himalayan Range of misunderstanding between the sexes, with questions the size of Everest looming across it.

Do women really talk too much? Or do men merely think so?

And if men merely think so, then why do they think so? And why, being a man, can I find enjoyment listening to a voluble woman?

With no trouble at all I can think of any number of people who talk too much.

Bill, our electrician, talks too much. He has told me more, and oftener, than I would have believed possible about the wiring shortcomings of our house.

Certain children at certain ages talk too much.

But women? All of them? I have, in addition to a female wife, a daughter, sister, mother-in-law, female friends, and have worked for at least two female executives.

I've never felt that any of them talked too much. Maybe I've just been lucky.

At the same time I'm quite aware that the notion that a woman, if given a chance, will talk the hind leg off a mule is as old as the hills, if not older.

Shakespeare spoke of the "clamors of women." In ancient Japanese calligraphy a character in the shape of the female form represented "woman"; a group of three of these characters represented "noisy."

Unattractive phrases such as "gabby female," "gossipy woman" and "clacking like a hen" have become part of our language.

Novelists have done their share. By associating silence with strength ("the strong, silent type"), and hence with masculinity and hence with wisdom ("wisely, he said nothing"), they leave the impression that woman talk is oblique, superficial, gushy, meandering, and pointless. Whereas man talk is direct, logical, terse.

The most alarming thing, however, is that women may begin to believe that by merely opening their mouths they will brand themselves as chatterboxes.

And since I, for one, would hate to see the strong, silent woman come into vogue, I think it's time someone—preferably a man—did a little research into the charge.

To begin with, it seems to me that the question is not so much *why* men think women talk too much as:

(A) what men think women talk too much about,

(B) when men think women talk too much,

(C) where men think women talk too much.

Take these one by one:

(A) *What about.* "Men talk. Women just yak," said a friend of mine who is devoted to the telegraphic style of conversation.

When we got right down to it, what seemed to be bothering him was women's choice of subject matter.

Why are they wrong? "Trivial," he said. What constitutes trivia? "Clothes, cooking, children. Cooking. Clothes."

Well, now. It's a well-known fact that two favorite male topics of conversation are business and sports. From this it ought

to follow that if a woman were to devote herself to new tax loopholes for write-offs on plant expansion, or how much baseball owes to Babe Ruth, men would listen attentively.

It ought to follow. But does it? A man often feels a bit proprietary toward these subjects, and he reacts to a woman's interest in them with as much surprise and displeasure as he would to finding a cobra in his bed.

A young wife I know faces, every night at dinner, a husband who recounts to her in detail the events of his business day. At breakfast he reads to her aloud from the sports column, adding his own analysis and comment.

Yet she has learned through bitter experience never to echo his opinions in larger groups or in front of other people.

"When he hears me say anything about his business, he tells me afterward that it's none of mine," she says. "And when I try to talk about sports, he tells me I don't know what I'm talking about. He seems to think that sports talk and business talk are simply for women to listen to."

Generally, men cringe at hearing themselves boasted about or quoted by women.

"Whenever I hear her say, 'As Henry is always saying . . . I sort of die inside,'" said my friend Henry.

His point was not that if Henry is always saying it, Henry doesn't need someone else to say it for him, but that his wife tends to quote him, "out of context," thus embarrassing him.

"Why can't women have opinions of their own?" he asks.

His wife's answer to this is, "He drums

doing turning into Post Road?" "On my way to Gristede's," I'd say. "What were you going to Gristede's for?" you'd ask. "Tomatoes." "Tomatoes? Why didn't you have them sent?" "I also needed lettuce, coffee—" and there we'd be."

There is a curious logic in this explanation—the same sort perhaps that is operating at other times when men find women's conversation totally mystifying.

For instance, it has long been noted that a woman often can get to the heart of a situation more quickly than a man.

A man can be carefully developing a conversational thesis with point A, point B, point C, and so on; but frequently, on hunch or impulse, a woman can blurt out point Z long before he has reached L or M.

A man can find this eerie and disconcerting. There are some female conversations that men find almost incomprehensible.

Her talk seems to jump from subject to subject without connection. She hops about in time, indulging in flashbacks and flash-forwards; a story that begins with something cute the baby said at breakfast may end up saying that this is what is wrong with life today.

This sort of thing often throws men completely. They like logical logic, and when they don't understand what a woman is talking about they can come to only one conclusion—that she is talking too much.

"Experts" say that men are interested in ideas, women in things; that a woman cares less about the stock market than she does about the contents of her purse.

First of all, since I am married to a woman who often has no idea where her

But most men I've talked to are ready and eager to insist that wherever you have two women talking you have a great deal of talk, and whether there's too much or not—well, look at the phone bill.

As it happens, a convenient method of eavesdropping in my house is the telephone extension. And my only excuse for such caddish behaviour is that I wanted to investigate for myself the traditional masculine charge that a pair of women on the phone cannot stop talking.

My conclusion after several happy hours of eavesdropping is that telephoning is an art, and men and women simply approach it differently.

A masculine telephone conversation follows almost exactly the classic form of the sonata. It begins with the Exposition, in which the principal theme ("I was wondering if you'd had a chance to look at those contracts") is introduced, followed perhaps by a secondary theme ("How's your bride?").

The Development follows, in which the contracts are discussed, and then comes a brief Recapitulation ("Now that I know how you feel, I'll send in my recommendation"), and ends with a Coda ("See you Friday. So long").

Women on the telephone, however, prefer to range more freely, in the broader form of the symphony.

The conversation moves through a wide variety of tempos, themes, moods, and variations on moods; it becomes *andante*, then *allegro*; themes are hinted at, dropped, returned to with full orchestra.

And just as some symphonies seem to go on forever, so do some women's telephone conversations.

One woman I spoke to admitted that women have trouble drawing a phone conversation to a close.

OR...

Do men just think they do?

his opinions into me so much I hardly have room for any others!"

Some men, of course, resentful of hearing their ideas repeated by their wives, clam up and stop telling them anything.

But a man who does this can have the unintentional effect of abandoning his wife on the conversational shoals of laundry soaps, recipes, and nappy services, leaving her wide open to the charge that all she talks about is laundry soaps, recipes, and nappy services, and that as a result she talks too much.

You can't win

One young husband, whom I met recently at a cocktail party, told me it wasn't so much that what his wife talks about is inconsequential as that "no matter what she is talking about, 70 per cent. of what she says is unnecessary."

His wife, Helen, heard him from across the room and came over to sit with us.

"For instance," he said, "Helen was telling me the other day how she happened to put a little dent in the car."

"Little dent! The whole front was bashed in, but she started off explaining, 'I was going down to Gristede's to get some of those special tomatoes you like, and I also needed a lettuce and coffee and French bread and some—'"

"Now, wait a minute," Helen told him. "If I'd started out saying, 'I was making a 45 degree turn into Post Road when the oil truck, which was six feet over the yellow line in the wrong lane going north—' you'd have interrupted and said, 'What were you

purse is, much less what's in it, I am not sure that this is really true."

And, second, I have a fascinating observation to make.

Women are interested in "abstracts" like business and sports. Their conversation revolves as much around these subjects as men's does. The business involves cooking, child rearing, and human relations. Sports include love, clothes, and cosmetics.

(B) *When.* One of the classic complaints against women is that they have no sense whatever of timing.

"They're always interrupting," is how one man put it. By "they" he meant his wife.

When he was working on his income tax the other night she came in to ask him if he thought they might start thinking about sending the children to private schools.

When he was reading about Vietnam in the paper that morning she interrupted to tell him for the second time about the Masters' divorce. This did sound annoying, but as I pointed out to him a businessman in his office is not averse to frequent interruptions from his secretary.

"But a secretary isn't a wife!" he replied indignantly. "Besides, why can't women sense the times when a man just doesn't feel like talking or listening? They're supposed to be so intuitive."

At least, I said, men give their secretaries the courtesy—which they don't their wives—of saying, "Miss Jones, I don't want to be disturbed for the next half-hour."

(C) *Where.* The question of what women talk about in places where there are no men to hear is as significant to most men as the latest fashion color.

"We seem to need a reason why it's time to hang up the receiver," she said. "We can't seem to say, 'Well, it's been fun talking to you. Good-bye!'"

As a result, she says, women rely upon excuses to end the call.

Like the majority of symphonies, women's telephone conversations tend to end explosively, with a clashing of cymbals—"Something's burning on the stove." . . . "There's the doorbell!" . . .

If you have gathered that there is much that is contradictory, misguided, inconsistent, not to say unfair, in the reasons men give for thinking women talk too much, you are coming around to my own view.

Stubborn as mules

It seems to me that it is a case of pure male stubbornness—an example of how we cling tenaciously to ancient dogmas learned at the knees of our fathers or grandfathers.

As can happen to any dogma, this one has become confounded and confused.

In fact, many men simply do not know why they think women talk too much; they just think so. And in my research I found a number of men who flatly refused to go into their "reasons" at all.

Men are consistent in only one respect: in saying that "women's talk" is "illogical."

But would I be too disloyal to my sex if I suggested that there seems to be something illogical also in men's reasons for thinking women are such fuddlebrains?

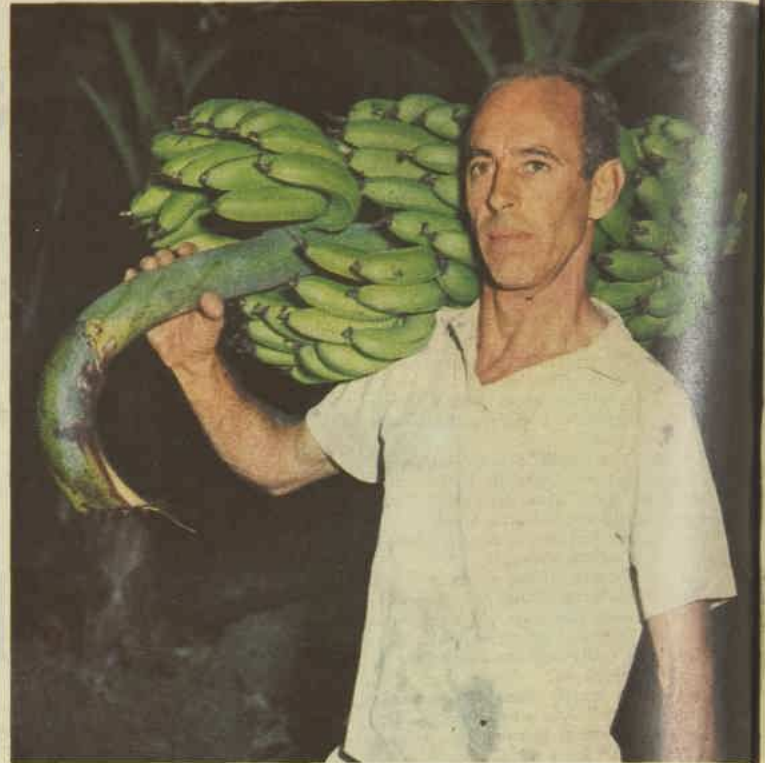
(cc. "Why Men Think Women Talk Too Much," by Stephen Birmingham.)

Americans ("we've sure gotten the Australian bug") take a new home

"BANANA



AMERICAN ENTOMOLOGIST John Landi and his wife, Betty (above), look at the bright new sign on the packing-shed of the banana plantation they've bought at Coff's Harbour. At the entrance to the shed is Paul, their youngest child. ABOVE RIGHT: John Landi carries a bunch of bananas. An average bunch weighs 100lb.



By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● An American entomologist who came to Australia last year looking for a bug hasn't yet found it, but he has found what he considers "the greatest little paradise on earth" on a banana plantation at Coff's Harbour, N.S.W.

DETERMINED that his paradise found should not become a paradise lost, John Landi overnight decided to buy the plantation. Now, between bug-hunting experiments and excursions, he is working hard as a banana-grower.

"And boy, despite the recent flood rains which nearly flattened all our bananas and our hopes, finding this spot is the best thing that ever happened to us," said Mr. Landi, who has settled there with his wife, Betty, and their three children, Dawn, aged 7, Brad, 5, and Paul, 3.

Until late in 1962 John was a staff entomologist at the University of California, working in the world's largest research centre on sub-tropical agriculture.

Through his work he met many Australians (mainly citrus-growers interested in his research in their field),

and he was so impressed by what he heard of life here that he and his wife thought they'd like to "give it a go."

About this time the University of California decided to send an entomologist to look for the lima-bean pod borer (a moth which in the caterpillar stage attacks lima beans), and John landed the job.

He brought his family on the basis that if they liked Australia they'd settle here once he'd completed his job for the University.

Deadly serious

"Well, as yet we haven't found that *Etiella zinckenella* (lima-bean bug to you), but we've sure gotten the Australian bug," said John, in a voice overflowing with enthusiasm.

"I don't want you to think this bug-hunting is any laughing matter. It's a deadly serious subject, and if I can get a break-through American agriculture will benefit like crazy."

"You see, this bug attacks the lima bean in the pod just before picking time, so insecticides are useless. It's doing tremendous economic damage in the States."

"We've picked Australia for research, because although there are seven species here—more than anywhere else in the world—they're no economic problem. This means there must be some natural enemy, per-

haps a wasp, which controls them.

"That's really what I have to find. But first I must get the right bug, and my starting point is to find the right moth—an insignificant little brown thing."

"For this purpose I keep a mercury-vapor light trap going outside the house every night and this attracts insects for a mile."

"I'm also contacting bean- and pea-growers throughout Australia to see if they can help."

It was while the Landi family were driving to Queensland to the Maroochy Research Station to gather information on the bug that they came across their Coff's Harbour "paradise."

They'd stayed the night at Coff's, and after driving about three miles north of the town they saw a "for sale" sign on a plantation.

"Just for kicks we decided to drive in and price it. But the place had just been sold, so we simply ogled at the scenery, which we figured was the greatest we'd seen anywhere in the world," said John.

The Landis continued their journey to Maroochy, but when they got there all they wanted to do was get back to Coff's and buy a banana plantation.

"I knew nothing about bananas, but I found out as much as possible about both bugs and banana-growing at



OFF TO SCHOOL. Brad Landi and his sister, Dawn, chat with children from an aboriginal settlement as they wait for the bus which takes them all to school in Coff's Harbour. Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 24, 1963

PARADISE"



Maroochy. Then it was full-speed ahead for the first real-estate agent we could find at Coff's Harbour," said John.

"We saw every plantation round the place, but we still had our hearts set on the first one we saw. So we persuaded the guy who'd bought it to resell ten acres at a profit and everyone was happy.

"People tried to tell us that you can't make a fortune out of bananas, but, heck, we aren't here to make a million. We do things in our lives more from aesthetic than profitable viewpoints."

John and Betty Landi both readily admit that they bought the view when they bought their plantation.

Shack-Ri-La

From the top of their land, where they plan to build a home of local stone, they have a breathtaking view over acres of bananas to the ocean and beach and southwards to Coff's Harbour.

At present they're living lower down on the plantation in a former workman's hut which John extended to cope with their accommodation demands until they get their house built.

"We call it 'Shack-Ri-La,'" said Betty with a grin. "We have a two-dollar house with a million-dollar view. But who'd complain?"

"Why, in Southern California the average family

couldn't afford even to think of buying a block of land in a position like this—let alone ten acres."

To come to "Shack-Ri-La" the Landis sold a 34,000-dollar (£A15,000) home in Riverside, a fashionable area in citrus country south-east of Los Angeles.

It was a "push-button" house with all ultra-mod. cons., but the Landis aren't missing any of that.

"However, I guess everyone hasn't our spirit of adventure," said John. "Why, in Riverside for about a year before we left a group of us who were interested in Australia met frequently in a glamor house that made ours look like a weekend cottage.

"There were businessmen, high-school teachers, scientists, etc., and we all had ideas of settling here. One man even sold his 80,000-dollar string of juke-box machines and was rearing to go to this 'new frontier.'"

"But all the information we could muster on Australia made it seem a complete wasteland. No one in the U.S.A. realises this magnificent, unbelievable green-belt exists."

"Anyway, after seeing all this poor propaganda on Australia our juke-box friend chickened out, and reinvested his money in the States."

Both John and Betty Landi are convinced that if one good half-hour film presenting Australia in its true

perspective were shown in the States, Americans would be "queuing by the mile to migrate here."

"Before we left," said Betty, "the only TV film of Australia we saw which wasn't just desert showed nightspots in Sydney and the Moomba festival in Melbourne."

"Well, what is that trying to prove?"

American envy

"Once you're inside a nightclub, you could be in Paris, New York, or Sydney. And who'd shift home because of a festival?"

"A documentary which told the price of meat and houses, discussed the work situation, and showed some of these magnificent stretches of country and beaches would win any American's heart as easily as a slice of his Momma's pumpkin pie."

John said thousands of Americans felt, as he did, that the U.S.A. was getting too crowded.

"They'd be green with envy if they could see us barbecuing fresh-caught fish on that 300 yds. of golden beach down there, without another soul in sight."

"I guess many Americans would laugh and say there's still lots of room back there."

"Sure, in some respects there is. But I'm an outdoor person, and in the States the days are gone when a guy can hunt, fish, or walk in the country with-

out tripping over other people's beer cans.

"Also, Betty and I like the slower pace here. In the States you're competing to have a new car every year, a bigger house than your best friend. There's a deadly routine of working like crazy to make the newest status symbol."

"Australians seem to enjoy living from day to day more than many of us Americans do."

On this particular day, however, John Landi didn't have too much time to meditate on leisure.

Banana-growing is never an easy occupation, and the battering the plantation had received during the recent floods meant he had to work twice as hard.

"But it's worth it," he said. "I've never known any plant to respond so well to treatment."

"The only trouble is that the more I cultivate, the bigger the bunches grow. Sure this is fine for business, but, heck, I weigh only 132lb. and I'm beginning to buckle at the knees."

The Landi children do their best to lighten his load.

"They swallow bananas like popcorn," he said.

"Mr. Fred Small, of the Banana Growers' Federation here, tells me Australians eat a surprisingly low average of two bananas per person per week. So I think our three must consume the quota of a mighty lot of Aussies."

A "MILLION-DOLLAR VIEW." John, Betty, and Paul Landi look out to sea from their plantation. **BELOW:** The Landis check a mercury-vapor light trap for moths. John is hunting the "bug" that attacks lima beans.



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HPT/05 WWHPM

Ita Buttrose's

SOCIAL

SETTLING into a lovely old home at Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill, are charming newcomers to the Sydney scene, Lord and Lady Portarlington.

The house, which they have completely furnished with antique furniture and silver from both their family homes in England, has a breathtaking view of the Harbor. "The small garden is just the right size," Lord Portarlington says. "I don't have to do too much work!"

The young couple spent their first 18 months in Australia in Brisbane and made a brief visit to England last year to spend Christmas with their parents.

Before her marriage two years ago, attractive Lady Portarlington was Davina Windley, daughter of Sir Edward Windley, the former Governor of Gambia, West Africa, and Lady Windley.

Last week she officially opened the Asthma Appeal's Festival of Camellias, and I just couldn't take my eyes off her dazzling diamond butterfly brooch, which had striped wings of rubies.

It was a wedding gift from her husband's grandmother, Lady Portarlington.

FASHION scene stealer at a North Shore party was Candy Rudwick, of Roseville, who wore a fabulous ocelot dinner coat trimmed with velvet ruffles. Candy, by the way, is a dog — a pedigreed Australian terrier owned by the Cook Rudwicks.

ENGLISH visitor Nicky Cripps will be among polo enthusiasts trekking to the country on July 18 for the Countess of Dudley Cup Polo Tournament, which this year will be played at Wellington, as its usual meeting place, Warwick Farm, is under water. It will be familiar territory to Nicky, who arrived here in March on a working holiday from Gloucestershire, and worked as a jackaroo in Wellington on Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Sutherland's property, "Budgalong," before going peanut picking in Queensland. He's now in Sydney staying with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davies, of Killara, and will return home in September.

ENJOYING a break from her musical studies at the Conservatorium of Music is 17-year-old Rosalind Macfarlan, of Bellevue Hill. She is holidaying in the country with Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Skerrett, of "Glen Alpine," Werris Creek.

THE John Fenners' young daughter, Felicity, has the most super collection of miniature dolls, from all parts of the world, which her father gathered during a two-month trip to America and Europe. Other gifts which Mr. Fenner brought home include a Honolulu-designed long-sleeved muu-muu, vividly patterned like an artist's smock, for his wife. During his stay in England, Mr. Fenner visited his wife's sister, Jacqueline McKellar-White, of Killara, who's flatting in London with Caroline Bettington, of Merriwa, Barbara Giblin, of Gulargambone, and Jan McCarthy, of Wahroonga.

EXCITEMENT galore in London for young traveller Patricia Byrne, of Vaucluse—she has just received an invitation to attend the Royal Garden Party, and is hoping she may be lucky enough to be presented to the Queen. Patricia has been abroad for the past year with Helen Kenny, of Northbridge, and they've just spent a wonderful holiday in Rome as the guests of the former Mayor of Woollahra, Dr. Allan Frost, and his wife, who will be living in Italy for the next four years. The girls plan to leave England in September for Florence, where they will study Italian, before spending two months skiing in Switzerland.

MANY Sydney couples are taking advantage of the lax vacation to visit friends in the country. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Grogan, of Neutral Bay, who are spending two weeks at Harden as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Pat McDonald.

A CONGRATULATORY telegram sent from Europe by the Premier, Mr. R. J. Heffron, will be read at the wedding of Helen Sharpe, of Cronulla, and Graham Brown, of Woollooware, on July 20. Helen, who has been a member of the Premier's personal staff for three and a half years, has chosen the Hurstville Methodist Church for her marriage.

FROM America comes word of a fascinating trip to Europe for George and Elizabeth Malko. They recently completed a documentary film on the Palma Opera House in Italy and are now going to do further films on Blackpool in England, the markets of Paris, and the movie life of Rome. In a letter home to her mother, Mrs. George Sutherland, of Lindfield, Elizabeth also mentions news of her husband's mother, Mrs. Nicolai Malko, who lives near them in New York and is leaving soon to holiday on the French Riviera. Mrs. Malko's husband, the late Dr. Nicolai Malko, was the former musical director and conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra.



ABOVE: Lady Elisabeth Waldegrave and her fiance, Captain the Hon. John Dewar, who were guests of honor at a dinner party at the Australia Hotel before they left for London, where they will marry at St. James' Church, Piccadilly, in October. Lady Elisabeth is the daughter of the Earl and Countess Waldegrave, and the Hon. John is the son of Lord and Lady Fortescue, who visited Sydney earlier this year.



AT LEFT: Miss Rosemary Hargreaves and Staff Cadet David Henry at the Winter Ball which was held at the Royal Military College, Duntroon, Canberra. More than five hundred guests attended the ball.

ROUNDAABOUT



ABOVE: Trio (from left), Mrs. Robert Minter, Miss Sheneen Stening, and Mrs. Jock Simpson at the Black and White Committee's lunch and fashion parade which was held at the Chevron Hilton Hotel last week to aid the Royal Blind Society of New South Wales. Lady Oliver, wife of the United Kingdom High Commissioner, made a special trip from Canberra to be guest of honor at the function.



ABOVE, from left, Mrs. Lennox Bode, Mrs. Julian Gardiner, Mrs. Alan Friend, and Mrs. William Penfold at the lunch and hat show which the Scottish Hospital Women's Auxiliary gave at Toft Monks, the home of Mrs. G. Penfold Hyland, of Elizabeth Bay. The Auxiliary president, Lady Edye, welcomed guests.



AT LEFT: Lord and Lady Portarlington, who were guests of honor at the Festival of Camellias, which the Women's State Committee for the Asthma Appeal held at David Jones' Art Gallery for more than 150 guests.



ABOVE: Miss Anne Ward, of Wahroonga, and Mr. Malcolm McCalman, of "Lochinvar," Warren, who have announced their engagement and will marry next year. Miss Ward is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Ward.



AT RIGHT: Miss Jane Creighton and Mr. Bruce Haman at the wine-tasting party which The King's School Old Boys' Union Ball Committee gave at the Douglas Lamb Cellars to defray expenses for its 39th annual ball to be held at the Trocadero on July 31. More than 40 guests were at party.

AT LEFT: Miss Susan Swinford and Mr. Jeff Warren (couple on the left) with Mrs. John Carroll at the first night of "Who'll Come A-Waltzing" at the Theatre Royal. Miss Swinford and Mr. Warren will play the leading roles in "The King and I," which opens at the Tivoli Theatre on July 17.



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Worth Reporting

THE youngest guitarist we've ever met played for us the smallest guitar we've ever seen when we visited Jose Luis Gonzalez, his wife, and two children.

The player was Jose Luis Gonzalez Senabre, the guitarist's three-year-old son.

Jose Luis Gonzalez, a former pupil of master-guitarist Andres Segovia, has found keen interest in the instrument since he came to Australia from Spain last September.

He has about 80 pupils, is preparing for a recital at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music on July 19 and for a concert tour of Victoria and New South Wales.

We found their names confusing until Senor Gonzalez explained.

"In Spain, a wife does not change her surname," he said, "she only changes from Senorita to Senora. Sons and daughters have their father's surname, then their mother's surname."

"So my wife is Senora Teresa Senabre, my daughter is Maria Teresa Gonzalez Senabre, and my son is Jose Luis Gonzalez Senabre."

Jose Luis courted Teresa for seven years—not unusual in parts of Spain.

Had he serenaded her?

He smiled broadly. "My voice — it is terrible. So only sometimes I did. But she thought it was wonderful."

Flying doctor in Africa

IMPRESSED by Australia's Royal Flying Doctor Service, an English couple, Dr. and Mrs. Neil Duncan, have been working for three years to found a similar scheme in Africa.

The Flying Doctor Service of Africa will be tried first in Northern Nigeria.

"The Government of Nigeria spends about 10 per cent. of its annual budget on health services, but this allows only 3/- per head of population," Dr. Duncan said.

"The people get all the common complaints and diseases — whooping cough, colds, pneumonia—but they also get the tropical scourges like yaws and malaria."

"And the area we propose to serve has only 12 doctors for its 3,000,000 population."

Dr. Duncan, formerly a medical officer in the Colonial Service, at Tanganyika, spent three years in Australia in charge of the Royal Flying Doctor Base at Cloncurry, Queensland.

He and his wife returned to England and were successful in interesting people in a similar scheme for Africa.

The first three years—estimated cost £60,000—will be the gift of the people of Britain to Nigeria.

Recently 16 boys and girls from the Midlands went out to help level airstrips, build headquarters, and assemble radio equipment.



● **GUITARIST Jose Luis Gonzalez and family.** Daughter Maria Teresa is aged six; Jose Luis, jun., already a guitarist, is three.



● **DR. NEIL DUNCAN**

"The scheme will not be limited to medical work," Dr. Duncan said.

"A team comprising the doctor, a veterinary surgeon, agricultural officer, and educational officer will use the flying-service facilities."

★ ★ ★

SOME business people go to no end of trouble nowadays to cater to their customers' needs. For instance, a sign outside a London coffee bar reads: "Teenage spoken here." And outside a hairdressing salon: "Local gossip given here."

Artist with an audience

THE art show in a Sydney gallery had attracted quite a crowd. But most were watching a man painting a girl's portrait.

Neither the artist, Lithuanian-born Vladas Meskenas, nor his sitter seemed troubled by the onlookers.

An artist when he came to Australia 14 years ago, Mr. Meskenas worked as a laborer here for 13 years.

"Now I am happy to be painting professionally again," he said.

Hanging nearby were his studies of John Olsen's wife and child and of Weaver Hawkins (president of the Contemporary Art Society) and Mrs. Hawkins.

Vladas Meskenas won the 1963 Helena Rubinstein Portrait Competition with the Hawkins portrait, then sold it to the Melbourne Art Gallery for 500 guineas.

Recent commissions have included portraits of Mr. Landa, N.S.W. Minister for Housing, and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. David Landa.



● **Mrs. David Landa with painter Vladas Meskenas and his portrait of her.**

"Happy Mother and Baby" contest £2250 IN PRIZES

● Our Australia-wide "Happy Mother and Baby" contest, which has prizes valued at £2250, is a quest aimed at finding a mother and child with a well-adjusted relationship.

THIS contest, which The Australian Women's Weekly is conducting in conjunction with the H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., is open to all mothers in Australia with babies up to 18 months.

The mother and baby who are judged first in all Australia will receive £1000, comprising £500 cash payable to the mother and £500 to be paid into a Trust account to be opened with a savings bank with the mother and bank manager as Trustees, and to mature when the child reaches the age of 14.

In addition they will receive the prize which goes to all State winners—£100 to each successful mother-and-baby team (£50 cash and £50 in a savings account in the mother's name), plus a three-day luxury trip to Sydney, with all expenses paid, for the final judging.

Basic points

Basically, in entering this contest, a mother must decide what she thinks are the most important factors in providing her child with a happy home.

Commenting on the 12 factors listed on the coupon, a leading Australian child-care expert said:

"What children need more than anything else is a home where parents like children and enjoy them. This means far more than liking to play with them.

"It means taking time to study a child's interests, helping him or her develop step by step, whether in skills with hands and body, making friends, or delving into the world of books and ideas.

"It means listening to a child and trying to understand his language, giving close attention to changes, knowing how and when the child's growth is best served by helping and when it is better off if left alone.

"Parenthood at its best is not a set of rules, but an art calling for a sensitive awareness of a child's world.

"A good home also depends on parents who have formed a going partnership.

"It doesn't mean that they never disagree, or even that they never quarrel, but it does mean that the

parents have some sort of united front and they have come to an understanding on the major principles of child-rearing."

How to enter

Our new "Happy Mother and Baby" contest has been designed to make it easy for every mother with a baby under 18 months on August 26, 1963, to enter.

She simply has to number in order of importance (according to her personal views) the 12 statements printed on the entry form, and then complete the following sentence: "My child and I are happy because..." (in not more than 10 additional words).

There is no entrance fee. Entry forms printed in The Australian Women's Weekly or those distributed in grocers' shops throughout Australia can be used.

PLEASE DO NOT SEND ANY PHOTOGRAPHS.

It does not matter if either the entrant or her baby was not born in Australia.



Entries must be sent to "Happy Mother and Baby," Box 57, P.O., Dandenong, Victoria, by the last mail delivered on August 26.

Judges will select the finalists in each State on the basis of the placing of the 12 factors and on the completion of the unfinished sentence.

State finalists will then be judged in person in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth, and Hobart by panels of two leading child-care specialists and a prominent member of the mothercraft nursing profession.

The winning mother and baby in each State will be

flown to Sydney on September 24 for a free three-day holiday, during which the national winning pair will be chosen.

National judges will be two well-known Sydney doctors, both senior child-care specialists, and a triple-certified nursing sister considerably experienced in infant welfare.

All State winners will be present at a National Baby Day to be held in Sydney on September 26, and the national winners of the "Happy Mother and Baby" contest will be announced later in The Australian Women's Weekly.

HEINZ-AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY £2250 "HAPPY MOTHER AND BABY" CONTEST

- WHAT TO DO.** On the official entry form indicate, in your opinion, in order of importance, the 12 characteristics of a Happy Mother and Baby relationship (use numbers 1 to 12 in order of importance). Next, complete in not more than 10 words the sentence: "My child and I are happy because..." Only one entry per person is allowed and the entry must be on the official form.
- CLOSING DATE.** Contest closes on delivery of the last mail 26th August, 1963. Entries received after that date will not be considered and no responsibility will be accepted for entries delayed, damaged, or lost in transit.
- WHO CAN ENTER.** This contest is open to all Mothers in Australia of a child under the age of 18 months on 26th August, 1963. Employees and their families of H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., its advertising agents and Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. are ineligible.
- JUDGING AND PRIZES.** All entries will be considered. The State finalists will be determined by a panel of judges, judging being based firstly on the placing of the 12 characteristics of a happy mother/child relationship in the order selected by a panel of expert Child Care Specialists. If there are more than 10 correct State entries, State finalists will be judged on their completion of the unfinished sentence. Decision of the judges is final and no correspondence relating to this contest will be entered into.
- NOTIFYING WINNERS.** All winners will be notified by mail.

YOUR FREE ENTRY FORM

Read the rules carefully — then number the 12 characteristics of a happy mother/baby relationship in the order which you consider most important. (You must place a number in each square.) Then, in no more than 10 words, complete the sentence below.

- | | |
|--|--|
| ☐ Father in regular job with no serious money worries. | ☐ Child wanted and loved by both parents. |
| ☐ Mother who is reasonably calm, consistent and loving in caring for her child. | ☐ Adequate unshared accommodation. |
| ☐ Child who is healthy, enterprising, but manageable and responsive. | ☐ Father interested in helping with child and care of home. |
| ☐ Good family health. | ☐ Parents with a sense of responsibility to their fellow men. |
| ☐ Secure and happy marriage. | ☐ Access to regular expert advice on health and child care. |
| ☐ Grandparents or other relatives who help without interfering. | ☐ Mother who has good average knowledge of nutrition, hygiene, child development and behaviour. |

"My child and I are happy because
(Completed in not more than 10 additional words)

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

BABY'S NAME

BABY'S DATE OF BIRTH

Mail your Entry to

"HAPPY MOTHER AND BABY," BOX 57, P.O., DANDENONG, VICTORIA.

CONTEST CLOSING WITH LAST MAIL, AUGUST 26, 1963

NEXT WEEK:

HOW TO MAKE PERFECT PIES...

If you haven't yet made good pastry, don't despair. Good pastry-cooks are made, not born.

A six-page cookbook in our next issue tells you all about pastry, how to make it, and gives many recipes for perfect pies.

In the cookbook:

- The six essentials in pastry-making.
- The ingredients.
- The various types of pastry and how to make them.
- What went wrong, the reason, and how to correct it.
- Recipes, from old favorite apple pie to eggnog-coffee pie; from steak-and-kidney pie to Indian curry pie.

● Good-grooming guide

How do stage and TV stars, society hostesses, and other women constantly in the public eye always look so attractive?

In a three-page collection of advice on fashion and beauty, some of Australia's well-groomed women let you into their secrets.

They include film and stage star Googie Withers, Sydney hostess Mrs. Nola Dekyvere, TV personalities Dawn Lake and Lorraine Desmond, tennis player Madonna Schacht.



● Googie Withers
... "An eyemask while you sleep."

This is a feature every woman will find informative.

● What's new in spring fashions

Glowing color pictures show the way Paris sees the new spring clothes. Designs by Maison Dior, Nina Ricci, and Yves Saint-Laurent reveal that the look is young — for all ages.

● Color in shoes and handbags

There's a big swing to bright colors in shoes, handbags, and accessories. Teenagers' Weekly shows a rainbow array of the new colors to guide you in your shopping choice.

● New camellias

In color, some of the new camellias, with advice on planting and flowering.



**No
broken
sleep...**



Medic relieves congestion simply and surely

Medic medicated vapour brings relief from the discomfort of congestion and coughs of colds . . . You can spray Medic at night without disturbing or waking your children. Medic will bring them relief while they sleep. Medic eliminates the fuss of nose drops and chest rubs . . . Spray Medic in rooms for soothing relief from the coughing and discomfort of colds. Medic contains special ingredients that help kill airborne germs . . . help protect against the spread of infection.

Available only from your family chemist — Only 9/6



"Before you break up completely, how about getting me off this thing!"



"They HAVEN'T disappeared. Your shoes are near the television, your tie is out on the verandah, your pants are in the bathroom, and your socks are on the mantelpiece."

It seems to me

WHEN a big party of French boys and girls set off for a holiday in England early this month they were given pamphlets advising them how to behave.

One warning was: "Remember that one of the most important members of an English household is the dog, cat, or canary."

This belief about the English is fairly widespread, but as a race they don't have devotion to pets all on their own.

Not long ago an American couple living temporarily in Darwin sent a letter to the Collector of Customs at Los Angeles asking for permission to take a Praying Mantis to California.

They wrote: "We have become so attached to this creature that we would like to bring him home."

If the mantis really is a him and not a her they would be doing it a kindness. "After pairing" (writes Keith McKeown in "Australian Insects") "or sometimes even during the nuptials, the female devours her mate. The lady is not faithful to one mate; she will take several husbands — as many as present themselves — in succession, and treat each not as honored guest at the wedding breakfast but as the feast itself."

Further research suggests that the American couple might save themselves trouble by extending their stay in Darwin. The life span of the Praying Mantis is believed to be from eight to 12 months.

PROPOSED name for the Qantas hotel to be built in Sydney is the Matilda.

I hope those responsible conquer their bashfulness and call it by the full name that was at first rumored, the "Waltzing Matilda."

The world is full of Royals and Grands and Imperials and Hiltons.

To critics who say that "Waltzing Matilda" is too long, one can point to the Waldorf-Astoria, which, though it has one less letter, has one more syllable.

WOMEN who dress to please men find the following anecdote a sobering reminder that they sometimes waste their time.

"Tell me," this middle-aged man asked the other night, "are short skirts fashionable just now?"

The women present, who included his wife, looked at each other deadpan and nodded assent.

"I thought so," he said with an air of discovery. "I saw a couple of girls walking along the street at lunchtime in very short skirts. I noticed them because they had such knobby knees."

By



Dorothy Dean

WHAT is described as "group therapy" is said to be popular in sophisticated American suburban circles.

For "sophisticated" you could read "idle."

The women meet for lunch and talk about their family and personal problems to each other and to a presiding psychiatrist. All present throw in for the psychiatrist's fee of £10 per hour.

If this is true it doesn't say much for the guests or for the professional standing of the so-called psychiatrist.

A one-time favorite gimmick of women's parties, the visiting fortune-teller, seems positively intellectual in comparison.

And that reminds me — what has happened to fortune-tellers? I know they are illegal, but so is off-course betting in some States.

The rising consumption of coffee may have something to do with the scarcity of cup-readers, but there used to be a variety of other kinds of seers.

I once knew a woman who made a fairly comfortable living by fortune-telling. She visited houses by prior arrangement, and her fame spread by word of mouth.

The hostess was required to have a batch of eggs, one for each person. You held the egg in your hand for a minute or so, then passed it to the clairvoyant visitor, who assumed a trance-like pose and foretold your future.

I remember vaguely that she charged a flat fee for the evening's work and all present threw in a share. Perhaps on the night I recall she felt that there were too many clients, because I was last and had short shrift for my half-crown.

It was all pretty silly, but no sillier than amateur psychiatry and not half as dangerous.

A LULLABY for kangaroos, prompted by the news that an Australian manufacturer is making bagpipes of kangaroo skin and exporting them to Scotland:

*Hushabye, Joey, Daddy is making
Music for Scotsmen far over the sea,
And the notes of it sound like a wail of
lamenting*

*For some of the fates that await you
and me.*

*Hushabye, Joey, for life is uncertain
And as for the future I haven't a clue.
Bagpipes or pet food or coats for
mildady?*

Take my advice and hop off to a zoo.

Why is this man welcome wherever he goes?

Your daily life

can be made easier and happier, and he can help to make it so.

You can confidently

open your door to your Friendly Electrolux Man and receive the utmost courtesy and consideration.

Your interests

were a prime concern in selecting your Friendly Electrolux Man. We chose and trained him because we knew that while carrying out his day-to-day duties, he would take a real interest in helping you.

Your home

the preservation of your possessions, your time, and even your family's health are the main considerations behind the service of your Friendly Electrolux Man.

To serve you

is the aim of your Friendly Electrolux Man. As a key member of a world-wide organisation founded in Sweden 44 years ago, he offers you the world's most advanced appliances.

**Welcome
Your Friendly
Electrolux Man**

Electrolux Pty Ltd

"FOUR FOR THE SHOW"

THURSDAY is the busiest day of the week for talented ABC-TV producer James Upshaw and his "Four for the Show" team.

When the last series of "The Lorraine Desmond Show" (which he also produced) ended, Mr. Upshaw created this new weekly half-hour of light entertainment.

"Four for the Show" stars four show - business personalities — Michael Cole, Judy Banks, and two guest artists—with the Channel 2 Dancers, and Jim Gussey and the A.B.C. Dance Band.

Cast and crew spend every Thursday at ABN2 Sydney, rehearsing and taping the show, segment by segment, into a bright, smooth 30 minutes of song and dance.

● "Four for the Show" is currently screened in the following capital cities: Sydney — ABN2, Thursdays, 8.30 p.m.; Perth — ABW2, Thursdays, 9 p.m.; Hobart — ABT2, Wednesdays, 8 p.m.

These are the scheduled premiere dates for the show in other capitals: Adelaide—ABS2, Wednesday, July 24, 8.30 p.m.; Melbourne—ABV2, Monday, July 29, 8.30 p.m.; Brisbane—ABQ2, Wednesday, August 28, 8 p.m.



RIGHT: Small, blond, and pretty Judy Banks is a "regular" on the show. She also played the juvenile lead in the stage musical "Lock Up Your Daughters."



ABOVE: Stuart Finch and Shirley Sunners, who both sing and dance, are the two most frequent guests. Others are Alan Dean, Margaret Day, Helen Lorain.



CHANNEL 2 DANCERS are (from left) Elizabeth Kennedy, Colin Griffith, Judith Royle, Edit Juhasz, Keith Bain, and Ursula Martin. They appear each week on the show; the choreography is by Valrene Tweedie — who is, in private life, Mrs. James Upshaw, wife of the show's producer.



ENGLISH Michael Cole returned to Australia this year especially to appear in "Four for the Show." He went back to Britain in 1960, after living in Perth since he was 16.

Bobby Limb's new show a winner

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● At last! A musical show that really will suit all ages, all tastes — "Bobby Limb's Sound of Music" (TCN9, Fridays, 7.30 p.m.).

FIRST show is this Friday, July 19.

I went along to a preview with a friend. She nudged me throughout the show, whispering: "You're humming. Shhh!"

That's exactly what it will make every viewer—from 16 to 80—do.

Nostalgic tunes like "Just A Little White Gardenia" will remind Mum of when she sat hand in hand with Dad watching a Carl Brisson movie.

The "Big Band" section—in the first show it was Tommy Dorsey's—will show teenagers that the jitter-bugging of the 'forties wasn't much different from the Twist.

Each week there'll be a selection from one of the big musicals. We saw "Oklahoma!" Later ones will feature "The Pajama Game," "Kismet," "Wizard Of Oz."

The show is a cross between Mitch Miller's "Sing-along" and some of Eric Jupp's musical programmes. Guesting in the first show are Shirley McDonald (remember her in The Bryan Davies Show?), Darryl Stewart, John Adams, and the Rhythmaires.

Says Bobby: "We intend to introduce talent from all over the country in future programmes. We've already started auditions in Adelaide, Perth, and other capital cities."

"I think musical programmes have been concentrating too much on teenage taste, and the mums and dads haven't been getting much of a run."

"We hope this show will please everybody, from the grandmas to the children. We hope it will be lots of fun."

Smooth compere

The first show certainly was fun. Bobby is a smooth, stylish compere, and though the accent is on music he hasn't entirely ditched comedy.

There's a hilariously funny audience-participation sequence with Bobby questioning people on their knowledge of musical instruments, and inviting one to try his hand at playing the clarinet with Bob Gibson's Orchestra.

(Incidentally, Bobby started his career with Bob Gibson way back in the 'forties.)

We have Bobby playing the saxophone (very well) and the didgeridoo (not so well).

A musical Australian section which everyone will like

kicked off with—of course—Dorothy Dodd's "Granada," and "The Bells of St. Mary's" (it was news to me this was an Australian composition, and I bet it will be to many viewers, too).

A viewer-participation bit follows the "Singalong" formula with words flashed on the screen.

I predict there'll be a few fireside humming and foot-tapping sessions in the next few weeks, and that's what the cast are hoping for — viewer participation, with re-

duced a new opus by the B.G.s as "the hottest song in the country." And Vicki Forrest, a pleasant enough little warbler but no Judy Garland (and making her first TV appearance, mind you), as "the hottest singer in the country."

Bound for Botany Bay

"THE Hungry Ones" (ABN2, Sundays, 7.30 p.m.) introduced heroine

banished to Botany Bay with her lover, sitting horrified in the dock while the judge dons the black death cap.

Mary's dishevelled appearance and bedraggled hair when she met Boswell in Newgate Prison was Dickensian in its authenticity.

The stringy effect was achieved by the make-up department with glycerine. Before every filming they rubbed it in, and after every filming Fay faced the odious job of washing it out.

Each application took three washings to remove it — a studio shampoo at the end of filming, another as soon as she reached home, and yet a third dousing by her hairdresser before the final traces disappeared.

Though historical serials on Australia could become repetitive — we've already had three and all dealt with the Colony's first few years

Mary (Fay Kelton) and fiancé Will Bryant (Leonard Teale), not yet feeling the pangs of hunger.

They still have to be shipped to Botany Bay, whence they'll escape and journey to an island in the Timor Sea.

Costumes and background are suitably squalid, and episode one ended on the right note of cliff-hanging suspense with Mary, having stolen a cloak so she'll be

quests by post for favorite numbers.

I've tried to think of something I didn't like about the show, but, honestly, I can't.

The other channels will have to offer something mighty spectacular to draw me away from my Friday evening dates with Bobby (and later on a couple of appearances by Dawn Lake) and his music.

EVEN the mention of Johnny O'Keefe makes me stifle a bored yawn — Col Joye's my pin-up.

So it was a sense of duty only which prompted me to switch on to "Sing, Sing, Sing," which ATN7 have changed to a new time — 7.30 p.m. Saturdays in place of Fridays.

I wanted to find out if he was any competition to "Empire" (TCN9, Saturdays, 7.30 p.m.).

I don't think Mr. O.K. will woo a solitary adult viewer from the slick action adventures which show how the 1963 cowboy lives.

Apart from his nervous twitching, Johnny's too-liberal use of superlatives to introduce acts irritates me.

All in 20 minutes he intro-



Richard Egan, star of "Empire."



REHEARSING the first "Bobby Limb's Sound of Music" show are (from left) Darryl Stewart, The Rhythmaires vocal group, Bobby, Shirley McDonald, and John Adams.



Television



REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

With WINIFRED MUNDAY

★★ THE QUARE FELLOW

This screen version of Brendan Behan's play shows the effect on a new prison warden (Patrick McGeehan) of the last hours of two condemned murderers — one of whom is reprieved (and later hangs himself).

This is a curiously patchy film with good acting by Sylvia Syms, as the wife of one of the condemned men, and Walter Macken, a senior prison officer who has seen 17 hangings and still cannot reconcile himself to capital punishment.

Best scenes come toward the end when the execution ritual leaves one horrified at its barbarity. — Embassy, Sydney.

In a word . . . THOUGHT-PROVOKING.

★ THE MAIN ATTRACTION

This film proves yet again that Pat Boone should stick to singing. He's certainly no actor in this melodramatic piece of corn about a drifting guitar player who joins

up with a drunken female circus ventriloquist (Mai Zetterling), then falls for a pretty bareback rider (Nancy Kwan).

There is jealousy, intrigue, and danger under the big top, and every dramatic cliché is dragged into the script. The whole story is pretty unlikely. Nevertheless, the film is harmless enough, has a happy ending for everyone, and is the right escapist material for a cold winter evening. — Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . CORN.

★ VANINA VANINI

Even Roberto Rossellini's direction does not save this Italian drama from being just another story of a young man's dreams of saving his country — this time from the absolute rule of the Church.

Laurent Terzieff, handsome and emotional as the leader of the sect fighting for the cause, faces capture, escape, betrayal, and, finally, the guillotine. K.Y.—Metro, Continental, Sydney.

In a word . . . PATRIOTIC.

THE WEEK IN ART

SYDNEY has so many art exhibitions these days that it is sometimes difficult to see them all.

The Sunday Telegraph has the answer to this problem. Every Sunday in "The Week in Art," Daniel Thomas reports on all the art shows in Sydney and discusses the various questions raised by the week's exhibitions.

As well as critical reviews of all current exhibitions, you'll find a detailed programme for the coming week in this big feature.

Don't miss "The Week in Art" this week and every week in the Sunday Telegraph.

NEW Carnation Magic Crystals

burst instantly into fresh flavor skim milk for less than 6d. a pint

Dissolves instantly — completely — in cold water



FOR COOKING DRINKING OR WHIPPING TRY IT TODAY!

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week

Momma once said: This new Jet Age sort of depresses me a little. When you stop and consider you can fly anywhere in the world in 24 hours, it has sort of taken the glamor out of life. There are no longer any strange and far-away places. When you think of beautiful tropical islands like Tahiti and realise now they have a jet airport, it sort of destroys the glamor. I have always dreamed (and haven't we all?) of arriving there on a small sailing boat, leaning with my back to the mast, the warm soft wind blowing through my hair. But I guess I'm just incurably romantic. Oh, well, as they say, that's progress . . .

Momma's moral: It's such a small world . . . that is, until you start chasing your hat down the street . . .



White coffee needs the right coffee

Gorgeous smell of roasting coffee beans! That's the fresh coffee taste that comes through with milk or cream when you use Golden Roast. It's blended right, roasted right for white coffee: rich, best-of-the-coffee-beans Golden Roast.



So many ways to enjoy good white coffee: He likes it with just a dash of milk perhaps, or a float of cream. Maybe you love it really milky—or fluffed up Cappuccino-style. So long as it's white coffee, the right coffee is always Golden Roast.

(the one coffee blended right, roasted right for white coffee)

DID YOU KNOW?

IAN FLEMING, who has become the world's top thriller writer with his series of books about secret-service agent James Bond, has contracted to write an hour-long adventure series for television. The series—tentatively titled "Mr. Solo"—will be produced by M.G.M.

JUDY GARLAND'S singing-dancing daughter, Liza Minelli, will serve as talent presenter on the July premiere of "Talent Scouts," along with Vaughn Meader and George Maharis, formerly of "Route 66."

ENGLISH TV films are making a determined bid to break through into U.S. networks, but are usually defeated by the high costs of the kind of films the Americans like and can afford to make.

Now Britain's A.T.V. has teamed up with America's N.B.C. to make 26 one-hour programmes called "Espionage." The series will have different British and American actors in each episode of the series, which will deal with spy stories from all over the world.

The series will be made in England and shown in the U.S. and England at peak viewing hours.

The series will cost about £1,000,000 to produce and will be offered for sale all over the world.

THE American Broadcasting Company is planning a four-part series of "reality" programmes called "The World Over." Prospective titles include "Whatever Happened to Royalty?" "The World's Girls," and "The Festival Frenzy."

DISC jockeys are used to playing it cool, but the B.B.C. Midland Region has thought up a cooler line than most. Britain's top D.J., David Jacobs, is running a series televised in an ice-skating rink, where the newest top pop recordings are being "interpreted" by ice-skaters.

Television

"ELIZABETH TAYLOR'S LONDON" has been scripted by S. J. Perelman — a fact viewed in some trade circles as indicating that the tour will not be in a straight, serious vein. Perelman, a close friend of the late Mike Todd, one of Miss Taylor's former husbands, is best known as a satirist and humorist.

DENNIS WEAVER, who has one more season to go as Chester in the ancient "Gunsmoke" series, will move over to another network in a new series next year. He has been signed to star in "Kentucky Kid," a story about a retired horse trainer.

WHEN President Kennedy's Pulitzer Prize volume of biographies, "Profiles in Courage," is turned into a television series, the President will have power of approval over stars, scripts, and sponsors.

Robert Saudek, who obtained world TV rights to the volume after more than a year of negotiation, will produce the series. The estimated cost of the project is 3,500,000 dollars — with Mr. Kennedy's reported 10 per cent. share going to charity.

Twenty-six one-hour programmes will be filmed, including the 18 biographical sketches in the book and eight others to be chosen.

The series will be introduced by N.B.C. in November, 1964, shortly after the Presidential elections. The President wrote the book in 1955 during his convalescence from World War II injuries.

The art of doing the flowers

The special feature on this and following pages is designed mainly for beginners in the art of arranging flowers, but the ideas and suggestions will also help those with some experience.

● The triangle, tall and narrow or low and wide, is the simplest and most important shape in flower arrangement.

TWO typical examples of triangular compositions are shown on this page and overleaf.

Both were designed by well-known Melbourne flower-arranger Patricia Rumbold, who also gives a step-by-step description of how she did them.

"Of all flower arrangements," Mrs. Rumbold says, "the triangle in an urn must be the most often used, because any flowers can be successfully arranged in this way."

The arrangement shown at right is an example of the low and wide triangle in an urn.

The flowers are blossom, white stock, cyclamen, tulips, and andromeda.

The strong line of tulips extends from not quite the top of the triangle of stock straight down the centre, giving a very definite focal point. The tulip on the right balances the hanging andromeda at the left.

The three main tulips have been forcibly opened by placing the thumb at the base of the closed petals and gently pressing open with the fingers. This pleasant effect is particularly good with the black-centred tulips.

Without the tulips this arrangement still has a sound basic triangle of massed stocks and makes a lovely bowl on its own.

Below are the main steps for this arrangement.



STEP 1

● Choose a suitable flower aid for the flowers you are using. In this case a pinholder, or for heavier flowers a pinholder aided by crumpled wire-netting, or just wire-netting alone. Never



STEP 2

● Place bowl in its finished position and arrange background foliage or, as here, blossom in a triangle. The height of a triangle arrangement in an urn is normally one and a half times



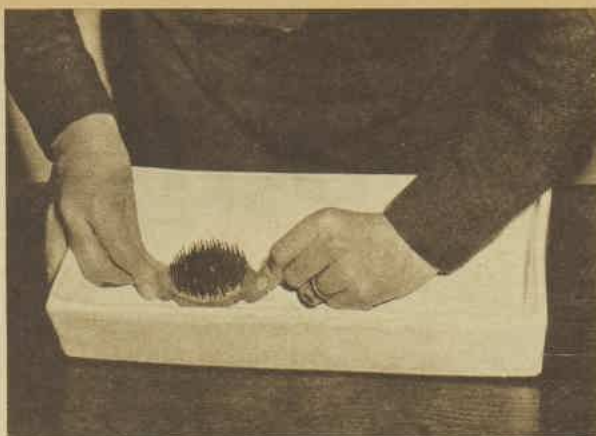
STEP 3

● This is the most important step, as it leads into the rest of the arrangement. Here stock are used as the basic ingredient, again placed in a triangle and built in from the outside. Make sure that all foliage is stripped from the stems. This is particularly necessary in the case of stock, marigold, and other soft-leaved flowers, as foliage in water quickly rots and tainted water kills flowers. Additives to preserve flowers can be bought, but the water must be clean, too.



More arrangements overleaf

● Here are Mrs. Rumbold's step-by-step directions for a tall and narrow triangular arrangement of daffodils, tulips, and iris shown on the opposite page.



STEP 1

● In a rectangular container, like the one pictured at left, the arrangement must be at one end and you must use a pinholder flower aid. Anchor the pinholder to the bowl with two knobs of plasticine, each rolled into a soft ball and placed on either side of the pinholder, as shown. Press each knob of plasticine into the sides of the pinholder and down on to the bowl at the same time. Make sure bowl is not dusty or damp or plasticine will not stick, and leave for

ten minutes or so before doing arrangement so that the plasticine will harden. Remember to work on your arrangement where you want it to be when complete.



STEP 2

● The height of the arrangement should be about one-and-a-half times or twice the width of the bowl. (If it's a very deep bowl you take the width plus the depth.) The foliage or branches, as long as they are not heavy, could be considerably higher or wider than the arrangement of flowers. The height of the arrangement is taken from the first full color, not necessarily from the top of the flower. Although, in this arrangement, the color is at the top of the flower, with gladioli or delphiniums, say, the color would start only with the first open flowers.



STEP 3

● First work from the top flower down each side of the triangle, with each flower leading into the centre, making sure that no stems that are showing are crossed. Then fill in toward the focal point, which is approximately at the centre and bottom of the arrangement. Every line in the arrangement should be going in toward the focal point, and care should be taken that no two flowers are placed at the same height, as this forms an ugly line across the arrangement. If using flowers of the same kind, reserve your best and biggest blooms for the focal point. If you are using different colors, use the darkest color (or white, which is just as dominant) in the centre. If you are using flowers of different sizes, use the largest in centre as the focal point.

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TALL, NARROW TRIANGLE IN A FLAT BOWL



● This is an example of the second version of the classic triangle for flower arrangements—tall and narrow—set in a shallow rectangular bowl.

MRS. RUMBOLD, who designed the arrangement, gives, on the opposite page, step-by-step directions on how to do it.

The arrangement is of spring flowers—daffodils, tulips, and iris.

Mrs. Rumbold said: "You will notice that the focal point is a fully open iris. It has the darkest color and is the biggest flower."

"The arrangement illustrates the following general rules—the height is about one and a half times the width of the bowl; every line leads to the focal point; no visible stems are crossed; no two flowers are at the same height."

"In this arrangement flowers of approximately the same size have been used. If flowers of different sizes are used, balance small ones in clumps against big ones."

"This arrangement can be very effectively carried out in leaves only, with iris spears

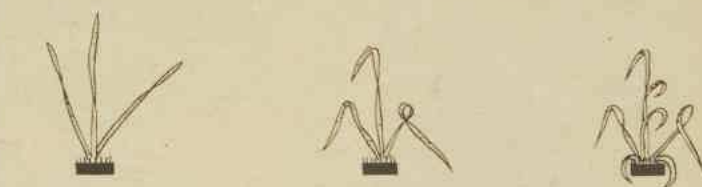
as the tallest, lily leaves for their attractive flat surfaces, and geranium leaves as the focal point."

Mrs. Rumbold said that the more humble flowers, such as jonquils and poppies, look best when arranged in a low, wide triangle, as described on the previous page, rather than in the tall, narrow triangle.

"They should be well massed at the base to give an emphatic focal point, and preferably without foliage to get the full benefit of the texture of the flowers," she said.

"When arranging poppies, any of the buds which are fairly visible can have their calyxes turned back to show the color of their petals, which will still take the same time to open."

"As the full poppies fall, they can be taken out and the newly opened buds will take their place with very little readjustment."



● This arrangement, in very modern Japanese style, features strips of dried eucalyptus bark and two camellias in a ceramic container. As shown in the diagrams, first place the three principal strips of bark in position on a pinholder, then bend them gently to the shape you want. Add shorter pieces, dampened and bent around pencil or broom handle to make curves. Finally, add camellias.

Japanese floral art

THERE is a growing interest in the Japanese style of arranging flowers, because it is so suitable for modern homes.

The Japanese have practised this art since the sixth century and have developed many classic styles.

One of the best known is the Seika style—which means quiet flowers in a simple and restful design.

Some of the main rules are:
● The arrangement should be about 1½ times the height of a tall container or 1½ times the width of a low container.
● For balance and stability, put strong lines of a composition at the base.
● Avoid perfect symmetry.

● Use an uneven number of flowers or branches, and vary the size of blooms.
● Main points of interest should be at three different levels, symbolising heaven, man, and earth.

The Japanese style of flower arrangement need not be confined to the more exotic flowers. The picture at right shows how effective it can be for gerberas, for example.



Ten simple rules, page 25



fresh, fresh, fresh...

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Prices slightly higher in some areas

Illustrated the Westinghouse 2-Door Supreme Automatic 143

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TEN SIMPLE RULES

● The founder of the Flower Arrangement Association of London and Overseas, Mrs. Harold Hall (formerly of Melbourne), compiled these ten rules and tips for beginners.

1. For a firm base, cut chicken-wire to $1\frac{1}{2}$ times the size of your container, squash it up, and fit it in firmly. For a large arrangement, a pinholder under the wire will hold tall branches or flowers.

When cutting the wire-netting leave some pieces to hook on to the edges of the container to keep the wire from slipping.

2. Relate the container to the arrangement and to its position in your room, but remember that it is the flowers that are most important.

Roses and sweet-peas do not look well in pottery, but china, silver, or glass (not cut-glass) are right for them or for carnations. Japanese-type containers or low casserole dishes suit irises. Dark metal or china suit leaves and dried flowers.

3. For good composition, start at the back with the tallest flowers or leaves. Next do the sides, then the focal point. This should consist of the darkest and largest flowers (or bunches of smaller ones) or dark leaves low down.

The focal point should always be directly beneath the highest part of the arrangement.

Don't pull out a wrongly placed flower — cut it off as closely as possible to the base, otherwise you may disturb all the others.

Most flower arrangements are overcrowded; so when you think you have finished, try to eliminate. The arrangement should shade off toward the top and sides, both in color and texture. Everything should appear to spring from the same point.

Never have two flowers at the same level, and an odd number of blooms is preferable to an even number.

4. The height of an arrangement should be at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ times the height of its container or $1\frac{1}{2}$ times its width. Stands under containers count as part of the height.

5. For color, don't be afraid to combine all sorts of daring reds, purples, oranges, pinks, and yellows, provided that the mixture has a large range of colors.

Polyantha roses, for instance, combined with sweet-peas give wonderful effects. No green can clash, and this applies also to yellows and browns.

6. Form is just as important as color, and an arrangement with good form is photogenic. A camera is an enormous help; the viewfinder shows up gaps and other errors, and you can record your best arrangements.

7. Leaves and branches of all descriptions (iris leaves in particular), pussy-willow stems, broom and dead branches can be used to give height and shape. Lines should not cross at the top or at the sides of the outline, so cut off any crossing branches.

FLOWERS—continued

8. Labor-saving tips. A background of leaves, arranged with a few flowers, can remain unchanged for several weeks, the flowers being replaced when necessary.

For autumn and winter backgrounds, rhododendrons and laurel leaves treated with glycerine ($\frac{1}{4}$ glycerine to $\frac{3}{4}$ water) are easier to arrange than beech leaves. When putting leaves into glycerine and water, the mixture must not reach more than a few inches up the stem. Leaves and bracken can be dried beneath the carpet.

9. Dried flowers. Hydrangeas,

cut when they are just past their best and kept in about an inch of water until they dry to a tissue-paper consistency, will assume lovely colors.

They look well with branches of Japanese spruce, used the wrong way round so that their lovely blue-green can be seen. Leek-heads, branches with lichen, and dried grasses all help.

10. Water need not be changed often. To do so is actually detrimental to tulips and some other flowers. But keep your vases topped up.

● This simple arrangement of geraniums with their own leaves is three-dimensional, suitable for a low table so that it can be viewed from above as well as from sides. Stems are held in pinholder in one corner of shallow rectangular bowl.

More overleaf



wall-to-wall warmth

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named it the Westinghouse Convection Comforter because that's what it really does (while too many "direct" heaters simply give you hotspots).

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Dried arrangements

● Dried flowers and foliage, with their warm tones and interesting textures, make wonderful arrangements in winter months.

BE sure at all times, however, that your dried

arrangements don't start to look dusty.

DRIED BRANCH of a filbert tree with its catkins makes a strikingly beautiful arrangement. The branch is set in a pinholder under lichen-covered stones and a large shell.

It is a good idea to rearrange them regularly and put them aside completely as soon as the first bulbs make their appearance.

"And don't try to keep dried material too long or your dried arrangement will become a dead arrangement," says Mrs. Patricia Rumbold, of Melbourne.

The best time to pick any flower for drying is in the best season for that particular flower. It is better picked early in the season rather than late, and most flowers should be picked in full bloom but before they are "blown."

Many flowers, weeds, and foliage are suitable for drying, and Mrs. Rumbold gives the following tips on their treatment.

Dock is best collected soon after it has dried on the plant. Early in the season it is light cinnamon, but as it grows older it gets darker brown.

Copper beech leaves should be picked after the leaves have dried on the tree but before the first frosts curl the leaves up.

These leaves can also be picked in their prime early in the season and the leaves preserved by putting them in a bowl containing a mixture of one part of glycerine to three parts of water and leaving them there for about three weeks or until the leaves have an oily appearance.

The glycerine treatment can be applied to other leaves of the same type, such as silver birch.

Agapanthus, Christmas-lily pods, and similar material should be left on the plant till dry. You can gild the pods if their color is not attractive.

Thistles should be gathered early in autumn.

Garrya elliptica should be picked at its prime (the catkins allowed to open in water) and kept in water until it dries. The little leaves give a very soft line to any otherwise stiff arrangement.

Honesty, always a good source of lightness in a dried arrangement, is easily grown from seed. When the pods have dried, slip off outside pieces and seeds, leaving the silver membrane in the centre.

Strelitzia flowers and leaves are attractive when dried, especially if they're gilded. The leaves take on an interesting curve and are good in the more modern arrangements.

Retaining color

Many flowers will dry out and retain some of their color if kept in a warm place—but they must be picked in their prime. Rosebuds are a good example, if picked in spring when they're not terribly tight but by no means open.

Color can be added to a dried arrangement by using plastic or paper flowers for the focal point or even plastic leaves to give a green touch.

A lot of material can be found in the bush. Dried leaves, including gumleaves, bark, seedpods, and fungus are just a few.

Banksia flowers and foliage dry well without treatment. The leaves are especially good used back to front, as the backs dry out to a pretty silver-grey.

Bulrushes need to be picked very early in the season, because the moment they are full they burst. They should be sprayed or painted with clear lacquer.

Don't forget to look out for things to put round the base of dried arrangements in flat bowls—smooth colored pebbles, chunky pieces of stone, large and small shells, or drift glass washed smooth by the sea.

A good way to store dried pieces is to tie them in bunches and hang them from the roof of a shed or garage. Material with a lot of color, such as daisies or statice, are best stored in a tissue-covered box in a dark place.

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If it's safe in water, it's safe in New Fashion Lux

TABLE CENTREPIECES

● The floral arrangements and table settings on this page were designed by Australian-born Patricia Easterbrook Roberts, famous lecturer on flower arranging.



● Golden tones of wallflowers, cream gladioli, and golden cypress are combined in this symmetrical arrangement. In a low container, two gladioli are held in a pinholder and wired at intervals up the stem. Wallflowers form the base and extend equally on both sides to complete a triangle. They are held in a ring of chicken-wire. Cypress leaves complete the arrangement.



● Romantic table arrangement is made up of snowdrops, forget-me-nots, and ornamental kale. Kale is placed around edges of container and held firm under chicken-wire pyramid placed inside. Push forget-me-not flowers and leaves through the wire until stems touch water. Put snowdrop leaves in next, then flowers.



● Triangular arrangement in a deep, round bowl of gladioli, two pink striped camellias, flax leaves, geraldton wax, and ivy. Gladioli are positioned in pinholder, the other flowers in chicken-wire insert. A large arrangement at the end of the table leaves the centre free for dishes and decanters. Centrepieces are centres of attraction and need not be placed in centre of the table.



● Monochromatic mixture of blue flowers makes a startling but simple centrepiece. Delphiniums, hyacinths, mignonette, eupatorium and begonia leaves are held in chicken-wire. This arrangement is based on an equilateral triangle, with all sides equal.

Flower containers overleaf



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KV503

FLOWERS—continued

Shape, size must suit container

• The size and shape of a flower arrangement should always be in correct proportion to its container. Suggestions on how to achieve this are shown below, along with ideas for suitable containers in addition to the conventional vase or bowl.



• A low urn is suitable for almost any arrangement. Try to keep the height slightly to one side to avoid symmetrical design.



• A tall urn, with the arrangement roughly one and a half times the height of the urn. This fan shape uses the central stem as the maximum height. Note that stems to the left and right are of different heights and the whole arrangement forms a triangle.



• A tall vase is a difficult container, but is suitable for lilies or one or two stems of blossom, such as apple or pear. Not good for mixed flowers.



• A workbox or tea-caddy is excellent for a mass of small flowers, such as hyacinths, wallflowers, honeysuckle, and roses. Use a piedish or tin to hold the water inside the box.



• A sauce boat or gravy dish can make an attractive container for simple flowers like daisies or bluebells.



• A jug is an effective container if you place it sideways to show its handle and shape. Pick up the coloring of the jug in your flowers if you can.



• A shallow ovenware dish is very effective with branches and flowers like the iris, or water plants. Stones hide the pinholder fixed with plasticine.



• A soup tureen is suitable for massed flowers, but make sure they have a good overhang on each side to avoid an ugly squat look.



• A long trough can take many different arrangements. The L-shaped design shown may be used on a shelf to half-frame a mirror or picture.



• This dolphin vase is an excellent container, which allows for an arrangement with a right to left sweep. The height on the right should be followed through to give same length of sweep to the left.



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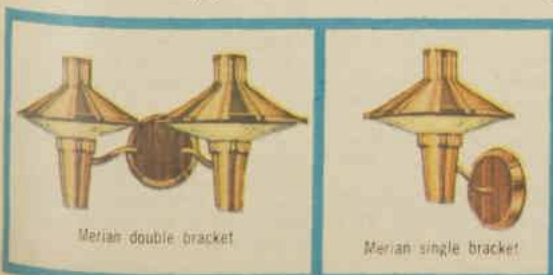
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He goes alone

WILL someone please tell me why is it that, although I've tried all the hints, advice, and even consulted the Marriage Guidance Council, I am not able to get my husband to take me out? I mean a real outing now and again, not just a ride in the car. For the past six years he has gone out twice a week—his Saturday outings starting just before lunch and sometimes going through until 3 a.m. on Sunday. Yet I am told I must not complain—he professes to love me. Our eldest daughter is almost 15, and quite old enough to mind the other three children, if I had an occasional outing. Who can tell which one of us is wrong? I certainly can't.

£1/1/- to "Stay-Put" (name and address supplied), South Australia.

The bride got there by tram

HOW is this for "getting to the church on time"? Some years ago the taxi taking a friend of mine to her wedding broke down. As time was running out, and she couldn't get another cab, she finished the journey by tram—in her bridal finery, much to the laughter and enjoyment of all concerned, including the passengers.

£1/1/- to "Tram Ride" (name supplied), Leederville, Western Australia.

When children buy presents

WHEN a child saves up to buy a present for a parent, is it wise for the other parent to supplement the amount for the purchase of a more expensive gift? Doesn't this result in the child growing up with wrong values?

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Walpole, Fortitude Valley, Qld.

In the Orient, dreaming of snags

DESPITE the great variety of delicious meals available in this fascinating city of Singapore—what do I long for? Sausages from our butcher at home in Hawthorn, Victoria!

£1/1/- to M. J. Tharmalingam, Singapore, Malaya.

Labor-saving works both ways

FARMERS' wives should not let their husbands buy all the labor-saving machinery for the farm, while the wives slave away with antiquated equipment in the house. When my man buys a new machine, the next money available buys me a new labor-saver such as a washing-machine or refrigerator.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. F. Moffitt, Central Tilba, N.S.W.

Papaw legend

IN reply to John and Kay Ewings (Qld.), who asked if papaw trees growing outside a bedroom window sapped the energy of sleepers, I can only say it is hard to imagine how such fables originate. There is no truth in the story. An unusual fact about the papaw tree is that the leaves and unripe fruit contain a powerful enzyme, which can break down proteins. It is extracted and used pharmaceutically in digestive aids.

£1/1/- to Dr. Frances Frohlich (former member of Botany Dept. of Sydney University), Longueville, N.S.W.

I KNOW a child who was always so pale and listless until papaw trees were removed from near her window. Then what a change there was in her. She became pink cheeked, full of life, and so interested in schoolwork that she headed her class.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Banks, Ascot, Qld.

IN the West Indies, where I lived for 40 years, it was generally considered unwise to allow papaws to grow near a bedroom window. Whether there was medical support for the theory of their being harmful I do not know. But a young relative who had been in ill-health for some years began to recover as soon as a papaw tree growing outside his window was destroyed. There is also an old adage in the West Indies that if an animal is tied to a papaw tree overnight, only the rope will be found in the morning. It is a common custom there to wrap tough meat in a papaw leaf to tenderise it, but one has to be careful not to leave it too long or the meat will go bad.

£1/1/- to Mr. A. M. Bates, Cheltenham, Vic.

IF papaw trees sapped vitality, I would not be writing this letter today at the age of 83. I have a sister aged 86, and a brother who died at 80. When young we lived on a fruit farm surrounded by acres of papaws. We all slept on verandahs, and everyone enjoyed good health.

£1/1/- to "Papaw Fact" (name supplied), Woody Point, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

"I FELT quite relaxed at the wedding," said a bride when interviewed the other day.

It is surprising for a bride to feel like that, when you come to think of it.

Brides used to be excited at their weddings; perhaps some of them still are. But the bride was proud of being relaxed. She thought it was the right way to be.

Relaxation is all the rage now. People are photographed relaxing in their houses, in the street, even on their jobs (actresses relax a lot between scenes).

TV performers like Perry Como are praised for being relaxed. Special books tell us how to stop being tense and start relaxing.

It used to be different in the past as I remember. We were not expected to relax, but to be energetic.

Strenuous slogans like "Try, try, try again" were impressed on us in youth.

We were told the inspiring story of The Little Engine That Could. We sang a hymn that went: "Fight the good fight with all your might."

I suppose the up-to-date version would be: "Fight the good fight in a relaxed, casual manner."

TAKING IT EASY

Many people now feel it is their duty to relax, even at their weddings. Like this:

The scene is a church. Susan, the bride, comes down the aisle yawning slightly.



Charles, the groom, is late, but arrives calm and unworried.

"Sorry, I forgot this was on today," he whispers.

The admiring guests murmur: "Don't they look a relaxed couple!"

During the reception Charles says casually: "I suppose we should go for this honeymoon thing some time."

The bride shrugs her shoulders. "There's no hurry, darling. Let's put it off till tomorrow..."

So begins a relaxed marriage, with no trouble or tension.

Charles does not worry about his work at the bank. At home, Susan lounges in casual wear, never letting the washing or cooking bother her.

Then one day the bank manager—a nasty, tense type—sees George relaxing while customers wait at the counter.

He rasps: "Get moving, you clot, or I'll have you transferred to Oodnadatta!"

George, going home in a resentful mood, finds Susan has prepared another casual dinner of beans on toast. He bawls the daylight out of her.

So ends a relaxed marriage, and a normal one begins.

It is my belief that most of the people who talk so much about being relaxed are not really relaxed at all.

And a good thing, too.

I would rather be served by an eager shop assistant than a relaxed one.

If my house was burning down I would not like the blaze to be attended by relaxed firemen.

When I back a horse I prefer the jockey not to be relaxed. (And I particularly do not want it to be a relaxed horse.)

A FRIEND OF A FRIEND

*Every foreign city offers
its own enchantment . . .
a sophisticated short story*

**By MARGARET
COUSINS**

THE first year Jack Houston spent in Rome (as a sales agent for an American soft-drink concern just beginning to market franchises on the European continent), he welcomed the few American tourists who arrived on his doorstep with letters of introduction, or telephoned him tentatively to say they brought greetings from Andy or Wes or Mary Carr or Frannie Jenkins or some member of the gang back home.

His acquaintance in Rome was limited to a few members of the American colony and one or two embassy people with whom he was trying to establish contact in order to further his business prospects. He was learning Italian and was barely past the "ciao" stage.

Jack was a bachelor, and, while he had a normal interest in the wonders of the metropolis after work was over or on one of the innumerable Saints' Days with which Rome blessed itself, time hung on his hands.

When he had acquired a superficial knowledge of the blandishments of Rome after dark, garnered by reading the columns of the "Daily American," and knew which side of Doney's was Siberia, the small bars where genuine Romans gathered for libation, which of the multitudinous little cafes, so much alike, were suitable to be caught dead in, and what haberdashers on the Via Condotti could be trusted as purveyors of neckwear, it pleased him to show off his residential sophistication to the wrinkled tourists.

They regarded him with bewildered admiration, as they were, one and all, buffaloes by the Eternal City. He was a firm believer in contacts, and who knew what very important persons the cat might yet drag in?

At that time the exchange rate on a salary paid in American dollars was favorable, and Jack, who had always worked hard for a living, found himself the open-handed host, concomitant with every salesman's dream.

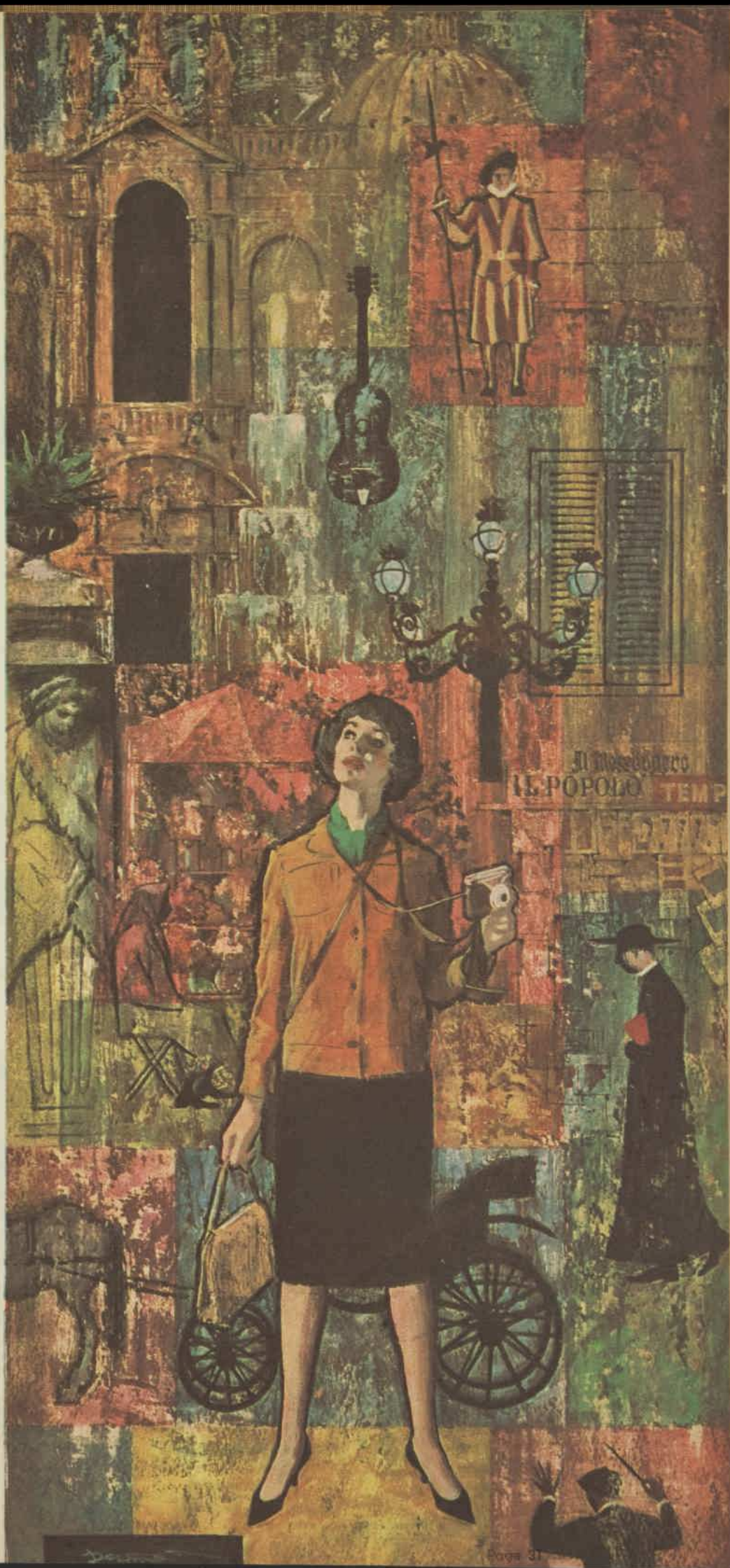
Involved with beverages, he embraced the lore of wine, developed a gourmet's taste, and became a proper "bon vivant," at least to the hungry Americans. They rewarded him with quite unsuitable bouquets of flowers, postcards from Barcelona, invitations to visit in Keokuk, and letters to their friends.

As time passed and summer rolled round again, Jack's business had picked up, the exchange had fallen off, and Operation Tourist had begun to pall. For one thing, his Italian had arrived at the stage where he could say "grazie" and "prego," and he had met a number of Italians who spoke flawless English.

For another, he had spent several weird evenings. It was a source of amazement to him to observe some of the human species who turned up in Rome with his telephone number. Jack, by nature a good-hearted soul, had succeeded so well that the letters of introduction snowballed, and he was forced to apply for an unlisted telephone.

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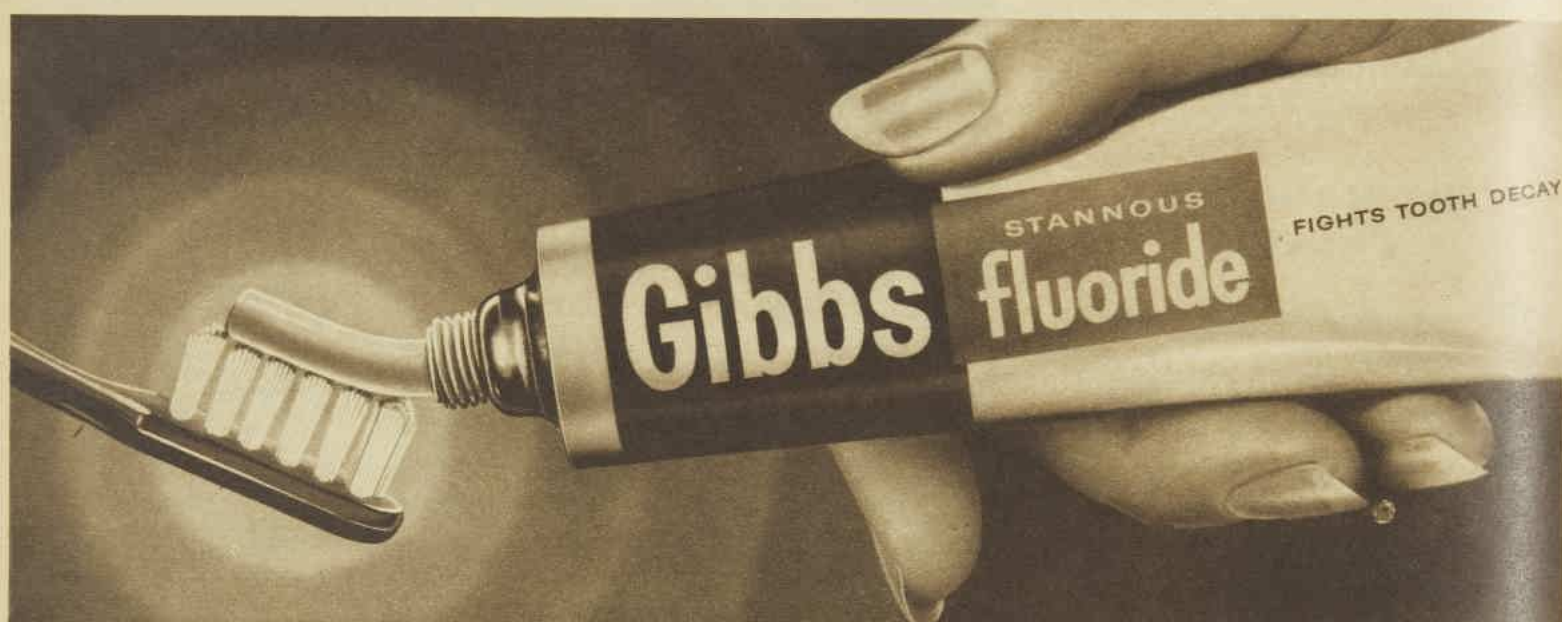
*Ella Mae wandered about the city,
keenly interested in all she saw.*



ENGLAND'S LEADING DECAY-FIGHTING TOOTHPASTE

Gibbs fluoride

Proved! Gibbs protects teeth from acid attack



21 DAYS: Supervised tests proved Gibbs Fluoride with stannous fluoride strengthens tooth enamel in 21 days



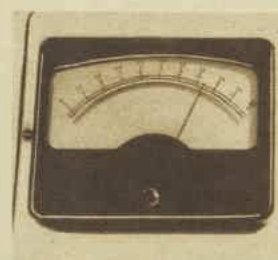
Stephen Peacock, aged 10, has his teeth measured for resistance to acid attack (a major factor in decay). He is one of a group of school children in Britain who took part in this 21-day Gibbs Fluoride test.



First Reading. A special electronic measuring unit was used. This is the reading from Stephen's first test. Like the other children's teeth, his enamel registered only average resistance to acid attack.



Brushed regularly for 21 days. Stephen then brushed regularly with the Gibbs Fluoride formula for 21 days. All the children did, once morning and night, just the way they'd used an ordinary toothpaste.



Tooth enamel strengthened against acid attack. Here's Stephen's second reading. All children registered significant improvement, proof that Gibbs Fluoride protects teeth from acid attack in 21 days.



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3. Have a dentist check your teeth every 6 months.

A major factor in tooth decay is acid which attacks tooth enamel. Gibbs Fluoride Toothpaste strengthens your teeth so they resist this attack. In just 21 days of regular brushing with Gibbs Fluoride your tooth enamel will be measurably stronger. And with your tooth enamel strengthened, you'll be avoiding decay.

Gibbs Fluoride contains stannous fluoride. The most effective decay-preventer ever put in

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Gibbs
STANNOUS
fluoride
TOOTHPASTE



Ferry to Nowhere

A short short story By IRVINE FORREST

JACK MATTHEWS swung the Lucy Dodson up into the tide, rang the paddles astern, and brought her gently to rest against the weed-strewn jetty. He leaned out of his wheelhouse watching the ferried cars bump their way to shore, a small, broad-shouldered man with wiry grey hair jutting beneath his battered skipper's cap. Then his eyes, defiant blue in a grizzled battleground of a face, alighted on Bessie Tompkin. Or, to be more exact, on Bessie's hat, a wide-brimmed model in black straw, topped with a fearsomely pink rose.

"Why aren't you at work at the mill?" he shouted. Bessie's florid face could never have betrayed a flush; she merely glared at him in reply. They had been in the same class at the village school, and had been glaring at each other, on and off, for the best part of fifty years.

Jack repeated his question in a louder voice and several embarking passengers looked up at him. Bessie's lips tightened, then, gathering her coat about her, she began ascending the short ladder to Jack's wheelhouse.

"Have you been drinking?" she asked as she entered. "Never on duty," Jack said, grinning. "Why are you all pushed up in working hours? Are you ill?" he asked.

"If you must know," said Bessie, breathing heavily from her ascent, "I'm visiting my sister. I retired from the mill yesterday, exactly fifty years to the day."

"So they finally got rid of you, did they? Production ought to improve at last."

"Let me tell you, Jack Matthews, that they gave me a very fine presentation, a beautiful sewing-box. It's more than the ferry company will give you."

"H'm," said Jack. "You may be right there, Bessie. I leave at the end of the month myself."

Jack got the "right away" from his deck crew and rang "Slow Ahead" to the engine-room. The Lucy Dodson crept out into the estuary.

"What made you go on working till you were sixty-five?" he asked.

Bessie sat down and eased her feet thankfully from her best shoes. "For company, I suppose," she said. "After Fred passed away the house seemed mighty lonely. And the girls at the mill were a jolly crowd."

Jack looked across the estuary glinting in the morning sun. "I know what you mean," he replied. "I gave up my job with the Elverton Line when Sarah began her long illness, and then when she died, poor lass, I felt I had to do something, even though Elverton's pay a good pension."

"You should have gone back to the sea," Bessie told him briskly. "You were always keen on the sea and still hale and hearty when Sarah died."

"Perhaps so," Jack sighed. "From time to time I thought of signing on again, but —"

"The pull of the 'local' was too strong," Bessie finished tartly.

Exasperated, Jack gripped the wheel harder. "Nothing like that at all. The days just went by until it was too late to change."

"As I thought . . . Laziness," Bessie nodded sagely. "Strikes me you never had the spunk to take on a man's job again." She looked away quickly to hide the twinkle in her bold, brown eyes.

Jack stiffened. "I'll thank you to leave the wheelhouse, me'am," he said with attempted dignity.

"Oh, be off with you," replied Bessie, adjusting her wobbling hat. "This shunting back and forth across the river should never have satisfied a man like you."

If Bessie had been probing him with her hat pin, she could not have caused Jack more anguish. She was right, of course. No stretch of water was more detested by him.

"But if you had gone back to Elverton's, you would have been senior captain by now," pursued Bessie.

"You didn't do so well yourself," rejoined Jack. "Fifty years looking after the same machine. And here was me always thinking you'd be elected to the board of directors." He chuckled to himself.

"Tell you what," he said. "Stay on board for another trip and I'll convince you that I'm a better man than you think."

Bessie's aching feet urged her to accept the offer and Jack went down to have a word with his crew. When he returned, Bessie realised that the Lucy Dodson was in mid-channel, and paddling briskly down-stream.

"Land sakes!" she said. "Where are we going?"

Jack said cheerfully from the stern: "I thought we'd go down-river and have a look at Tarmouth Docks."

In astonishment Bessie looked below her and saw that the decks were empty. She was the sole passenger.

"Jack Matthews, you've gone mad," she announced.

"Not me," said Jack. "Just felt like a taste of the sea again. You've no idea how boring ferry work can be."

Bessie got up and stood beside him, suddenly warm and hugely gentle. "Haven't I?" she said, with a wistful smile.

"Did you ever watch a shuttle in a loom . . . for fifty years?" Then her expression grew anxious. "But you'll lose your ticket and your job for this."

"I'll not be needing either when the month's out . . . No spunk, indeed!" He snorted to himself. "Me! When I've been through typhoons and torpedoes and . . ."

Someone from below interrupted to say that Bill, the engineer, was querying the extended use of his engines.

"They'll just have to last out," bawled Jack. "You tell him I'm not coming back till the afternoon and that's flat. Well now," he turned to Bessie, "where was I?"

"You'd just been torpedoed," she said helpfully.

The late sun was water-skiing toward them as the old ferryboat tied up at the jetty.

"I hope you'll find plenty to do in your leisure," Bessie said. "Do you like gardening?"

"I've never thought of it," grunted Jack. "I hadn't been expecting to leave the company for another few weeks."

"I have a big garden," said Bessie. "I'll make you a cup of tea and then you can see it for yourself."

As soon as the gangway was put across, the ferry foreman leapt on board. "What the devil have you been doing, Matthews?" he shouted.

Jack met the foreman's wrath head-on. "Bessie and I," he said coolly, "just felt like a breath of sea air."

He was peremptorily and not surprisingly dismissed.

"No spunk, eh?" Jack repeated to Bessie, taking her arm over the gangway. He never looked back at the Lucy Dodson. But his step was jaunty, his refreshed heart free from the frustration of years.

He was thinking vaguely about gardens. Bessie was thinking with greater clarity about a cup of tea.

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"Why aren't you at work at the mill?" Jack asked Bessie.



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By LEONARD WIBBERLEY

AMIDST all the strenuous activity of preparing the Grand Fenwick rocket for launching, Dr. Kokintz still had time to keep up a vigorous correspondence with the Audubon Society and with birdlovers in many parts of the world on the subject of the two bobolinks which had taken up their residence in the forest of Grand Fenwick. He had sent to the Society his pictures of the two birds, native to the north-eastern coast of America, which had appeared in the Duchy; and the publication of these pictures in the journal of the Society created a tremendous sensation.

A furor of speculation was immediately aroused over how the birds got to the Duchy, so far from their native habitat. It was well known to birdlovers that bobolinks migrate during the winter months to South America by way of the West Indies, but there was no case on record of a migration to Europe. A theory was advanced that a party of bobolinks, headed northward for New England and Southern Canada, had been swept off their course by a hurricane off the Florida coast, the survivors reaching Europe, and the Grand Fenwick bobolinks were of this party.

A hunt among birdwatchers for other bobolinks in Europe was immediately instigated, but without conclusive results. One was reported in Sicily and three in the South of France, but no photographs were available. Then a rumor started that the whole thing was a hoax and that the Kokintz photographs had been taken not in Grand Fenwick but in the woodlands of Connecticut.

Kokintz was horrified by this suggestion. He was a simple man, almost childish; used to believing others and to being believed himself. He protested strongly against the hoax story and invited anyone who was interested to come to Grand Fenwick and see the bobolinks for themselves.

One day he received a letter from Bern, Switzerland, from a certain Mr. Maurice Spender. Mr. Spender said that he was an Englishman and a keen ornithologist and that he was prepared to produce

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THE Duchy of Grand Fenwick, the smallest nation in the world, has entered the international race to the moon. This is because the DUCHESS GLORIANA had told the COUNT OF MOUNTJOY she wants a sable coat, and he has persuaded the Leader of the Opposition, DAVID BENTNER, to allow a motion to be passed in Parliament whereby Grand Fenwick can apply for a loan from the United States of America. For years Mountjoy has longed to modernise the castle's plumbing and to straighten the road through the Duchy, so on top of the 50,000 dollars for the coat he adds five million. The U.S. Secretary of State grants the loan, but increases it to 50 million dollars.

DR. KOKINTZ, a scientist, has discovered a formula for rocket fuel, derived from the wine for which Grand Fenwick is famous. He and the Count's son, VINCENT, an engineer, then work together building a rocket to be launched from the Tower of Jericho, part of the Castle. CYNTHIA BENTNER, who is in love with Vincent, is happy to know this, as he had been talking of leaving the country.

Dr. Kokintz invites Gloriana and her consort, TULLY BASCOMB, to an experiment with the fuel, and a bottle of Pinot Grand Fenwick roars off through the window. Later it is recovered by the United States destroyer *Quest* and given to SENATOR JOHN RIDGEWAY, who is on board. It is believed to have been dropped by an American plane in a scientific demonstration. Meanwhile, America sends Grand Fenwick a discarded rocket casing, thinking Mountjoy needs it for the castle plumbing, but it really is the means by which Grand Fenwick hopes to reach the moon. NOW READ ON:



Tully, the first to collect his wits, rushed away to the two-way radio, leaving the others still watching the rocket.



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WWS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 24, 1963

Woman in the Background

A short story By JEAN VANCE

ONLY silly little worries, Louise Enders told herself. It was a fretting, now-and-then day when she wasn't herself, didn't know who exactly she was supposed to be. Oh, she knew she was Louise Enders, 37, a wife to Paul, mother to Susan, 17, and Billy, 16. These were statistics, but scarcely vital to a woman at times when she longed to be something more and knew she couldn't.

It was because of tonight and the dinner dance.

Paul wandered through the kitchen, bent on some Saturday chore. His eyes, unnoticed, skimmed over the sewing machine. Even in paint-stained trousers and wrinkled shirt he was handsome. He disappeared through the cellar door.

At seven o'clock tonight he'd be more handsome. He'd dance with every pretty woman at the table in turn, maybe flirt a little, as he usually did, although he denied it, while she sat, stricken by the characteristic paralysis that froze her on such occasions. Marriage was supposed to be social insurance, but really wasn't.

Busy fingers set her mind free to remember. In the early days Paul would have stopped in his passage through the kitchen to kiss the back of her neck. She'd known who she was then, all right, transformed from plainness by the miracle of Paul's having loved her and married her.

Gradually you got used even to miracles. She supposed she'd discouraged his impulsive gestures, not knowing how to be demonstrative herself. And once the children had come, a man and woman shouldn't act like lovesick youngsters in front of them.

"Mum?"

Startled, Louise stuck herself with the needle and quickly transferred fingertip to mouth, anxious not to spot the almost

finished apricot sheath she was making for Susan. She hadn't heard Billy come into the room. "Mmmmm?" she answered absently.

Billy lounged against the cupboard, shuffling his feet, looking down at them. "Mum?" she waited a minute for whatever it was he wanted to say before she inspected her finger, found it all right, and went back to stitching the hem by hand. Billy was a nice, uncomplicated 16, brought home good marks, played basketball, hadn't begun to notice girls yet. She looked up at him again.

But Susan strolled in from the living-room, slim and blond and teen-age beautiful, an apple in one hand, a fashion magazine open in the other. "Think of a color, mother!" she demanded. "Any color!"

Louise smiled at her fondly. She never ceased to marvel that this perfect creature, her first-born, was flesh of her flesh. Billy looked like Paul; no worry there. But everyone had insisted that Susan as a baby was the image of her. On Susan, fortunately, it had all turned out very much better.

"Don't stop to consider, mother!" Susan chided. "Just say whatever color pops into your head!"

Indulgent, under Susan's held-breath insistence, Louise mumbled. "Oh, navy-blue," and presumed, as Susan lifted apple and magazine high in the air, that she'd made a most unsatisfactory choice. She'd said navy-blue, she supposed, because she was wearing it to the dinner dance tonight. She ought to be checking the buttons on the navy-blue right now. But it was more fun to finish the apricot sheath, even though Susan, with a wardrobe full of clothes, might not get around to wearing it for some time.

Susan groaned. "Why couldn't you have said black?" She waved the magazine. "Women who say black right off are sophisticated. They have a desire to be mysterious. They're proud of their femininity. Or, if you pick a strong, clear color, it shows you have a lively, bouncy personality."

To page 68

"Think of a color, mother," Susan said as Louise looked up at her.



It sometimes seemed to him this his name and phone number must be posted on the bulletin board of every travel agency in the States, for he received calls from visitors who were recommended by people he had never heard of. It was a crashing bore, and it was also damned expensive.

At an embassy cocktail party, he had met two or three Italian ladies of the dwindling aristocracy, and his telescopic glimpse of that other world rendered the tourist attractions he had mastered poor and desultory. It occurred to him that if he could be a familiar of their draughty salons, he would be certain to meet the European captains of finance and industry he needed to know, and probably some beautiful girl. The magic of the old city had begun to get to him, infiltrating his veins like wine, and he wanted to live there for ever.

But he was not in love, and the moonlight on the Pincian Hill was too good to waste. When he walked the old streets at night, hearing the lisp of the fountains, the melancholy plaint of a guitar, the dark rustle of leaves, and witnessed the Romans making love in the shadows, he felt that Fate was in attendance on him and that, in the candlelit salon of some ancient palazzo under a Renaissance ceiling full of cupids, he would meet a girl who would make all the difference.

Houston was not without opportunities in the girl line. While his rawboned, faintly rumpled looks marked him as an American wherever he went, he was personable and had large blue eyes, which attracted brown ones. But if he was romantic, he was also canny. He meant to be an important businessman and

Continued from page 31

had had the indoctrination of personnel on the subject of wives.

Meanwhile, he had to cope with the friends of friends.

Having discovered that all roads lead to Rome he had developed various ruses, side-steps, and methods of culling the tourist trade so that the people he was destined to entertain were reduced to a manageable number. He had delivered an ultimatum to his mother regarding perambulating members of her garden club. He had issued a general broadside to his father, announcing his inability to obtain private audiences with the Pope.

He had advised Connie, his sister, that he was not in a position to cope with the Smith College Glee Club. He had hinted to various friends that his apartment was up six flights of uncarpeted stairs, with no room for shakedown, and that he did not know any Italian women as described by Moravia.

In short, his custom was now reduced to travellers whose letters of introduction derived from the main stem of his business in New York, a not unappreciable number. Jack's prowess as a Roman host had filtered back to the home office, and it was routine to direct to his attention brewers and bankers on vacation and various peripheral personages who would be sojourning briefly in Italy.

Jack viewed these with a slightly less jaundiced eye since the company picked up the tab, but as Rome grew on him he was likely to be jealous of time spent on such extracurricular activities and was usually stricken with ennui.

A FRIEND OF A FRIEND

One afternoon in August, when he returned from a three-hour lunch and was feeling drowsy, his secretary said, "A Miss Turnbull called."

"Turnbull, Turnbull," Jack said. The name rang a distasteful bell. "Where's she from?"

"I do not know," his secretary said. "She's stopping with the Excelsior."

"How long is she going to be here?"

"I did not ask," his secretary said precisely. "It was not my place, I did not think."

"Why didn't you tell her I was out of town, or in the

We live only to discover beauty. All else is a form of waiting.

—Kahlil Gibran

hospital, or something else feasible?"

"You are making the joke," his secretary said. "You are right here."

"So I am," Jack said, "and like George Washington, you cannot tell a lie."

"She is very hard to speak with," his secretary said encouragingly. "It is something with the accent."

Jack clapped his hand to his forehead. "Oh, heavens, now I remember. It was that bird from Oklahoma!" He began to riffle through his papers until he unearthed a sheet with the letterhead of the Siwash, Oklahoma, Bottling Works.

"Dear Jackson:

"Hiya, old boy, and how is the Open Door?"

"A dear friend of the family, Miss Ella Mae Turnbull, is going to be in Rome in August. You two ought to know each other. You would get along like a house afire. Ella Mae is a real good kid. This is her first trip to Europe, and I have taken the liberty of giving her your name."

"Give my regards to the 'carabinieri!'"

"Yours, 'GARDY.'"

The memory of the whole horrible evening with Gardiner Cummings and his plump wife and another couple with whom they were travelling, whose names he could no longer remember, washed over him. They had been on the town all night and had wound up with a brush with the "carabinieri."

Gardiner, somewhat the worse for wear, had taken umbrage at the state of an emaciated old carriage horse, which he had referred to in a bellow as "that pore, pitiful cayuse," and had insisted on buying oats to feed it at 4 a.m. The outraged driver had finally summoned the police.

Jack shuddered at the recollection. Good, kind people, the salt of the earth, but aggressively middle-aged and belligerently defensive toward Europe, which they compared unfavorably with Siwash. Any friend of the family was bound to be of the same stripe and a spinster in the bargain. He conjured up the picture of a hearty female cowpuncher, who would slap him on the back and call him "podner."

"Ella Mae!" he cried to his secretary. "Have they named

anybody that since nineteen ten?"

"Elena Maria," said his secretary, the soul of tact. "It is not so bad."

He thought how the Italians made the best of everything, endowing the commonplace with a beauty of their own. "It's Ella Mae," he said. "And that's another kettle of fish."

His colloquialisms always defeated her. "Shall I call her back?"

"Heavens, no," he said. "Not now. I have to build up my strength and marshal my defences."

It would have been fortunate if he had called then, as Miss Ella Mae Turnbull was out. Clutching her guidebook and fending off the direct passes of the Italian gentry, she was charging toward a museum. Miss Turnbull was a nubile twenty-one and one of the more dazzling exports of Oklahoma, for which it rarely receives proper credit.

She had the complexion of a magnolia blossom; large, almond-shaped, black-lashed eyes, dark brown hair, and a mouth at once strong and melting. There was a wistful fragility about her figure, and her marvellous legs were the cynosure of all male eyes. She was wearing a brown dress and a little orange jacket, narrow brown pumps on her exquisite feet, and was, of course, carrying a camera.

While she had the regulation guilt complex about every waking hour's being devoted to acquiring culture in Rome, it is conceivable that she had departed the hotel in the heat of the afternoon in order to be absent if Jack Houston called back. She had simply had to call him or Uncle Gardy would never have forgiven her, and she

had been so lucky that he was out.

Now it was done, and she didn't have to worry about it any more. Jack Houston was certain to be one of those decaying businessmen, with a paunch, whom Uncle Gardy favored, who talked about nothing but golf and football, and weren't above trying to feel her knee.

"Ugh," said Miss Turnbull. "What an escape!"

She could now turn her attention to more promising matters—Fritz Emerson, the news correspondent she had met at a ball in New York; Bayles Fremont, the London architect, who had just happened to be staying at the Excelsior; and Alan McIntosh, from the embassy, who had met Senator Turnbull's daughter's plane. She couldn't very well not answer her phone when these possibilities were around. It was better to be out.

When Miss Turnbull returned from the museum at five-thirty to dress for dinner, she noted that Jack Houston had called. It depressed her, as she was hoping he might be out of town. She chose to ignore it, which was just as well. Jack had left his office number purposely, as he had already departed his office.

She called at nine the following morning as she was leaving the hotel for the Forum, but was advised by his secretary that Mr. Houston did not arrive until ten. Miss Turnbull announced that she was simply returning his call. Jack called her hotel at noon, but she was still out. He tried again at 4 p.m., without success. He had now begun to wish he could reach her on the telephone and get it over, as this

To page 50

"Some women will run to fat this winter"

"Most women will go on eating Limmits"

If you stop watching your weight in winter, other people don't. Friends see those bounces turning into inches... the tightening skirt, the stretching sweater. And if winter clothes add extra bulk, heavy winter meals add extra bulge. Yet you can keep slim without getting tired, growing cold and feeling downright hungry. Low calorie intake, with absolute safety, is the answer.

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WOMEN ft. ins.	20 yrs. sts. lbs.	25 yrs. sts. lbs.	30 yrs. sts. lbs.	WOMEN ft. ins.	20 yrs. sts. lbs.	25 yrs. sts. lbs.	30 yrs. sts. lbs.	WOMEN ft. ins.	20 yrs. sts. lbs.
5 0	7 11	7 12	8 2	5 6	9 2	9 5	9 7	5 1	8 0
5 1	8 0	8 2	8 4	5 7	9 6	9 8	9 11	5 2	8 2
5 2	8 2	8 5	8 7	5 8	9 8	9 12	10 1	5 3	8 5
5 3	8 5	8 8	8 11	5 9	9 12	10 2	10 4	5 4	8 8
5 4	8 8	8 11	9 0	5 10	10 2	10 5	10 8	5 5	8 12
5 5	8 12	9 1	9 4	5 11	10 7	10 9	10 12		



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BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

Make a smart divider for the hall

• A long, open hall is often hard to decorate and to screen off. Both problems can be solved with this smart divider.

The divider shown is made of stained timber slats, on a white-painted timber frame.

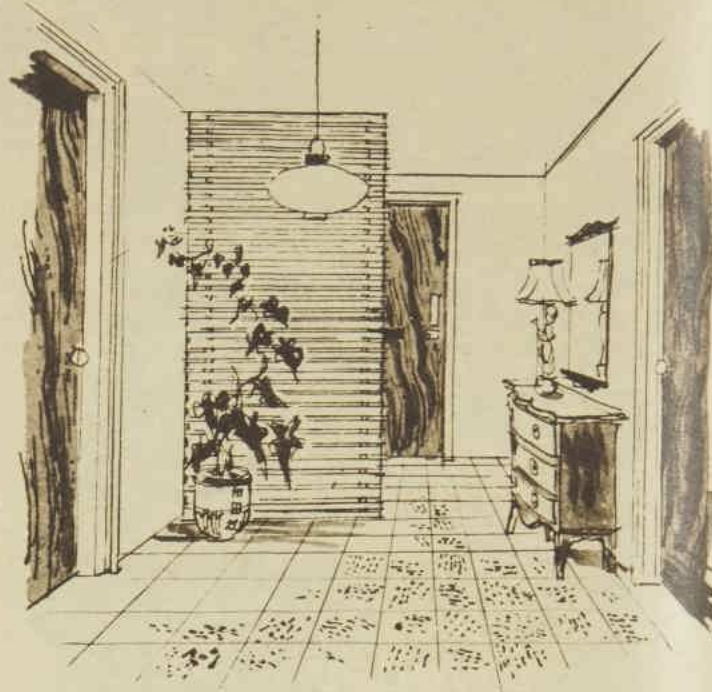
Materials listed below make a divider 9ft. high by 4ft. wide, but the design can be adapted to suit the space available.

The divider's base is screwed to the timber floorboards; the head is screwed through the plaster ceiling into the timber ceiling battens. Battens (normally spaced on 18in. centres) can be located by examining closely the underside of the ceiling and noting the position of the heads of the fixing clouts.

Materials required: For frame, 24ft. of 2½in. x 1½in. pacific maple. For slats, approximately 36 pieces 4ft. long of 1½in. x ½in. Canadian red cedar or pacific maple; screws, nails, glue, and plastic lacquer. Approximate cost of materials is £4/10/-.

To make: Cut top and bottom frame members 36in. long and shape ends to take up-rights as shown in corner detail diagram. Then cut up-rights to suit ceiling height.

Nail and glue corners together and fix temporary diagonal braces across corners to hold frame square.



SKETCH above shows the slatted divider screening part of hallway. At right is diagram showing construction.

Sandpaper frame, apply primer, undercoat, and one coat of white enamel.

Cut slats to length, rub down with glasspaper, fill with ready-made filler, and apply one coat of clear liquid plastic to all edges.

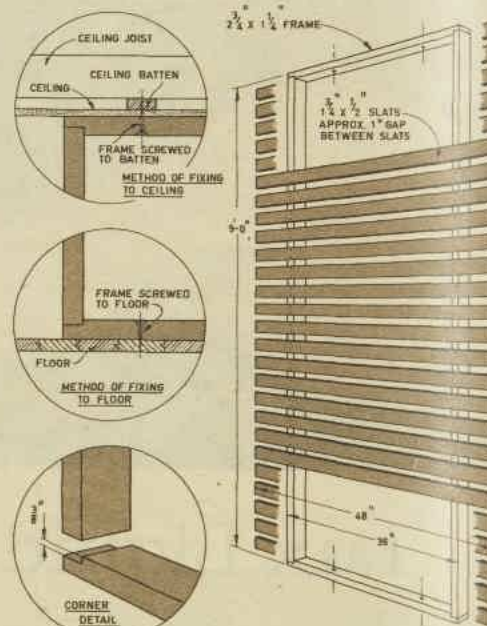
Allow 24 hours for slats to dry, then apply second coat of plastic to all edges except the front. Rub back between coats with steel wool.

Nail slats to frame with lin. panel pins and punch heads below surface. Firstly, mark position of slats on a piece of scrap timber to ensure even spacing.

Fill nail heads with plastic wood and apply second coat of plastic to front of slats.

Move frame into position and screw to floor and ceiling as in circled diagrams.

NEXT WEEK: Make a window awning.



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National Baking Quest recipe

THIS week's prize in the margarine baking quest is awarded to—

Mrs. R. F. Smiles, 12 Jimbour Street, Dalby, Qld.

Here is her prize-winning recipe.

SEA FOOD SERENADE

Four ounces margarine, 1½ tablespoons plain flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne, 2 tablespoons chopped shallots, 1 tablespoon red pepper, ½lb. mushrooms or 1 small can mushrooms, ½lb. fish fillets, 1 cup shelled, chopped prawns.

Melt margarine in pan, cook shallots and pepper until soft. Add flour, cook 2 minutes, stir in milk; continue cooking over gentle heat, stirring, until mixture boils and thickens. Season with salt and cayenne; fold in chopped mushrooms and fish fillets, which have been cut into lin. pieces. Cook a further few minutes; mix in prawns. Transfer to well-greased ovenproof dish. Arrange Curry Puffs on top. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

Curry Puffs: One-and-a-half cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 deserts- spoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon margarine, ½ cup milk.

Sift flour, salt and curry powder, rub in margarine. Mix in milk, knead lightly, cut with small round cutter.

"WHAT HOME MEANS TO ME"

● Home means different things to different people. On this page are three readers' stories of what houses have meant in their lives.

Operation Houselift

● If you love your home but for some reason have grown to hate its location, you might be interested to know how my husband and I overcame this with "Operation Houselift."

WE had built our home in a pretty spot — a golf course at our front door and a river at the foot of the street.

Suddenly it was an industrial centre. Factories sprang up overnight. The golf club was taken over by a company turning oil into gas.

It was horrible. One by one the homes in our little community were taken over by factories.

We had put a lot of thought into the design of our home. It was comfortable, and we hated to part with it. Anyway, we couldn't find another we liked at the right price.

All this made us completely miserable until one day we saw a house being towed along the road.

Was it possible? What would it cost? Would there be much damage?

watched our home move slowly out into the street and away.

All was well till, about half an hour and half a mile later, it stopped.

We drove along to see what the hold-up was, and found that the permit for the highway had expired.

Such towing projects have to be clear of the highways by 8 a.m. and, owing to the delay encountered, the time had run out. This meant we had to be manoeuvred into the local park.

That was really something to be remembered!

We moved into the house, and although we were without gas, light, and water we managed by using the park facilities.

Children in the park peered in our windows and made rude but sometimes witty remarks.

We all call it "the time we slept in the park."

The next day at dawn the moving men were back.

We went to find ourselves some breakfast while our home was going to its new resting place, and then we went over to await it.

When it didn't arrive at the expected time we went looking for it . . .

There it was, held up beside a cemetery!

By this time we were visualising a night spent in the cemetery.

But all was well. The hold-up was only an unco-operative motorist.

Finally we made it.

We have never regretted our decision. We now have a much improved cottage.

We also have good neighbors, who really must have hated us once for moving our smoke-soiled house into their tidy community.

— By Mrs. Edna Brewer, Berala, N.S.W.

Dream-house blues

● In 1950 we started to build a cement-brick house, our "dream house." Approximately seven years and several babies later we owned a charming home — and I hated it!

BEFORE the first heinous idea of building a house from concrete blocks began to creep into our minds we were the carefree owners of one block of land, one garage (which housed us), and one relic of a car.

We were young, flat broke, and in love. The world was our oyster.

And then came THE HOUSE.

When I was a small child we had in our school reading-books a rather horrid little story about Hobyahs.

The approach of these weird beings, as far as I can remember, was heralded thus: "And then came the Hobyahs. Creep, creep, creeping came the Hobyahs."

I am conscious of much the same emotion when I use the words: "And then came The House."

It sure did creep. My husband (I'll call him Bob) mixed the concrete for every last brick in The House with a shovel.

Imagine hand-mixing sufficient concrete for the walls and partitions of a largish six-roomed house.

But what that monumental task did for his ego! And what a lot I learnt about men.

There's nothing men like better than sitting, squatting or leaning, rolling smokes, watching other men work, offering advice, and drinking tea.

Oh, the gallons I've made. For every brick Bob turned out I must have averaged ten cups of tea.

For years I lived in the ruins of Pompeii.

From every window of The House — once it got beyond the sheet-of-iron-over-it stage — I looked out on a glorious panorama of

gravel, sand, cement, drums, buckets, timber, iron, bricks.

Maybe if I weren't a comparatively tidy soul things wouldn't have got me down so.

But Bob likes to do everything with gusto, and the chaos he habitually leaves behind him verifies this. In those far-off days I was the cleaner-upper.

A hard job

Unless you've tried to rear a young family in a house that is virtually being built around you, you can't appreciate the difficulty.

There were a dozen hazards at every turn. And the eternal confusion gave me the screaming heebie jeebies.

Of course, like most young couples we were foolish and aimed too high. We tried to build a pint-sized Buckingham Palace.

Maybe I'm not of the mettle pioneers are made of. I don't know. All I know is that I became so sick and tired of The House, of never having a moment to ourselves, I began to hate it.

The House didn't seem to be there for our benefit. We seemed to be there for the benefit of The House.

Then, at long last, The House was finished.

It looked most attractive. Some people said it was their idea of a dream home.

But we had a holiday — and came back to put old Dream House up for sale.

Now we live miles away, in another State, and although The House was instrumental in financially setting us right, too much of our lives went into it.

I would do it again, I suppose, under different circumstances. Bob says he would. But s-s-h. Don't start him off again . . . PLEASE!

(This reader wishes to be anonymous.)

(This reader wishes to be anonymous.)

Living "on the move"

● We belong to the brigade of wanderers: those people for whom the purchase of a house is not the event of a lifetime but a temporary investment which will last only till the breadwinner's job again has his family on the move.

IN our case, my husband is liable to be transferred, even interstate, every two to five years.

The uncertainty of our length of residence anywhere makes it almost impossible to rent a house.

The only alternative is to buy a house and we must handle this with special care.

We must be more than ever conscious of the risk of costly repairs and renovations, and must see that the house is a good proposition for selling when next we're transferred.

Once the purchase is made it becomes a merry-go-round to keep the house and grounds in good order so that we protect "the investment."

Things can never be "let go," because we have to safeguard against the possibility (always present) that our next move might come sooner than we expect.

Nearly three years ago my husband was transferred to the city branch of his firm.

At the time of transfer the "house for sale" market was not exactly exciting.

We found that some homes required costly renovations, others had problems with locality and distances, and still others didn't suit from personal angles.

You see, even though the house would be ours for only four or five years at the outside, we still felt that it was necessary to like it.

Finally, a newly built house was our choice, despite extra expense in buying venetian blinds and some plastic-coated treatment for the floor-boards.

The builder was of high repute, and the structural inspection by experts confirmed that all was well.

After taking up residence, we inspected the surrounding yard area more closely.

We soon found the slightly overgrown area hid huge mounds in the ground.

Excavation revealed huge concrete pieces which had been used as filling in the ground initially. To level the hard clay surface, a rotary hoe was the only answer.

After the hoeing came seemingly non-ending loads of ashes and soil.

Then we faced the expense of buying shrubs, plants, and fertilisers.

Before long adverse weather conditions disclosed that front and back patios required more protection.

The answer? Aluminium awnings, which, at great expense, were vital to protecting our investment.

Meanwhile, the low (once white) fence demanded attention.

A coat of paint was applied to the woodwork, while the wire section received a covering of rustproof paint.

This naturally showed up the two pairs of gates, and rust began appearing through the chipped paint.

Just when it appeared that we could breathe easily, that our investment was in tip-top shape, we noticed that the plastic-coated floor-boards were showing wear.

Naturally, in order to protect the investment prompt action was again necessary.

Areas which had constantly been wiped down to

erase smudgy finger marks and mysterious blobs have, of course, all required re-painting.

Now, nearly three years later, the exterior paintwork will shortly need attention, due to the drastic weather conditions in the place we at present call home.

It can only be hoped that when the time comes again to move on that this work facilitates the early sale of the house at a reasonable price, so that finance is available for yet another house.

These are the grim aspects of living "on the move." But there's a brighter side—and, secretly, I love seeing new places and meeting new faces that it all involves.

(This reader wishes to be anonymous.)

"You and Your Baby"

"YOU AND YOUR BABY," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A., is a comprehensive parentcraft book specially compiled for mothers-to-be and young mothers. It covers in detail the pre-natal and post-natal periods (including illustrated exercises); gives expert advice on the early care of baby; and deals with the diet and management of the pre-school child.

The enlarged and revised sixth edition of "You and Your Baby" can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, or from leading bookshops in the capital cities. Price 15/-, plus 10d postage. Please print name and address when ordering.

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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● Everybody who has ever helped with a fete or a school concert or a large picnic or any other jollification where there are a lot of people to be fed has sooner or later been presented with a huge enamel teapot, a pound of tea, an urn of boiling water, and the job of brewing tea for dozens.

FACED with this job I'm always at a loss. I'm pretty good on making tea for five or six people (I ought to be, I get enough practice!) but if it's for 20 or 30 people I never have the faintest idea how much tea to use.

Somebody suggests using a cupful, somebody else suggests "bunging in the whole lot."

I usually cross my fingers, split the difference, and spend the next half-hour pretending that I had nothing whatever to do with making the tea.

Some months ago when I wrote that the consumption of tea in this household was slightly more than double the figure given by the Commonwealth Statistician's office for the per capita tea consumption in Australia, one of the tea-marketing organisations sent me a bundle of facts and figures about tea.

The one that particularly caught my interest was this guide to caterers and tea-makers. It ought to be pasted up beside the urn in public buildings.

TEA: 1½ oz. per gallon. 1 gallon provides 25 cups of tea.

MILK: 1 pint per 24 cups.

SUGAR: 1 lb. per 40 cups.

How to brew a decent cup of tea . . .

IF you want to get your catering down to a fine art you can also take into consideration the fact that 15 per cent. of Australians (say one in every seven, to be safe) drink tea without milk.

The experts are very firm on three points—the tea should be brewed for exactly five minutes, stirred before serving to get a liquor of even strength, and when the first cups are poured the pot should be refilled at once.

If the leaves are left in the pot without any water for a time, and then the pot is refilled, the second cups will be the sort that made the man in the "Punch" joke say, "Look here, waiter, if this is tea, I want coffee; but if this is coffee, then I wish for tea."

They sent me, too, some interesting facts about Iced Tea, which is so popular in America. It was "invented" in 1904 by an exhibitor at the St. Louis World's Fair called Richard Blechynden.

Poor Mr. Blechynden was trying to promote tea sales in America, where coffee has been a jump ahead of it ever since the Boston tea-party gave people the idea that it was "unpatriotic" to drink tea.

He was brewing and serving tea at the World's Fair in the traditional way, but unluckily for him the Fair coincided with one of the worst heatwaves in St. Louis' history. Very few of the perspiring visitors could be tempted into sampling a nice hot cuppa.

In desperation he started brewing his tea at double strength, and adding large quantities of ice to it. The novelty caught

on, and Iced Tea was "in" in America from that time.

The trick with iced tea is not to refrigerate it. Make your usual pot of tea, using double the quantity of leaves. Let it brew five minutes, strain it, and add sugar to taste.

Fill your glasses right to the top with ice cubes, and pour the newly made hot tea over them. You can add a slice of lemon or a sprig of mint to each glass, if you like the flavor.

Tea didn't get to England until well into the 1600s, though the Chinese had been drinking it since about 2700 B.C. By 1666 the price in London had fallen to a mere 58/4 a lb.!

Today's women are centuries apart!

THEY say the fashionable question at women's parties in America now is not "Have you seen any good plays lately?" or "Where did you get that perfectly divine hat?", but "Would you rather be the Russian cosmonaut Valentina Tereshkova or Jacqueline Kennedy?"

If you say Jacqueline Kennedy it proves you're a twentieth century woman—fashionable, feminine, up-to-date, a person in your own right, but a big help to your husband in his career.

If you say you'd rather be Valentina Tereshkova, then you're a twenty-first century woman, not much interested in clothes, and given to talking shop with the boys at parties and drinking glass for glass with them.

And, sister, if you say "neither," you've had it. You're a nineteenth century woman, doomed to sit in a corner with the girls at parties, talking about children and recipes and the price of eggs.

I don't care—I still say "neither." I can remember getting caught this way in my fairly early school days, when we were still at the "write an imaginary conversation between a canary and a primus stove" level.

The weekly essay-agony was "Which famous woman in history would you like to have been?"

The good girls went for people like Florence Nightingale and Queen Victoria, the literary ones for people like Jane Austen and George Eliot, the imaginative ones for Madame Pompadour or Mata Hari.

I got no marks and heavy black looks for an extremely short essay which, as far as I can remember, went like this . . . "After thinking about this I would not like to have been any famous woman in history. I would rather be me. The reason I would not like to be any famous woman in history is that they are all dead."

Admittedly Jackie and Valya are still going strong, but I don't want to be them. I'd still rather be me, which only goes to prove that my English teacher knew what she was doing when she decided I was mentally lazy and seriously lacking in imagination.

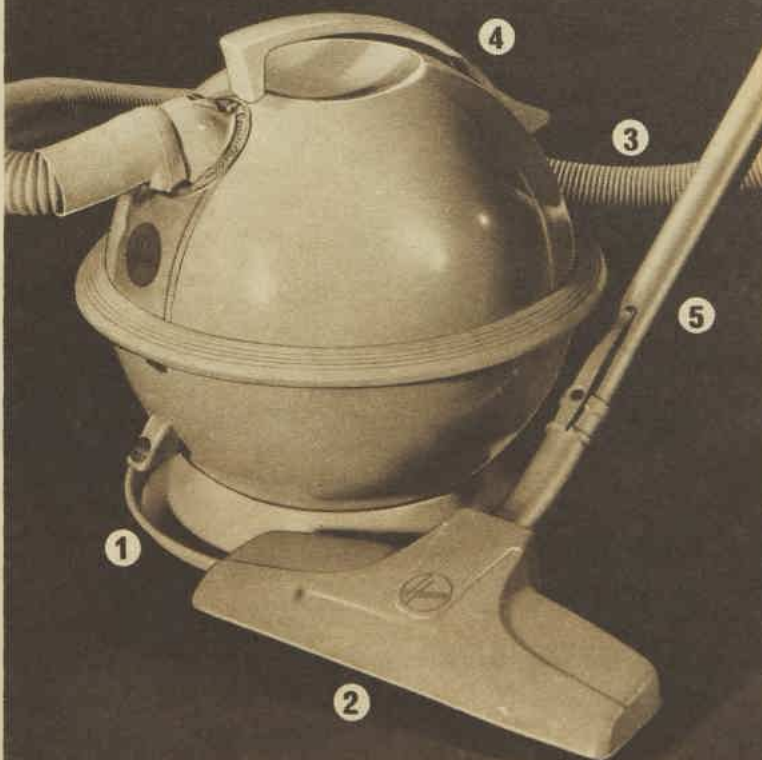
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Now where do you buy these work-saving wizards?—Yes, at a party, a fun-to-go-to, a fun-to-give Tupperware home party.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 24, 1963

FRITTERS- GOLDEN AND CRISP

● Puffy, golden fritters, as light as a feather, can be either practical everyday fare or special party food.

FITTERS are capable of infinite variety. They are a quick and easy way to make left-overs into a hot, tasty dish. Morsels of seafood, meat, chicken, cheese-dipped cauliflower, and other vegetables can be used in this way.

Or they can make a spectacular platter of rich, sweet delicacies flavored with wine, with almonds, and containing rum-soaked bananas, strawberries, cherry-muddled dates, sherry-soaked peaches, or other delicious fruits.

Some fritters are made of food pieces coated with a simple batter; others are coated with egg and bread-crumbs; a third type is made of batter only.

Fritters are cooked by deep-frying in bubbling hot fat or oil for a few minutes until crisp and golden.

They should be held over the hot oil for a few seconds to drain, then turned on to absorbent paper; this will ensure light, crisp fritters, free from surplus fat.

They should be served almost immediately they are cooked.

In all recipes in this feature, level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

BASIC FRITTER BATTER

Half cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm milk or water.

Sift flours and salt, make well in centre; add egg-yolk, beaten with warm milk or water. Work in dry ingredients from sides, beat until smooth. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white.

Sweet Batter: When using batter to coat fruit, add 1 tablespoon castor-sugar to basic recipe; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon or some grated orange or lemon rind can also be added.

FRITTO MISTO

This is the "mixed fry" of Italy and can be either savory or sweet.

● Spoon a hot mayonnaise or cheese sauce over savory fritters if desired.

● Sprinkle sweet fritters generously with sifted icing-sugar.

SAVORY—

Choose several of the foods listed below for fritters: add a few, piping-hot, to each plate.

Vegetable Fritters: Dip any of the following into basic fritter batter, then fry in deep hot oil: Lightly cooked, well-drained flowerets of cauliflower; pieces of ripe peeled tomatoes; gherkins; large black olives stuffed with blue cheese; asparagus tips; small white onions, parboiled; well-drained cooked brussels sprouts; small grilled mushroom caps; onions cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices, then separated into rings.

For extra flavor add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese to basic batter.

Fish Fry: Dip into fritter batter, then deep-fry in hot oil any of the following: Fish, cut into small pieces; large prawns, oysters, small chunks of lobster or crabmeat; scallops.

Add 1 tablespoon of sherry or brandy to basic batter for fish or meat.

Meat Fritters: Any left-over meat can be cut into small, thin slices, dipped into fritter batter, and fried in deep hot oil until brown and crisp.

SWEET FRUIT FRITTERS—

Dates: Stuff dates with cream cheese mixed with little sugar and rum (or stuff with maraschino cherry), dip into sweet-fritter batter, fry in deep hot oil.



DIPPED IN A SIMPLE BATTER and deep-fried until crisp and golden, the dishes shown above are Prawn Fritters, Onion Rings, and Corn Fritters.

Fresh Grapes: Snip bunches of grapes into small clusters; if desired, slit and remove seeds. Dip whole clusters into batter, deep-fry.

Banana Fritters: Peel bananas, cut each into 3; brush with lemon juice. Sprinkle with rum, or soak in rum 10 minutes; roll in sugar, dip in sweet fritter batter, deep-fry.

Pineapple: Peel fresh pineapple, remove core, cut into slices about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Coat with batter, deep-fry.

Apple: Peel, core, and slice apples into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. rings or slices. Dip into batter, deep-fry.

Pears: Peel pears, remove cores, cut into 6 wedges. Dip into batter, deep-fry.

Melon: Cut fresh melon into wedges about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, cut in half lengthwise. Dip, deep-fry.

SAUCES FOR SWEET FRUIT FRITTERS—

An Italian fritto misto of fruits can be made easily by combining fritters of 3 or 4 fruits that go well together and serving them with a flavorful sauce. Try this delicious Chilled Melba Sauce with a combination of pear, pineapple, and banana fritters.

Chilled Melba Sauce: Force 1 packet thawed frozen raspberries through sieve; measure juice, add water to make 1 cup. In small saucepan combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and 1 dessertspoon cornflour. Add raspberry juice and cook, stirring until clear and thickened. Cool, then chill.

Spice Butter Sauce (to serve with Pear or Apple Fritters): Mix together in small saucepan $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and 1 dessertspoon cornflour; gradually stir in 1 cup water. Cook over medium heat, stirring until slightly thickened and clear. Stir in 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg.

Lemon Sauce (to serve with Melon Fritters): Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and 1 dessertspoon cornflour in small saucepan; stir in 1 cup boiling water and 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind. Cook, stirring over medium heat until slightly thickened and clear. Remove from heat, stir in 1 dessertspoon each butter and lemon juice.

SAVORY RICE FRITTERS

One cup cold boiled rice, 1 tablespoon grated parmesan cheese, salt and pepper, pinch nutmeg, 1 egg, basic fritter batter, oil or fat for frying.

Combine rice with cheese, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and beaten egg; refrigerate 1 hour. Shape into small balls,

Lower into fritter batter on fork, drain, then plunge into deep hot fat or oil. Fry until golden.

POTATO SURPRISE BALLS

One cup mashed potato, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, salt, pepper, pinch nutmeg, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped or minced cold meat (chicken, veal, lamb, pork), fritter batter, oil for frying.

Combine mashed potato, parsley, salt, pepper, nutmeg, beaten egg, and meat; mix well. Refrigerate 1 hour. Form into small balls, lower into fritter batter with fork, drain, drop into deep hot oil. Fry until nicely browned, drain well.

FRENCH GOLDEN-POTATO FRITTERS

Four potatoes, salted water, 2 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk (scalded with 1 bayleaf, few sprigs parsley, and 2 thin slices onion), salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon curry powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, prawns or oysters, flour, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon oil, breadcrumbs, fat for frying, parsley sprigs.

Peel potatoes, cook in salted water until tender. Drain well, mash. Add egg-yolks one at a time (beating well after each addition) alternately with strained scalded milk. Season to taste with salt and pepper, beat in curry powder and cheese. Spread on cold plate, refrigerate until firm.

Take a portion of potato mixture the size of large walnut, wrap it round whole prawn or oyster, shape into ball. Dip in flour, then in egg which has been beaten with the oil, then in breadcrumbs. Fry, a few at a time, in deep hot fat until golden; drain well. Garnish with parsley sprigs.

PARTY APPETISERS

One cup water, 2oz. butter or substitute, pinch salt, 1 cup flour, 3 large eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, 4 tablespoons very finely chopped onion, oil for frying.

Combine water, butter, and salt in saucepan, bring to boil. Add flour and cheese, stir vigorously with wooden spoon over low heat until mixture is thick. When it forms small ball and leaves sides of pan, remove from heat; cool slightly. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Beat in paprika and onion which has been sautéed until transparent in little hot oil.

Form paste into small balls the size of small nut; fry in deep hot oil until golden. Drain well, sprinkle with salt. Serve hot.

Continued overleaf

Pudding recipe wins £5

● Our £5 prizewinning recipe this week is an unusual steamed pudding for a busy day.

THE flour doesn't need to be sifted, the basin doesn't need to be greased — the whole pudding is mixed in the basin, then covered and steamed. This is an ideal family dessert. Level spoon measurements are used.

BUSY DAY PUDDING

Two tablespoons golden syrup, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour.

Put the golden syrup and butter or substitute into aluminium steamer or pudding basin, melt on top of stove over gentle heat. Add the milk, in which the soda has been dissolved; mix in flour. Beat until light and well mixed. Cover securely, steam 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Serve with cream or custard.

Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. A. Voutier, 50 Regent Avenue, Springvale, Vic.

Readers' household hints

● A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for each of these household hints sent in by readers.

TO make a good heater for the car, fill a one-gallon plastic bottle with boiling water. Allow one such bottle for each passenger. It will keep hot for hours. — Mr. Don Wood, 34 Musket Pde., Lithgow, N.S.W.

A good substitute starch is made by dissolving 1 tablespoon corn-

flour and 1 tablespoon kerosene in a little cold water, then adding 1 quart boiling water, stirring well in the usual way. This is sufficient for an ordinary family wash. The kerosene also prevents starched clothes sticking to the iron. — Miss A. M. Reed, 11 Chirn Crescent, Chirn Park, Southport, Qld.

When spreading savory biscuits, prevent them breaking by buttering them on top of a square of bread. — Mrs. M. E. Firmstone, 128 Mi Mi St., Oatley, N.S.W.

When a recipe calls for chocolate melted over hot water, line a strainer with aluminium foil, add the chopped chocolate, and put the strainer on top of a saucepan of gently boiling water. Stir occasionally until the chocolate has melted, then pour it from the foil. — Mrs. M. Simpson, 227 Wyman St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Gravy for the roast lamb or hogget can be promoted to luxury class if a dessertspoon of red currant jelly is stirred into the baking-dish when it is being made. — Mrs. E. Clutterbuck, 5 Clarence Street, South Perth.

Keep some off-cuts from a new carpet to make matching draught-stoppers for doors. Cut a piece tin by the length of the door opening. Stitch it into a sausage shape with strong cotton and fill with old nylon stockings. — Miss M. Angus, 17 Lantana Rd., Gardenvale, Vic.

Keep an old grater in the laundry and use it to grate up left-over pieces and ends of soap into the copper. It is good for the clothes and prevents waste. — Mrs. W. T. Broome, 145 Princes Highway, St. Peters, N.S.W.

To make an old fowl tender: Stuff as usual, then wrap in a wet cloth, place in baking-dish with hot fat; cook slowly. About half an hour before serving, remove cloth and brown fowl. — Mrs. A. Conroy, 17 Palmerston St., Ararat, Vic.

If your child takes a vacuum flask to school, make it a protective cover of foam plastic. It will cushion any bumps and soak up any liquid should there be a leakage. — Mrs. E. M. Parker, Box 2, Latrobe, Tas.

To make an inexpensive drum-shaped lampshade with an expensive "gold parchment" look, use ordinary white buckram and spray it with gold spray enamel (obtainable from most hardware stores). — Mrs. J. Marshall, 102 Canberra Grove, East Brighton, Vic.

FRITTERS

... from previous page

RUM BEIGNETS SOUFFLES

Batter: One cup water, 2½oz. butter or substitute, pinch salt, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon sugar, 3 large eggs, 1 tablespoon rum, icing-sugar, oil for frying, Apricot Sauce.

In saucepan combine water, butter, salt, and sugar; bring to boil. Add flour all at once, stirring vigorously with wooden spoon over heat until mixture is thick. When it forms smooth ball and leaves sides of pan, remove from heat; cool slightly. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition; beat in rum.

Drop dough by teaspoonfuls into deep hot oil; fry, a few at a time, until golden brown. Drain well; pile on serving-plate, pyramid-fashion, sprinkle with sifted icing-sugar. Serve hot with Apricot Sauce.

Apricot Sauce: Soak ½lb. dried apricots several hours in water to cover, then simmer until soft. Drain apricots, rub through sieve. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, cook the puree over low heat, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Add 2 tablespoons brandy. Serve hot.

CORN FRITTERS

One egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 cups canned whole-kernel corn, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, oil for frying.

Beat egg, add all remaining ingredients except oil, combine well. Drop by spoonfuls into deep hot oil, cook 3 to 5 minutes, or until nicely brown. Drain well.



CONTINENTAL CHICKEN CASSEROLE

See easy recipe below

TASTE THAT CHICKEN!

Unmistakably Continental

Taste it in every rich sip of Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup. Only Continental has such a rich, all-chicken taste, such home-made goodness! Taste that goodness tonight. Serve the soup with the all-chicken taste: Continental brand Chicken Noodle . . . Australia's biggest selling soup.

Look for the colourful new Continental packs. There's a different recipe on the back of each one!



Taste it in every luscious mouthful of Continental Chicken Casserole!

A wonderful new recipe with Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup ingredients.

12 oz. haricot or lima beans; 8 oz. salt pork; 4 cloves of garlic, chopped; 1 pkt. Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup; 1 chicken joint per person; 1 oz. margarine (use Fairy or Vidale where available); 1 lb. ripe tomatoes, peeled & cut into slices; $\frac{1}{2}$ lev. teaspn. sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dried breadcrumbs.

Method: Soak beans in cold water 12 hours. Place in a saucepan with pork, garlic and soup. Blend in $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints water. Bring to boil, cover, simmer 1 hour. Melt margarine in pan and fry chicken joints. Place in a deep casserole dish a layer of beans, then chicken joints, then remainder of beans; season. Cook tomatoes to pulp with sugar, spoon over beans. Sprinkle breadcrumbs on top. Place in barely moderate oven (300°F. gas, 350°F. electric) for 1 hour. Serves 4-6 portions

Taste the home-made goodness of

Continental soup

BRAND

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 24, 1963

Collectors' Corner

Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, discusses antiques.

My statue of Shakespeare is 19in. high. There are no marks on it, only the word "Shakespeare" across the foot. — Mrs. H. W. Preston, Hawke's Bay, N.Z.

This charming English pottery figure of William Shakespeare is a typical example of Staffordshire ware. It is early Victorian, made about 1845-55. Peter Scheemakers (1691-1781), a famous sculptor, made his celebrated model of Shakespeare in the 1740s, and it subsequently served as the prototype for Duesbury Derby porcelain dating from about 1770. Staffordshire potters copied this design.



● Pottery figure.

I have a large, highly glazed jug. It is lavender in color and flecked with white. There is a round illustration on each side, one with the caption "W. Syntax drawing after Nature" and the other "W. Syntax reading his Law." How old is it, please? — Mrs. E. F. Palfreyman, West Burleigh, Qld.

Your very fine English jug decorated in transfer-printing is a "Syntax" jug made about 1825-34. The decorations it bears are adapted from the "Three Tours of Doctor Syntax," which were three books of verse published by Ackermann between 1815 and 1821. These were written by William Combe and illustrated by Thomas Rowlandson (1750-1827), the English caricaturist.

The jug is Cobridge pottery and was probably made at James and Ralph Clews' factory. In 1819, James and Ralph Clews succeeded Andrew Stevenson as makers of blue and white transfer-printed ware. On a much-reduced scale, they printed in red, brown, and black. Undoubtedly some specimens were hand-colored to simulate the Derby porcelain productions of the time, which sometimes were decorated with Syntax designs.

The Clews' were responsible for three very popular series of transfer prints, the "Three Tours of Doctor Syntax," "Don Quixote," and the "Pictures of David Wilkie." Some 80 Syntax designs were used. The Clews factory at Cobridge was closed in 1834. James Clews went to America, where he founded another pottery.



● "Syntax" jug.

IRON-ON TRANSFER

ASSORTED MOTIFS of animals designed specially for children's clothes, pillowslips, sheets, towels, etc., are from our Iron-on Transfer No. 1001. They are available in colors of red and blue. Order your transfer from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. The price is 2/-.



Choose from the wonderful range of **Modess Belts!**



There's a Modess Belt made just for you... Modess Belts in pin or clip style... in white or pink elastic... Modess Vee-Form in luxury all white nylon. When you choose from the Modess range you know you select a belt of exclusive design that will give you maximum comfort and security at all times.

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tea for two

the clean lively taste
that makes friends



Making tea, pouring tea, sharing tea—you share something else as well as the world's most refreshing, most reviving drink.

To us in Australia tea means friendship. Means home. That's why we're proud to serve good tea. (So simple. A good, big spoonful for everyone *and one for the pot.*) That's why we always make



enough for second cups. Skimp on it? Unthinkable! Who'd skimp on friendship and hospitality?

TEA LOVES THE TASTE OF LEMON. For a change try lemon tea. Made in the same way, just put in a slice of lemon instead of milk.

TRY TEA ON THE ROCKS. Think iced tea's difficult? Not when you make it this way. Just pour normal tea into a glass full of ice cubes. Add a slice of lemon. Cool, man!

ENJOY
THE LIVELY
TASTE OF



The Tea Council of Australia

CLARENCE THE UGLY DUCKLING

● Hans Andersen's famous story "The Ugly Duckling" has come to life in Queensland at the seaside resort of Caloundra, 60 miles north of Brisbane.

ONE morning in June, 1962, two tiny creatures were discovered, cold and hungry, in a swamp in the district. The following day Peter Duncan provided the highlight of Sarie Williams' nineteenth birthday by giving her his find — a pair of the fluffiest ducklings imaginable.

Fascinated by their defenceless velvety softness, the Williams family — Mr. and Mrs. Wes Williams and their three daughters, Sarie, Zoe, and Beth — adopted the ducklings unanimously and named them Clarabelle and Clarence.

A box in the kitchen became their home and both seemed to settle into family life. Misfortune struck a fortnight later when little Clarabelle was found dead in the box.

The family redoubled their efforts to keep Clarence alive. They need not have worried; he continued to thrive, daily growing heavier and more gawky — an "ugly duckling" indeed.

As time went by doubts as to his ancestry filled the family's minds until one day, to the surprise and delight of all, he was identified — not as Clarence Duck, but as Clarence Cygnet.

During the weeks that followed, Clarence learnt, among many things, to distinguish the family from strangers and, in fact, to recognise each member of the family.

His new home in the garden was fenced with wire-netting one foot high. As he couldn't step over it this was high enough, for swans need a long run before they can take to the air.

A small shed, a sunken tank, and a banana palm completed Clarence's amenities.

To see him take a bath was an entertainment in itself. Each day his tank was emptied and cleaned; then, while it was being refilled, Clarence danced about, urging the rising water to the top. Often, too eager to wait, he would plunge into the partly filled tank to begin his bathing.

His long black neck twisting around his body, he would roll and tumble, splash and play. Then, climbing out, he would preen his feathers most fastidiously till every drop of water was gone.

And lousy he was. Each morsel of food, whether bread or picked grass, had to be washed carefully. He knew his usual mealtimes and called Mrs. Williams in his familiar honking wheeze whenever they were due.

The shed he slept in was locked at night for his safety. By three months Clarence's quills had begun to form. At six months he was fast becoming a sleek, graceful black swan with long and beautiful wings.

The first flight

When the gate to his home was opened each day he would waddle out and begin to exercise those wings. What a performer! He would flap them, then begin to run down the lawn, his long thin neck stretched forward almost level with the ground, his wings beating the air, his little feet barely touching the grass, every muscle tense and strained to meet the demand of the moment. This daily routine went on for some time.

Then came the day of Clarence's first flight. How well the family recall standing by to watch the uncertain take-off, the frantic beating at the air by those strong black wings, the short but certain flight, the rough, inexperienced landing — and the showmanship of the whole performance.

Reluctantly the Williams family realised that the time had come to say farewell to their grown-up swan. Now that he could fly well they must let him leave when he chose.

And so, one morning early in the New Year, they walked with Clarence to the Bribie Passage, a stretch of water near their home.

With the tide out, the water was shallow enough for them to wade out for quite a way. Clarence hadn't been to the beach before, and his delight was evident.

He swam and dived in the cool, clear salt water, revelling in this new adventure. Then, to shouts of encouragement and farewell, he skimmed the surface of the back-water for several yards and rose into the air. Freedom at his wingtips, Clarence flew farther and farther down the Bribie Passage.

The little group watched him with feelings of pride

tinged with sadness. Unexpectedly, Clarence made a wide circle and gracefully glided back to make a perfect landing on the water nearby.

The choice had been his and he had made it. Familiarity proved stronger than instinct, and the handsome creature which had so captivated their hearts was welcomed back into the family. To the amusement and delight of holiday-makers and amid great rejoicing, the Williamses and Clarence trooped back home.

Now, at 12 months, Clarence is a creature of grace and beauty. His down is thick and soft and his bill a royal-red. His strong black wings are his pride and joy. When pleased he wags his broad, feathered tail.

Often he waddles down to the sea for a dip by himself. He takes short flights around Golden Beach, but always returns to his own familiar home.

One thing now puzzles the Williams family. Recently he began to accumulate banana leaves and strips to form a nest. Could this mean that a title should be added to an already distinguished name? Will Clarence become Lady Clarence?

Only time will tell.

A SWAN



SWAN IN THE FAMILY. Clarence enjoys swimming and flying about the quiet waters of Bribie Passage, but he returns home to be fondled by Sarie Williams, above, and greet her sister Beth (picture at right). He shows pleasure by wagging his tail.



CLARENCE AND CLARABELLE, at about two weeks, looked like outsize ducklings of a wild species. They seemed robust, but Clarabelle died a few days later.

NOW A CYGNET, unmistakably. Fluffy Clarence was growing too fast and eating too well for any duckling, and the neck was lengthening, hinting of future grace.

cat-and-mouse game was getting on his nerves and ruining his concentration.

He had worked out a gambit he considered safe, and that was to drop by her hotel at eleven o'clock in the morning. He could not possibly be stuck for more than a cup of coffee and thirty minutes. He now presumed that she was some kind of culture hawk, who spent her waking hours in the care of the American Express.

He could just see her in her navy-blue knit dress and solid walking shoes crawling over the Colosseum. If she really wanted to see him, she would have to give up one of her morning tours. It would serve her right.

At eight-thirty the following morning, Jack decided to finish off Miss Turnbull once and for all, and he called her hotel at what he

Continued from page 38

considered an unholy hour. On this matter, he and Miss Turnbull, wearing a diaphanous nightgown and sleeping with her head under the pillow to keep out the morning light, were in agreement.

"Hello," she said, in the soft, blurred voice of sleep.

"Miss Turnbull," Jack said heartily, unable not to be slightly ashamed. "This is Jack Houston."

"Who?" Miss Turnbull asked, in bewildered softness.

She must be a librarian, Jack thought, imagining a little old grey-haired lady in gold-rimmed spectacles. "Jack Houston," he repeated.

"Do I know you?" Miss Turnbull quavered.

A FRIEND OF A FRIEND

"Jack Houston," he said, nettled. "Gardiner Cummings' friend." If he had Cummings by the scruff of his sunburned neck, he would certainly have liked to wring it. Friend, indeed!

"Oh, yes," Miss Turnbull said vaguely, and left him hanging in mid-air.

"Well," said Jack, "I thought I would like to drop by your hotel and say hello."

"When?" asked Miss Turnbull, rearing up in bed, prepared to do battle.

"Oh, this morning — around eleven."

"Oh, I'm afraid I won't be here," she said.

Jack saw his gambit falling apart.

"Well, how about three this afternoon?" he said; a time when all Rome was sunk in siesta and they would simply have to sit in the lobby staring at each other.

"I won't be back by then," Miss Turnbull said. "I'm going to Tivoli."

"Maybe tomorrow?" he asked tentatively, since he now felt a meeting was required of him.

"That's Hadrian's Villa," Miss Turnbull said. "I'm terribly sorry. I know Gardy expects first-hand news of you."

"Well, what day could you make it?" Jack asked, convinced that Gardy also expected him to do something and would make a fuss at the home office if he didn't.

"There aren't any days left," Miss Turnbull lied, idly picking words out of the guidebook. "After Hadrian's Villa there is Gandolfo, and after Gandolfo there's Ostia —"

Jack died hard. "Well," he said bravely, "how about some evening?"

"That would be very nice," Miss Turnbull answered in her purring voice, which had nothing to do with her state of mind. Oh, heavens, she thought, why didn't I just get it over with this morning?

"I can't make it this evening," Jack said, relieving himself slightly.

"How about tomorrow evening?"

"I'm afraid I can't tomorrow," she said, fighting for time.

"Day after tomorrow, then?"

Miss Turnbull gave in. "All right," she said. "It's my last evening in Rome. What time, about?"

"Around seven," he said. "Shall I pick you up at your hotel?"

"Yes," Miss Turnbull answered faintly. "Thank you very much."

Jack rang off, furious with himself. He now had three days to dread the occasion; three days to imagine the anguish of a complete evening in the company of a timorous librarian, who would want to throw coins in the fountain; three days to foment against Gardiner Cummings. But at least the telephone calling was over. He could settle down to work again.

The following day Jack received the telephone call he had long yearned for. His secretary announced, with suitable awe, that the Principessa Tornabuona was on the wire. She was one of the minor socialites he had met a few times at the large embassy cocktail parties to which he had been bidden — a tall, emaciated blonde of regal bearing with a raddled face and sad eyes.

SHE still lived in the ground floor of the family palazzo (a crumbling beautiful pile with ochre walls and green gardens), the remainder of which was let to tenants. She was known for her little dinners, where the guest list was always a lively mixture and might include a prime minister or a cardinal, a ballerina, or the latest fashion designer.

Jack had sent her several cases of his company's product when she had politely expressed a taste for it; she obviously used it to eke out her hospitality. But he had never heard from her.

"Darling," the Principessa said now without preamble, "a contretemps has arrived. It is very naughty of me, calling you so late, but would you come to the rescue?"

"Principessa," said Jack grandly, "for you I would do anything. I kiss your hand."

"Tomorrow evening I give a little dinner," she said, "and I am faced with the extra woman. Would you be the extra man?"

His heart leaped up. He experienced no shame at being a last-minute choice, since he was about to crash the bulwark of Roman society at last. His old dream of the candlelit salon and the dark-eyed girl reasserted itself, crowding everything else out of his mind. "That would be delightful. What time?"

"Around seven. We have cocktails in the garden. Black tie. So it is all settled then?"

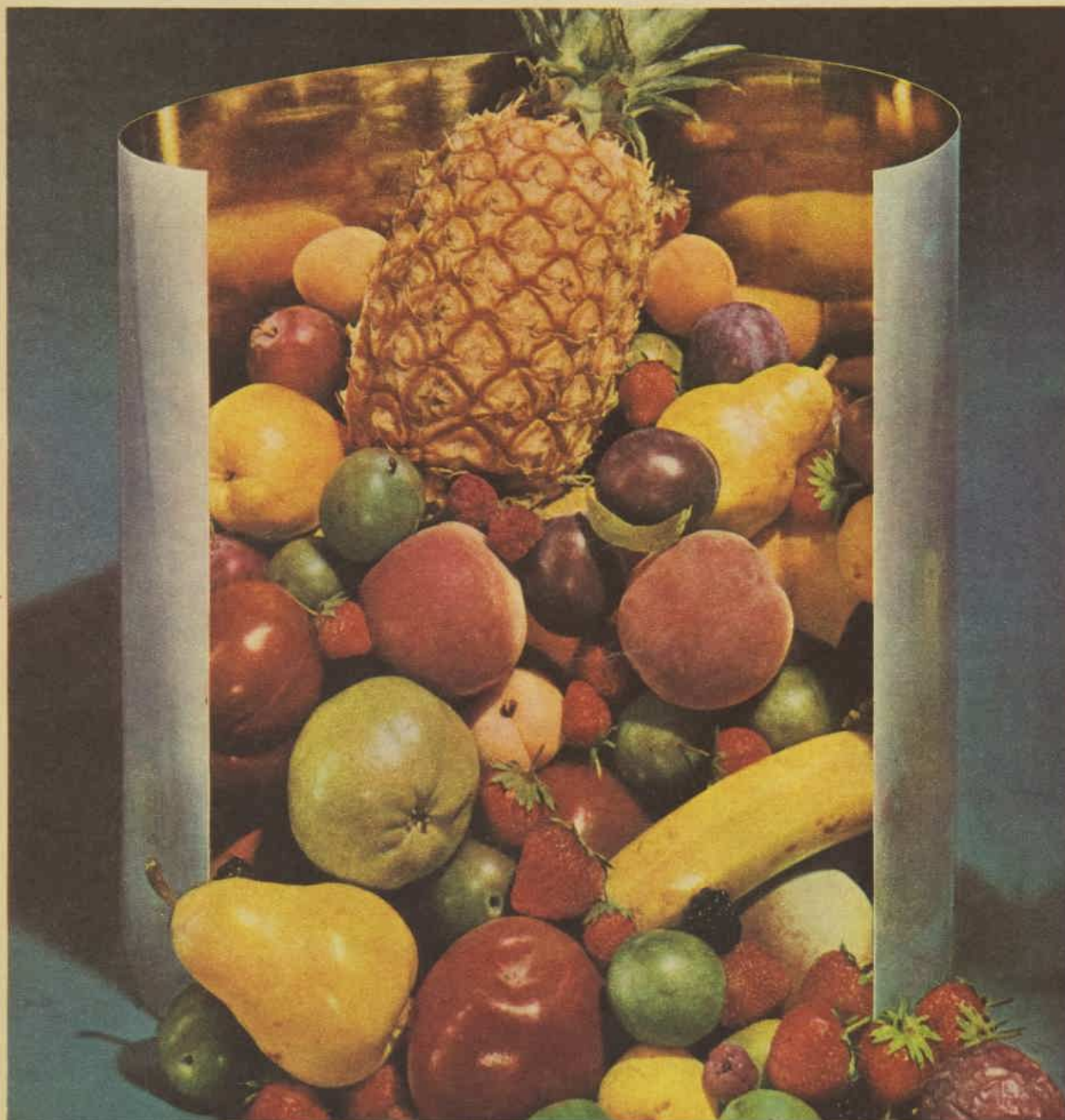
"All settled," Jack said, glowing with gratification and thinking of his pristine white evening jacket.

It was only after the telephone was back in its cradle that he recollected Miss Ella Mae Turnbull. He swore roundly and stamped out of the office to a cafe, where he ordered a drink and sat brooding.

He now had two days to think of a suitable method of getting out of one or the other of his engagements. He decided immediately that he could not offend the Principessa, who was in Rome all the time, for a mere tourist from Oklahoma whom he would never see again. He concentrated on a suitable lie to be told Miss Turnbull that would satisfy the home office.

Jack was not without conscience, and he remembered that this was the librarian's last night in Rome.

To page 51



Ripened in sunshine, preserved at its best
fresh Australian fruit in

CANS

And yours for enjoyment whenever, wherever, you want it. Pineapple in Hobart, cherries in Darwin. Peaches or pears in July. Modern canning methods bring you the fruit at its best, with all its freshness, all its flavour, all its vitamins intact.

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He was actually a man of sensibility and good heart, and he felt like a yellow dog. He thought of a good many lies, but none of them struck him as logical or credible enough even for the naive. As the hours wore on he became increasingly desperate.

On the morning of the momentous day he was a nervous wreck, and about four in the afternoon he decided it too late to call or make any sort of excuse and simply decided to stand up Ella Mae Turnbull. If he didn't appear and she left Rome on the morrow, she might easily think he had met with an accident and save them both later.

In any event, it was better than trying to explain. He was not proud of this solution, but it was the only one he seemed able to reach. He tried to feel justified, in view of the suffering Ella Mae Turnbull had caused him.

Miss Turnbull would have understood his anguish. One hour and a half after she had made her sleepy engagement with him, she received a phone call, at a punctilious 10 a.m., from Alan McIntosh, inviting her to dinner on her last evening in Rome. Ella Mae, who had been hoping for this all week, and had saved her best dress, considered it a command performance and accepted without qualm.

She thought, in the manner of females, that she would find some reasonable reason to get rid of Uncle Gardy's Jack Houston. Anyway, Uncle Gardy would not expect her to sacrifice her country for a soft-drink salesman.

ALL the way to Tivoli, Miss Turnbull was fabricating falsehoods that might seem valid, but none of them held water. Since she was a well-bred girl, trained in the social amenities, she spent

Continued from page 50

Ferrari and set off for the party. He sedulously avoided the environs of the Excelsior Hotel as if Miss Turnbull might reach out and snatch him back into her aura. (Miss Turnbull was already seated in the lounge of the Hassler.)

He arrived early and drove aimlessly about the hilly streets in the vicinity of the Tornabuona palazzo, making up his mind to forget all about it and enjoy himself. It was past seven-thirty when he finally arrived, and people were already leaving the garden to go into the house.

The drawing-room, with its faded yellow damask, tarnished gilt chairs, and chandeliers, understated its shabbiness with candlelight. The

A FRIEND OF A FRIEND

Principessa, who breathed a sigh of relief at his arrival, since the table was now evened, treated him with unusual graciousness, introducing him to the various personages and calling for a drink for him.

He stood chatting with an Italian novelist and a film star in the sentient gloom and felt that the world for which he had been made was about to materialise. He spared one thought for Ella Mae Turnbull, but he thought only how her eyes would pop if she could see him now. He could not let himself dwell on the dismal picture of Ella Mae waiting in her hotel room for the phone to ring.

Shortly before eight, when he had

decided that nothing more could be added to his portion, Jack saw, across the room, a lissom girl with a cloud of dark hair and amber eyes. She had the creamy look of a high-born Italian, and his old dream exploded in his head. She was talking to another girl and a young man he recognised as a member of the embassy staff whom he knew slightly, but well enough to sue for an introduction.

His cup was already beginning to slop over when he saw the Principessa put her arm affectionately through the girl's arm and realised that she was drawing her toward him. Was she, indeed, the extra woman who was to be his fate?

The Principessa bore down on him with her lovely guest in tow, and he straightened up and breathed deeply as they came together.

"Miss Turnbull," the Principessa said, "may I present Mr. Houston. You Americans should know each other."

When he could breathe again Jack was rewarded by the light of amazement in the long-lashed topaz eyes. They fairly popped.

"Hello, Ella Mae," Jack gulped, looking down at her beautiful legs. She was too choked with laughter to respond, and he presently joined in.

"It was exactly the right choice," the Principessa congratulated herself, preening slightly that she was still in the running as an instinctive hostess. And then everybody went in to dinner.

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Australia's most economical floor wax



The beauty treatment for dark woodwork



SPECIALLY FORMULA FOR LINOLEUM, VINYL, PLASTIC, RUBBER AND ASPHALT TILE FLOORS

her time among the gushing fountains being ashamed of herself; but she did not find any route out of her labyrinth.

Throughout her remaining peregrinations, Miss Turnbull was readily haunted by her problem, and on the afternoon of her last day in Rome, scarcely three hours before her appointments with two different men, she decided that she would have to stand up Jack Houston. When he came and found her gone, he might conclude she hadn't got back from Ostia, and just go away.

It was inconvenient, but there was no help for it. She called Alan McIntosh and said that since she had to pay a call on an old friend of her mother's, would he mind picking her up at the Hotel Hassler. He said of course not, so she dressed in a swirl of décolleté black chiffon, gathered up her pale face, and left the Excelsior at 6 p.m. to sit in the Hassler lounge and wait.

She did not accomplish this plot without compunction. She could not keep from thinking of poor, puny old Jack Houston, hanging about the Excelsior lobby, calling on the house telephone at intervals, and waiting for her while the hours dragged by. She felt wicked and ashamed, which only lent a dreamy quality to her almond eyes.

When Jack had arrayed himself in splendor he climbed in his small

letters from the highest authorities attesting to his lifelong interest in birds. He asked whether he might be permitted to come to Grand Fenwick and see the two bobolinks for himself, and take photographs of them.

"Why all the fuss about letters of recommendation?" asked Tully when Kokintz showed him this letter. "Anyone who wants is welcome to come here and see the bobolinks."

Kokintz shrugged. "It is the British," he said. "They are a very formal people. They have a horror of pretenders and like to have everything certified and authenticated. England is the only country in the world where it is a serious offence to wear the wrong tie, because it puts you in the position of masquerading as something you are not."

Continued from page 35

THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

Tully nodded. "Write and tell him to come, by all means," he said. "We can put him up at the castle. If he were coming a couple of months from now we could even give him a hot bath. He might like to see the rocket while he is here."

Dr. Kokintz did not think so. "A real bird-lover," he said, "would not be interested in things like rockets." He produced a small clipping from a newspaper which had been enclosed with Mr. Spender's letter. It was a communication to the editor of "The Times" in London and read:

Sir:

At 6.15 this morning, I distinctly heard the notes of a cuckoo in a

small spinney near my house. The call was repeated for four minutes and then ceased. Is this the first cuckoo to be heard in Hampshire this year?

Maurice Spender,
Alston,
Hampshire.

March 3, 1966.

"Note the date on that," said Dr. Kokintz.

"What about the date?" asked Tully.

"Well, just the day before, the world was staggered by the announcement that the United States had managed to put a satellite in orbit around the planet Venus. But Mr. Spender did not care about the satellite. He was out

listening for the first cuckoo of spring. That is a bird-watcher for you." Dr. Kokintz seemed immensely pleased with Mr. Spender.

The doctor indeed looked forward eagerly to the arrival of Mr. Spender, and met him personally at the Swiss frontier of Grand Fenwick, where Mr. Spender got off the bus a week later. He had with him not one camera but several, all of expensive makes and all of them new. He also had a fishing-rod and a double-barrelled shotgun and several pieces of luggage. He was dressed in very hairy tweeds, the trousers seeming somewhat large for him. The tweeds were of a rust-red, and beneath the jacket he had a pullover of bright yellow.

"Dr. Kokintz?" he said, extending his hand vigorously. "Jolly nice of you to meet me. Been looking forward to this immensely. Can't wait until I see your bobolinks."

"Bobolinks," said Kokintz. "Of course, bobolinks," said Spender. "Silly slip of the tongue. Ride on that bus upset me. You haven't got a car, I see. Can we get a taxi?"

Kokintz explained that there were no automobiles at all in Grand Fenwick, but they could leave Mr. Spender's luggage where it was by the side of the road and send a cart for it from the castle. But Mr. Spender was not prepared to leave his gear unguarded. He said it contained many things of value and he would be very distressed if anything were missing.

"Nobody will touch it," Kokintz assured him. "It will be perfectly safe here. Nobody steals anything in Grand Fenwick." But Mr. Spender was not to be persuaded and Dr. Kokintz had to go off for a cart himself. When he returned, Mr. Spender was not to be found immediately. He was located, looking rather sheepish, in the top branches of a large sycamore, from which vantage point he seemed to have been taking pictures of Fenwick Castle with a telescopic lens.

"Wonderful view of the castle from up there," he said, climbing down from the tree.

"There's a much better view around the corner of the road," said Dr. Kokintz.

MR. SPENDER explained. "I wanted to frame it in the top branches of the tree. Something different, you know." But the explanation, in view of the work involved in climbing to the top of the tree and down again, sounded lame.

"He's a real Englishman," Dr. Kokintz said to himself. "Eccentric like they all are." He recalled that during his student days a fellow student from England had tried to cure himself of influenza by sleeping out in sub-zero weather.

His theory was that influenza germs could not survive severe cold. He caught double pneumonia and died.

Mr. Spender found a welcoming committee waiting for him at the Castle of Grand Fenwick. On hand were Gloriana, Tully, the Count of Mountjoy, his son Vincent, and, of course, David Bentner, representing the working man.

They all went off to breakfast, whose preparation the Duchess herself had supervised out of fondness of Dr. Kokintz. It was a very English breakfast: bacon, eggs, kidneys, and cold toast. Gloriana had wanted the toast hot, but Tully, who was much more travelled than she, said the English always ate cold toast for breakfast and, to ensure that it was cold, put it in a thing called a toast rack, where it had maximum exposure to the air and so could lose all its heat before being eaten.

The talk during the breakfast was rather awkward. Spender was not much of a conversationalist, or perhaps the bus ride from Bern had deprived him of the use of his wits. Mountjoy remarked that he had brought a rod with him, and Spender said briskly that he hoped to get in a little fishing.

"What had you in mind?" asked Mountjoy.

"Trout," said Mr. Spender. "Trout?" cried Mountjoy. "But the May fly aren't on the river yet."

"Actually I'm not much of a fisherman," said Mr. Spender. "I only bought the rod the other day. Thought it might be nice to do a little fishing while bird-watching."

Kokintz agreed kindly that that sounded like a good idea and turned the conversation to birds. "I have counted a hundred and twenty-five species in our forests in the course of one month," he said. "A wonderful variety for so small an area. There have been eight kinds of this alone in one day and last year by the river we found a pair of kingfishers. It is unusual, as you know."

To page 53



Severe pain demands Codis

For most pains, soluble aspirin alone is your wisest choice. But exceptionally severe pain demands an exceptionally strong pain reliever. Codis is such a product. It contains a strong formulation of soluble aspirin and other pain relievers — including an approved measure of codeine. It is *not* recommended for daily use except under

the supervision of your doctor, but may be taken for those severe pains which occur periodically. Remember, *any* pain which persists requires proper medical attention, and the sensible course is to ask the advice of your physician, who may well prescribe Codis.

Codis is available *only* from your Chemist.



to find them at any altitude. They normally prefer the lower reaches of rivers."

He went on about birds and Spender told them about the time he had heard the cuckoo in Hampshire on March 3 at 6.15 a.m. and asked Dr. Kokintz if he could have the clipping from "The Times" back as it was the only one he had and he treasured it. The doctor promised to return it to him. Spender seemed to recall something and reached into his inner pocket and produced an envelope.

"My credentials," he said, and gave the envelope to Dr. Kokintz. It contained a number of letters from various consular officials, all in Switzerland, attesting that Mr. Spender was a bird-watcher.

These were circulated around the table, read politely, and handed back to Mr. Spender.

"Really," said Dr. Kokintz, "it wasn't necessary for you to go to the trouble to get all that accreditation. We are quite prepared to accept you as a bird-watcher if that is what you say you are."

"In my business," said Mr. Spender, "I like to be able to produce the proper credentials. I regard that as important."

"I'm afraid you will just have to take what our word," said Gloriana. "None of us has any paper to say who we are."

"That is quite a different matter," said Spender. "Quite a different matter. You don't need papers. I do." He gave them all a bright smile and stuffed the envelope back in his pocket.

"While you're here," said Vincent of Mountjoy, "I wonder whether you wouldn't like to look over our rocket?"

"Rocket?" said Mr. Spender, and he looked very surprised.

"Yes," said Vincent. "We are preparing to send one to the moon. Should be ready in a few weeks now. Dr. Kokintz and I are going in it."

A LOOK of deep caution came over Mr. Spender's face. "Ah, of course," he said, "of course," repeating the two words as if they conveyed a deep but secret significance which was nonetheless known to all present.

Vincent, who was very keen on the rocket, was puzzled by the caution displayed, but plunged enthusiastically on. "We were able to obtain a Saturn rocket casing from the United States for nothing more than the cost of transportation," he said. "We got it in pieces, and put it together in the dungeon and it is now installed in the Jericho Tower. The whole thing is in its most interesting stage of construction right now, and I would be delighted to take you on a tour of it."

"I really came to see the bobolinks," said Mr. Spender. "I cannot pretend to be greatly interested in the rocket."

"Oh, you can't leave Grand Fenwick without seeing it," said Vincent. "Why don't you let me take you around, and then this evening you can see the bobolinks. It's better to see them in the evening, isn't it, Doctor?"

"Dawn or sunset. Those are the best times," said Dr. Kokintz. "For birds and worms," he added.

"Well," said Mr. Spender, "if you wish. Certainly people would be likely to ask me about it, wouldn't they?" But he didn't really seem very keen, and when, after breakfast, Vincent led him down the spiral staircase to the dungeon, he brought only one of his poorer cameras with him with a cheap flashgun attachment.

Vincent was annoyed that Mr. Spender should not think his rocket worth an expensive camera, but, glad to explain the ingenuity he had exercised in the construction of the rocket, was soon lost in explaining its details.

The interior had been laid out in three sections. The one nearest the nose was to be the living quarters of the two astronauts. It

Continued from page 52

was to contain bunks, a table, chairs, and several periscopes out of which astronauts could peer to obtain a panoramic view around their space ship. The floor was of steel but with a number of circular holes through it. "Sort of a shock absorber," said Vincent. "To combat the initial acceleration when we take off. It's liable to be pretty rough. The carpet will also reduce vibration and make it easier for us to hear each other."

Mr. Spender nodded, but didn't seem to believe this and was, in fact, not very interested in any part of the rocket; even when Vincent showed him the air jets, which would meter oxygen into the compartment for the astronauts, and

the air-conditioning system, which removed all the air in the compartment every few hours, making it flow over chemicals which would remove the carbon dioxide.

"I got the idea both from the work done in submarines since World War II and also closed-circuit diving systems which use the same principle," Vincent explained. "As you know, atomic submarines have to stay down for a long time with a large crew and no access to fresh air. They use something of the same system as I have installed here."

Mr. Spender took one picture of the interior of the compartment, but Vincent got the impression that he was doing it out of politeness.

He next showed his visitor the second compartment below, which contained the needed stores for the trip. But again Mr. Spender was not much interested and complained of feeling hot. The third and bottom compartment contained the engine of the rocket.

"A completely new fuel source," said Vincent, sure that this would arouse Mr. Spender's interest. "An atomic fuel, in fact. This will be the world's first atomic rocket." At this, Mr. Spender pricked up his ears.

"Atomic-powered?" he asked, and his surprise was genuine.

To page 54

THE MOUSE ON THE MOON



"Think how pretty we would be if we could reach higher."



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(and less expensive)

Now! A paper towel which you can use like a cloth

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Page 53

***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting July 17.

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, green.
★ Lucky days, Thur., Saturday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Thur., Saturday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, pink, green.
★ Lucky days, Thur., Sunday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, blue.
★ Lucky days, Thur., Monday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, black, pink.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, green.
★ Lucky days, Thur., Saturday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Thur., Saturday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20-FEB. 18
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, pink.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 19-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, blue.
★ Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continued from page 53

"Yes," said Vincent. "That is Dr. Kokintz's great discovery. He has isolated an element, Pinotium Sixty-four, containing a curious particle called the Janus particle, which can change its charge from positive to negative."

"It is the Janus particle that provides the key to the whole thing," Vincent explained about the Janus particle and Mr. Spender listened very carefully.

"And where does this Pinotium Sixty-four come from?" he asked.

"From wine," Pinot Grand Fenwick, Premier Grand Cru," said Vincent.

Mr. Spender gave Vincent a pleasant look as if to indicate that he thought Vincent was an idiot but was intent on humoring him. "From wine," he said. "Of course. From wine."

"Wouldn't you like to take a photograph of the jet clusters?" asked Vincent. "I had quite a problem with them. I couldn't think of a system of directing the jets in any desired direction to manoeuvre the rocket. And then I found a real fancy shower head my father had ordered from America — you know he's installing modern plumbing in the castle — and it was just the thing. It will spray water in a solid stream, in jets like from the nozzle of a watering can, or sort of reverse itself, throwing water up in the air instead of downward. I think the feature was designed for people in America who like to take a shower but have tender heads. Anyway, that's what we're using as jets on the rocket."

"Shower heads?" asked Mr. Spender incredulously. "Yes," said Vincent. "They work fine. Of course, Father was a bit angry because he wanted these shower heads for the bathrooms. But he agreed to let me have them, since the rocket came first, and he's ordered another shipment from America for the castle."

He pointed below the

THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

rocket to where a number of gleaming chrome shower heads were fastened to the bottom of the rocket by stout steel brackets. A network of steel piping connected the shower heads with the interior of the rocket and Vincent said they led to the reaction chamber.

"Want to take a picture?" Vincent asked. "No," said Mr. Spender firmly. "I think not."

The tour of the rocket concluded, Vincent led Mr. Spender across the floor of the dungeon to the exit. On their way they passed several racks of copper piping

what you would want to take a picture of it for."

"Nonetheless, it is interesting," said Mr. Spender, and he levelled his camera and shot a flash photo of the racks of copper pipe.

"Another one is permitted?" asked Mr. Spender.

"Oh, come on," said Vincent, thoroughly fed up. "Dr. Kokintz is probably waiting for you."

But Mr. Spender nonetheless shot a picture of the parts of the furnace lying about and then, and only reluctantly, followed Vincent out of the dungeon. Dr.

no doubt he has been up many, many times at dawn and is in need of a good rest."

"What did you think of him, Vincent?" asked Gloriana.

"He's a queer duck," said Vincent. "Shot one picture of the rocket and two of the plumbing. Why do you suppose he would want to take a picture of some workmen putting copper piping in the walls of a fourteenth-century castle?" he asked of his father.

"Ah, my boy," said the Count of Mountjoy, "there you have an interesting comment on the English character—to which I might add our own character is some-

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



stacked against the dungeon wall. A group of workmen had taken away some of the masonry of the wall and were inserting some of the piping through it. Several sections of a massive furnace stood nearby.

"What's all that?" asked Mr. Spender, stopping by the copper pipes.

"Oh, nothing," said Vincent, now somewhat irritated with him. "It's just part of the piping for the castle plumbing."

"Is that so?" asked Mr. Spender. "Do you mind if I take a picture?"

"It's only plumbing," said Vincent, miffed that his rocket had been given such scant shrift. "I don't know

Kokintz proposed that they might go that evening to get a picture of the bobolinks, but Mr. Spender said that he was rather tired from his travelling and the following evening might be better.

He retired to his apartment, which was close to that of the Count of Mountjoy. Gloriana politely inquired whether he would like to have dinner in his room if he wished to rest. To this Mr. Spender agreed and he was not seen about the castle for the rest of the day.

"Bird-watching is a fatiguing business," said Dr. Kokintz at dinner that evening, for he was a firm ally of Mr. Spender's. "I have

what related, for let us never forget that Grand Fenwick was founded by Englishmen.

"Many of the English nobility live in castles like these and have been freezing in them for years, lacking every kind of convenience, but so bound by tradition that they will do nothing to modernise them. Modern piping being run through the walls of a fourteenth-century castle would be much more interesting to an Englishman than a rocket designed to go to the moon. He'll show those pictures round his club time and time again, and always to an incredulous audience."

To page 56

Men can be so thoughtless!



Imagine how I felt. We were looking at my high school photo album when my husband said, "Was Peggy in your class? She always looked younger to me!"

Next day I asked Peggy what her secret was — how did she manage to look so much younger. "Easy" she said, "Palmolive soap facials can help almost any girl be younger looking."

Be Younger Looking use mild and gentle new Palmolive Care

Doctors prove that the Palmolive Beauty Plan can bring you a lovelier complexion in 14 days. From the very first day you use it you'll discover that Palmolive soap beautifies as it cleans. Palmolive soap with gentle olive oil is so mild, so pure, its rich, creamy lather cleans so thoroughly that it gives new life to your complexion. Start your Palmolive Beauty Plan today — because only Palmolive, with gentle olive oil, gives your skin the care of a real beauty treatment.

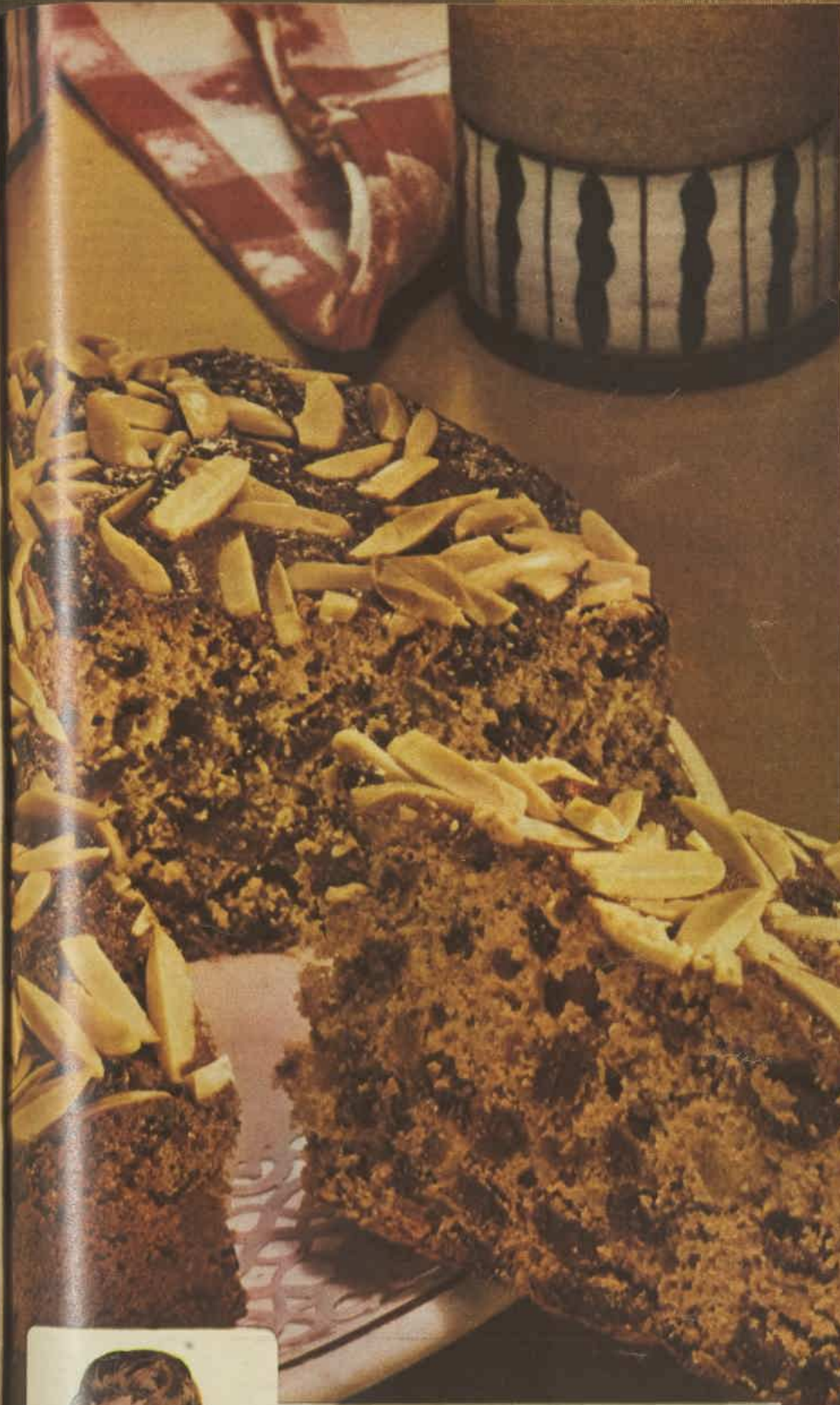
IF YOUR SKIN IS INCLINED TO BE DRY, USE NEW CREAMY PINK PALMOLIVE ENRICHED WITH PINK BEAUTY CREAM, SISTER-IN-BEAUTY TO FAMOUS GREEN PALMOLIVE



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Boiled FRUIT CAKE

Sue Murray brings back a traditional favourite, now with new glamour, new appetite appeal. It's Boiled Fruit Cake, richer and more delicious than ever, filled to the brim with sun-soaked Mixed Fruits. It's a wonderfully easy to make boiled fruit cake. Mmm. Taste the fruit in every bite. For afternoon teas, for the children's lunches, this special Boiled Fruit Cake is exactly right.

Boiled Fruit Cake — another of the many good things you can make with dried fruits.

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AUSTRALIAN DRIED FRUITS ASSOCIATION



Sue Murray

Sue Murray, Home Economist of the Australian Dried Fruits Association, suggests you try this exciting new recipe.

BOILED FRUIT CAKE

Here's what you need:
12 ozs Mixed Fruit

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water } OR 1 cup
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sherry } of water
 4 ozs. butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
 1 teaspoon mixed spice
 2 eggs (beaten)
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched, slivered almonds

NOTE: All cup measurements are the standard 8 oz. measuring cup and all spoon measurements are level unless otherwise stated.

Here's what you do:

Step 1. Place the Mixed Fruit, water, sherry, butter, sugar and spice in a saucepan. Stir the

mixture until it boils and simmer for 4 minutes. Stand aside to cool.

Step 2. Line an eight-inch cake tin with aluminium foil.

Step 3. Sift the flour and beat the eggs.

Step 4. Add the beaten eggs and sifted flour to the mixture and mix well.

Step 5. Pour the mixture into the cake tin and sprinkle top with the slivered almonds.

Step 6. Bake in a moderately slow oven (325°F) for from 1½ hours to 1¾ hours.

Note: The cake is best left for 24 hours before cutting.

OF2*



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Here's how Alka-Seltzer goes to work so quickly to relieve pain and discomfort: when Alka-Seltzer tablets are dissolved in water, their ingredients react together to form the Soluble Sodium Salt of Aspirin, Sodium Citrate and Carbon Dioxide.

Their combined reaction, released as a sparkling drink, speeds the efficient pain-reliever into the blood-stream. At the same time the solution reduces acidity in the stomach and lessens irritation of the stomach wall. These are medical facts, proven in clinical studies.

What makes Alka-Seltzer so valuable for your medicine cabinet is that it gives rapid relief in this wide range of simple complaints:

Headache, Upset Stomach

Indigestion, Heartburn

Over Indulgence in Food and/or Drink

Neuralgia, Discomforts of Colds and Flu

Hot Weather Fatigue, Nausea

Muscular Aches and Pains.

Most children like Alka-Seltzer, too . . . it is so easy to give and so quickly clears up their headaches or tummy upsets, but if the children are under 3 years of age medical advice should be sought.

Keep Alka-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet — when headaches, aches and pains or hot weather fatigue occur, get quick, safe relief.

Alka-Seltzer is available at all Chemists and Stores.

Continued from page 54 THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

"I still think that the modernising of this castle will in the long run redound more to the credit of Grand Fenwick than the success of that rocket you are working on. To get to the moon and back is undoubtedly an astounding feat. But to be able to have a hot bath whenever one wants it — that is an enduring contribution to the refinement of man, which is the proper objective of all governments."

"Bobo," said Gloriana, "you are not running for reelection at the present moment."

"What is your estimate now on the take-off date for the rocket?" asked Tully, turning to Vincent of Mountjoy.

"Four weeks," said Vincent. "But that's just the engineering end of it. Dr. Kokintz will have to set the time because he has to calculate the orbit."

"The twentieth of July would be the best date," said Dr. Kokintz. "At that time the moon will be at its perigee." He looked apologetically at Gloriana, for he always felt self-conscious about using terms that others might not understand, though now and again one slipped out. "I mean that the moon will be closest to earth at that time and the distance between the two will be about twenty-six thousand miles less than when the moon is at its farthest from the earth."

GLORIANA smiled. "You speak about it all in such a casual way. It is difficult for me to believe that all this is going to take place."

"It isn't really such a big event," said Kokintz. "From the surface of the earth to the surface of the moon when the two are closest together is only about two hundred and twenty thousand miles in round figures. Very many people travel such a distance these days in the course of their lives, though not all at once. The distance then is a trifle. What makes the project seem so dramatic is leaving earth to venture into space to the moon. But the moon is really a part of earth, though we haven't visited it before. It is the little sister of earth. We should not be so astounded at travelling the small distance that separates the two. Men have done much more remarkable things than that."

"For example?" asked Gloriana.

"Well," said Dr. Kokintz, "learning to write. The ability to transfer the intangible thoughts in one man's mind to another man's mind by the use of a series of symbols called letters — that is much more remarkable than going to the moon. But it is so commonplace that it does not seem remarkable to us. When we have got used to making lunar trips, we will all be surprised

that so much fuss was made about the first one."

"You are so sure you will be able to get there—and return?" asked Gloriana.

"We will be back for Your Grace's birthday celebration," said Kokintz. "And if we find any rare stone on the moon, we will bring it back for you as a birthday gift."

"Just bring back yourselves," said Gloriana softly. "That is all I could desire."

"I think that by then the bobolinks will have a nest full of fledglings," said Kokintz to Tully.

"Yes," said Tully. "I think so." But at this point the conversation lagged and they all fell quiet, thinking of the twentieth of July — a date which now overshadowed all the others on the calendar, as if it were the date of Doomsday.

Later that same evening Vincent of Mountjoy called on Cynthia Bentner and the two went for a walk together down the road which skirted the Forest of Grand Fenwick. Vincent, busy with the rocket for the past several weeks, had not seen much of Cynthia, for he had had on many occasions to work far into the night. He felt a strong need for her company now, but, as they walked together, had so little to say that Cynthia wondered whether she had in some way offended him.

"Have I done anything wrong?" she asked after a while.

"No," said Vincent. "I just don't feel much like talking. I want to be with you, but my mind keeps returning to the rocket and the journey to the moon. Gloriana said at dinner this evening that she could hardly bring herself to realise that the whole project was true, and ever since I started working on it, I've had the feeling of being in a dream, and wouldn't be very surprised if I woke up and discovered that, after all, it was only a dream."

"It's not a dream for me," said Cynthia. "But a nightmare. I wish I could wake up and find that it was all nothing but my imagination, and there wasn't any rocket. And yet if there wasn't a rocket you would be leaving Grand Fenwick and going perhaps to America and I wouldn't see you again."

"Please don't say that," said Vincent.

"What?" said Cynthia. "Don't ever say anything about not seeing me again. It isn't that I'm afraid of what might happen. But just the thought of not seeing you again — well, that frightens me. I don't mind dying as dying. But since dying would entail not seeing you again — then I am afraid of it."

"You never spoke like this to me before," said Cynthia.

"I wasn't able to get anything into focus before," replied Vincent. "It's hard to explain how it was with me. I hated Grand Fenwick. I didn't want to be here. It was like being buried alive. I couldn't use my mind or my training here. And yet the thought of going to some place where I could do useful work, but being without you, was more than I could bring myself to face. I was almost content to be buried alive — well, not content, but resigned to it. And yet I knew that wouldn't work. I couldn't cut myself off from my future to be here with you."

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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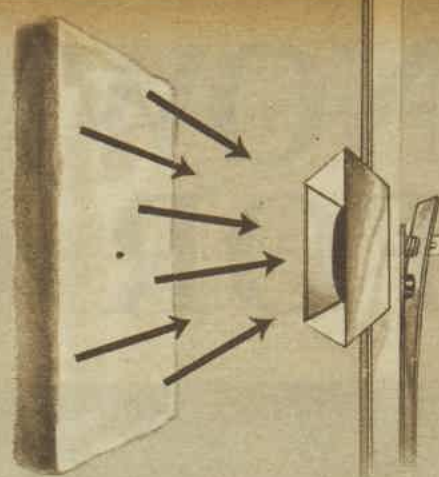
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GARDENING IN THE SHADE



ANEMONE JAPONICA is a shade-loving perennial blooming late in the season, from January till winter. An old-fashioned flower, its popularity has recently been revived with doubles and semi-doubles in pink, mauve, and white varieties. Varieties include a semi-double claret, Prince Henry; a double rosy pink, Rosea; a lilac pink, Richard Ahrens; a semi-double white, Snow Queen. The Japanese anemone is tuberous-rooted; accepts even exposed positions, is adaptable to most climates, and is easily propagated by root division in spring.

● Don't let shade deter you from growing flowers. Many plants flourish in places where they see the sun for only a short time. Wherever you have a shady spot that doesn't satisfy your flower-loving soul, dig it over well — for such places can be damp, sour, and acid — and mix sand in the soil to improve drainage. If the ground has stood for a long time without producing anything, it will be all the better for manure or rotted compost, sieved and turned in with the sand.

Gardening Book — page 170

WHILE shade-loving plants aren't usually very showy, they are interesting and satisfying to the gardener.

Violets, of course, are lovable for their color and fragrance. Plant them out in winter, and lift and divide them yearly.

All members of the primula family — the primroses, polyanthus, auriculas, and the malacoides and fairy types of primula — do well in half-shade. Sow in February or March, or plant in spring.

Polygonatum (Solomon's seal) is planted out in winter. This tall and dainty plant with tiny green-and-white bells resembles a giant lily of the valley. It revels in rather moist, acid soil in the densest of shade, and hobnobs with those ground-loving orchids, the *bletias*, which are also planted in winter. These have big aspidistra-like foliage and dainty purple or white flowers on slender stems.

Columbines appreciate some shade. Sow in summer; plant in autumn.

Helleborus (Christmas rose), which flowers in our winter, can be lifted and the roots planted out. Forget-me-nots like some shade.

So do Japanese anemones, astilbes, *dienotras*, all ferns, *hemerocallis* (day lilies), *hostas*, *Saxifraga cordifolia*, *Sedum spectabile*, lily of the valley, and bluebells. All can be planted out during the winter.

SHRUBS AND TREES that thrive in shade include *Aucuba japonica*, *Berberis darwinii*, *Choisya ternata*, *Euonymus radicans*, *Lycocateria formosa*, *Mahonia aquifolium*, *polygala*, *Ribes alpinum*, *Sambucus nigra*, *Viburnum tinus*.

CLIMBERS include *ampelopsis*, *jasmynes*, and *wisterias*.



HOSTA VARIEGATA has beautiful creamy-white and green marbled leaves forming neat clumps, with spires of lilac-blue flowers. It is a hardy perennial thriving in sun or shade, but prefers root moisture and so is ideal for damp places. Other plants are shown to advantage when *hostas* are used for contrast effect. Propagate by dividing old roots during winter, when they are dormant.

Gardening Book — page 171

NEW Goddard's Silver Dip IN THE



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now you can clean big spoons and forks, or more silver at one time!

NEW 10-oz. BOTTLE of Goddard's Silver Dip costs no more than the former 7-oz. bottle! We're making you a present of 3 OUNCES FREE!

Everybody knows that Goddard's Silver Dip banishes stains and tarnish without rubbing! You simply go ahead, dip your silver in Silver Dip, then rinse and dry. No need to tell you that those stubborn stains and tarnish vanish with no work at all... even between the prongs of forks or intricate filigree. Clean your silver at the NEW ECONOMY PRICE! Good silver stays good — forever — with Silver Dip. STILL ONLY 7/9.



IMPORTANT. Goddard's Mr. Sparkle advises that in Queensland Silver Dip is only available in the big 14-oz. bottle so reasonably priced at 9/4.

ASK AT ALL STORES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 24, 1963

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AT NO EXTRA COST?"



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RECIPE FOR MAIN-COURSE MAGIC

All spoon and cup measures are level.
An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.

Ingredients: 3 medium potatoes, cooked and sliced;
1 carrot, sliced and cooked; 2 oz. butter; 1 onion,
chopped; 3 rashers bacon, chopped; 3 tablespoons
flour; 2½ cups milk; 1½ teaspoons salt; pinch pepper;
6 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, shredded; ½ cup day-old
breadcrumbs; a little extra butter.

Method: Place the potato and carrot in a casserole
pan, add onion and bacon and fry until cooked. Spoon
over the vegetables in the casserole. Melt the remain-
ing butter in saucepan, add flour and let cook for a
few minutes. Gradually stir in the milk. Bring to the
boil. Add shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, salt and
pepper and stir until cheese has melted and sauce is
smooth. Pour the sauce over the vegetables, sprinkle
with the breadcrumbs and dot with a little butter.
Bake in a moderate oven—(350°F Gas, 375°F Electric),
for 25-30 minutes or until heated through. 4 servings.

Scalloped Potatoes the KRAFT Cheddar way

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I could go with you wherever you wanted to go," said Cynthia quietly.

Vincent shook his head. "That wouldn't do," he said. "You have a kind of a goodness to you that would just get you hurt over and over again anywhere but here. You are like the earth — you are strong and enduring and peaceful and goodness grows out of you."

"If I'm like that," said Cynthia, "nothing would change me wherever I was."

"In the cities," said Vincent, "they take the earth and pour cement over it and put buildings up on top and it isn't the earth any longer. It dies."

"I planned to get that money spent on the rocket, during the election, so that there would be something to keep you here with me," said Cynthia. "But what was I to do? If there wasn't the rocket to keep you here, you would have gone. And now the rocket means that you will go, anyway — much farther away than New York or London; to a place no living creature has ever been before. Oh, Vincent, I'm

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to the earth than from the earth to the moon, because the moon's gravitational pull is only one-sixth of that of earth. That means that to take off from the moon, we need only one-sixth of the power required to take off from here."

He talked enthusiastically about the rocket, explained the method by which it would reverse itself when landing on the moon, coming down on legs which would be extended from it at the right time. "It will land so gently," he said, "that it will be just like a fly landing on a table top. Much the worst part of the whole trip will be the take-off from here, because of the huge acceleration we have to develop to escape from the gravitation pull of the earth. The power requirement decreases as we get farther and farther away."

"How long will it take?" asked Cynthia.

"Nine days and four hours," said Vincent.

THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

think it is so fearful is because it hasn't been done before. Actually, our main problem is going to be finding some way to pass the time on the rocket. Kokintz has proposed that we bring along some chessmen and he's going to teach me to play. There'll be certain observations to make of the rocket itself and various celestial bodies. But over and above that, we'll have plenty of leisure."

It was 11 p.m. when Vincent got back to the castle, and its occupants had already retired for the night. He felt much more serene in his mind after his evening with Cynthia. He felt now as if he belonged to someone and was loved by someone, and this gave him a deep strength and self-confidence,

very much at odds with his previous state, when he had been readily irritated with everybody and most of all with himself.

To enter the castle he had to cross over the drawbridge to go to the courtyard which was contained within the massive outer walls of the castle. The moon was newly risen, throwing an elongated shadow of himself before him across the worn cobblestones of the courtyard.

He looked at it and was amused by the thought that the moon had caused him to grow—at least in his shadow. He turned to look at the moon, sailing silent and impassive in the dark heavens. It was so bright that no stars were to be seen close to it, their light cancelled by the moon's glow.

The dark markings of the various "seas" of the moon could be plainly seen with

mottled light areas around them, which Vincent knew to be mountains. Some of them were as high as Mount Everest, or so Dr. Kokintz had told him. It would not be long before he stood on their steep and arid sides, gazing at earth. He shuddered and, turning his back on the moon, strode briskly toward the castle.

The main gate was open and his own quarters lay up a circular stairway to the left. There were four of these circular staircases, one in each corner of the castle, climbing the interior of a tower located at each corner. The staircase in the Jericho Tower, as stated, had been removed so the tower might house the rocket, but the other three staircases were in good repair and constant use.

One only led to the dungeon — the one up which Vincent was about to climb. As he entered the tower to go up the staircase, switching on a flashlight he had with him, he heard a loud

cry from below him in the direction of the dungeon, followed by a great clattering and then another cry. Then there was silence. Vincent darted down the stairs. At the bottom he found Mr. Spender, seated in a terrible litter of broken cameras and holding his head.

"Are you hurt?" cried Vincent, rushing to him and helping him to his feet.

"No," said Mr. Spender. "Not much. Missed my footing, you know, and came clattering down here." He looked around at the wreckage of his cameras and said, "Oh, dear. Oh, dear. They're all broken. This is terrible."

Vincent felt quite sorry for him. He helped him gather up the pieces and then said, "Whatever were you doing coming down the stairs, anyway?"

"I thought I heard an owl," said Mr. Spender.

"In the dungeon?" said Vincent. "Owls go out at

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"Be right with you."

Hazel can be seen on
Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays;
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Launceston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays;
and Perth's Channel 7 at 8 p.m., Thursdays.

terrified that you won't be able to get back."

He took her in his arms and held her tightly. "I will get back," he said. "I will get back. There will be you to bring me back here and that will be enough. Besides," he added cheerfully, "there's absolutely nothing that can go wrong with the rocket. It's foolproof. It's the engineer's ideal — a machine which functions without moving parts. The nuclear stream thrusts out of the jets in the back and the rocket takes off. That's all. And it is much easier to get from the moon

"So long?" asked Cynthia. "I thought it would be much quicker than that."

"We're only going to travel at a thousand miles an hour," said Vincent. "It's Dr. Kokintz's idea and I thoroughly agree with him. We're in no hurry and a great increase in speed brings a huge number of problems."

"What kind of problems?" asked Cynthia.

"Oh — heat, for instance. The outer shell of the rocket would get heated up to such a degree that it might vaporize. Then there are meteorites which are microscopic in size. They won't do any harm at a thousand miles an hour."

"You're sure that you won't be exposed to any kind of danger?"

"No," said Vincent. "Not a chance. We'll just chug along at a nice, steady thousand miles an hour, which is a lot slower than many military planes fly these days, land on the moon, take some photographs, pick up a few rocks and then come on back again. Really, the only reason people



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Continued from page 61

THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

night-time. Hunting. What is all this about, anyway?"

"I'm afraid I've made a mess of things—again," said Mr. Spender. "I throw myself on your mercy and I claim sanctuary." To Vincent's embarrassment, Mr. Spender plumped down and grabbed Vincent around the legs as he said this. But in plumping down, Mr. Spender's knee hit on a sharp piece of one of the broken cameras and he said, "Ow," rather spoiling the effect of his appeal.

"What the blazes are you kneeling there for?" asked Vincent. "Get up."

"Not until you promise me sanctuary," said Mr. Spender, rubbing his injured knee with one hand but

holding on to Vincent's legs with the other. "You have to do it, you know; it's the law of nations."

"All right," said Vincent, who would have promised anything to get out of his embarrassing predicament. "You can have sanctuary, whatever that is. Now get up and explain all this to me."

Mr. Spender gave a big sigh of relief, got up, dusted off the knees of his hairy tweeds, and sat down on the bottom step of the circular staircase, beckoning Vincent to join him.

"I'm not really a bird-watcher," he said. "I'm a spy. Of course, I should really be called an intelligence agent, but in the present circumstances . . ." He gestured to-

ward the broken cameras and shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know who is going to pay the bill for them," he said hopelessly. "Not me; I haven't got a cent, really."

"What do you mean you're a spy?" said Vincent, ignoring all the side issues. "Who are you spying for and what do you want to find out?"

"The Russians," said Mr. Spender. "My mother was a Russian, but my father was an Englishman. We lived in Russia for a while and then in Poland and then in India, where my father had a Government post and used to go exploring and sometimes shoot tigers. It was a wonderful life. I thought I could spend the rest of my life like my father did, if the supply of tigers didn't run out. But when they took India away from us, which meant no more of those wonderful jobs, that put an end to that, and I had to find some other way of making a living."

"I tried all kinds of things. You wouldn't think to look at me that I once owned a little tobacco shop on the beach front in Bournemouth, would you?"

"No," said Vincent, but only because that was the answer patently expected of him.

"Nice little business," said Mr. Spender. "But humdrum. I wanted something exciting, and by various means which I won't explain to you now I became an agent for the Russians. This was my first big assignment."

"What kind of spying did you do before?" asked Vincent.

MR. SPENDER shrugged. "Not much. I really got my start supplying cigarette papers to other agents to write their secret messages on. They're all written on cigarette papers, you know. Then I was asked to go and spy on that American submarine that went to Scotland years ago with the Polaris missile on board."

"What did you have to find out about it?" asked Vincent.

"Oh, I just had to report that it was actually there and to on. Just checking up, you know."

"But, heavens, there were pictures of it in all the newspapers, and students from Scottish universities protesting its presence by swarming all over it."

"Well, the Russians don't believe anything they read in other people's newspapers," said Mr. Spender. "They are a very suspicious people. They hardly believe anything at all. They even check on the work of their own Government departments. That's why I was sent here."

"Take your time and explain," said Vincent. "Right now I don't understand a thing."

"Well, they had to check on their own propaganda," said Mr. Spender. "They had to check on whether their propaganda was the truth or not. That would make a big difference."

"Muddier and muddier," said Vincent, "but wade ahead."

"It's very simple," said Mr. Spender. "The propaganda ministry had put out the story that fifty million dollars got from the United States was to be spent not on rocket research but on plumbing. Now I had to find out whether that was true or whether it wasn't true. And, of course, I found out that it was true — although you did try to stop me."

"Stop you?" cried Vincent. "I thought I was doing everything I could to help you."

"Oh, come now," said Mr. Spender. "I'm being frank with you so you might as well be frank with me. You'll have to admit that you tried to deceive me by pretending that that big thing you have in the tower over there with the pipes sticking out of it was a rocket designed to go to the moon when it is as plain as a pikestaff that it's actually a castle-sized water-heater."

"But it isn't a water-heater," said Vincent. "It's a rocket designed to

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"My wash needs good rich suds—and Rinso has them!"



"You know what kids are like—clean one minute, grubby the next. And what grubbiness—bicycle smears, mud pie stains, cubby-house dust! But I don't worry because I know that no grime can hold out against Rinso suds. I really would be lost without Rinso."



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For extra whiteness, extra brightness in your wash, you need plenty of good rich suds. The richer the suds, the whiter and brighter the wash . . . and Rinso has the richest suds of all. They work harder, last longer . . . So take a tip from Mrs. Leslie and most other Australian women — next washday get that extra whiteness, extra brightness with Rinso's suds . . . the richest suds of all.

THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

go to the moon and it will take off very shortly."

"There you are," said Mr. Spender sorrowfully. "Trying to deceive me again."

"Look," said Vincent, "I'm telling you the truth. If you don't want to accept it, that's up to you. That rocket we are building there is going to go to the moon in about a month. And I'll be aboard it with Dr. Kokintz as I explained to you during your tour this morning."

"It's sad how human beings keep trying to deceive each other," said Mr. Spender. "It makes you feel that life is hardly worth living."

"You're a fine one to talk about deceit," said Vincent. "You come here pretending to be a bird-watcher and actually you're a spy." "Oh, but my profession calls for deceit," said Mr. Spender. "In my business deceit is a virtue, whereas with you—well, it's just an unnecessary vice. That is the difference."

"Look," said Vincent, "I don't suppose I can make you believe this, but I'm going to try. We have nothing to hide here. Everything is open. That rocket is actually a rocket being prepared to go to the moon. And the rest of the stuff is just new plumbing fixtures for the castle. The plumbing fixtures are not important. The rocket is. But to show you that I'm not trying to hide anything, you can take all the pictures you want of anything you want. Nobody will try to stop you."

"Can I really?" asked Mr. Spender, brightening immediately. "I say, that's awfully nice of you. Really very generous. I withdraw my request for sanctuary. I don't think since I have permission to take the pictures, that I have to take refuge from my employers for the time being."

"Think nothing of it," said Vincent. "Now let's go to bed."

THE following morning Vincent explained to his father and Dr. Kokintz that Mr. Spender was really a Russian spy come to Grand Fenwick to check the Russian propaganda story that the American grant was for the purpose of modernising the castle and that the story of building a rocket was actually a pretext designed to put the Soviet Union in an embarrassing international situation.

"I can't get him to believe anything else," Vincent concluded.

"What a pity he really wasn't interested in the bobolinks," said Dr. Kokintz, ignoring the whole issue. "It would be very valuable, indeed, in view of the present controversy, to have an independent witness testify to the presence of bobolinks in our forest." He brightened for a moment. "Perhaps Mr. Spender would still consent to come and take a picture of them and testify that they are actually here," he said.

"In view of his attitude toward the rocket," said Vincent, "Mr. Spender is the last person to ask to testify about the bobolinks. He would probably swear they were vultures. He seems incapable of accepting the simple truth."

"It is one of the hazards of espionage," said the Count of Mountjoy. "Spies thrive on what is hidden. If nothing is hidden, they have nothing to thrive on and their situation is desperate."

Mr. Spender spent the whole day taking pictures of the plumbing with a camera Tully lent him. Then he caught the evening bus back to Switzerland, where he spent the next week compiling a report. It was masterly and suited the Soviet propaganda agency to perfection.

His report stated that Grand Fenwick was going to elaborate lengths to disguise the real purpose of the American grant. A rocket, built into one of the towers of Grand Fenwick Castle to support the American deceit, was really a water-heater and

he was pleased to be able to enclose photographs showing the true nature of the work upon which the American money was being spent and for which it had been granted. He enclosed two dozen pictures of the plumbing and the sections of the giant furnace, together with several shots of whole rows of bathtubs.

The Soviet Ministry of Propaganda deliberated over the pictures and the report and sent Mr. Spender a draft for two thousand English pounds, and he immediately bought himself a big-game gun and a plane fare to India and was not heard of thereafter.

The pictures of the plumbing and the bathtubs, with an article under

the heading "American Deceit on Workers Exposed" was printed on the main foreign news page of "Izvestia."

It was unfortunate that it appeared on the very day that the Grand Fenwick rocket took off for the moon.

The take-off went without a hitch and it is a pity that, due to the world's incredulity, the only witnesses to it were the people of Grand Fenwick. The Count of Mountjoy sent invitations to the launching to the heads of the principal nations of the world, but nobody even bothered to reply, which upset him as being impolite.

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 63. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays and from 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. on Saturdays. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



"Royalty in better times would attend the opening of a bridge," he said. "Presidents these days will not attend the launching of a rocket to the moon. It is all part of the deterioration of our times. A sense of public duty has given way to a sense of political expediency and the whole world suffers from the change."

Headed by Gloriana and her consort Tully Bascomb, the people of the Duchy crowded together in the courtyard around the Jericho Tower, and Dr. Kokintz and Vincent of Mountjoy took their leave of them.

FIRST of all Gloriana made a speech which was short but nonetheless effective. She said that this was a very proud moment in the history of Grand Fenwick, for two men of the nation were going to dare the heavens and be the first of all men on earth to attempt a landing on the moon.

She reminded them that Florence had been only a small State, scarcely the size of Grand Fenwick, when Galileo had, with a telescope he fashioned himself, laid the foundations for the modern science of astronomy. Copernicus was a citizen of one of the poorest countries in Europe when he revolutionised thinking on the subject of the solar system, which men had previously thought rotated about the earth.

"Size of nations has little to do with scientific achievement," she said. "And it has fallen to our lot to lead mankind into outer space. I do not doubt for one moment that this mission will be successful," she continued. "But when our men return to us, let us not be overly proud, but remember that all things are done under the hand of

Continued from page 63

God, and nothing may be achieved by man alone.

"It is proper then that we should ask God's blessing upon this project and recall for our comfort during the period of waiting that lies ahead of us, that all things are in His hands and He is concerned about the falling of a sparrow."

Gloriana glanced at Cynthia Bentner when she said

all our courage, and all our love.

"With these you will not be alone, even on the distant plateaus of the moon, but supported and surrounded by the spirit of the people of the nation from which you come."

The Bishop of Grand Fenwick then blessed the two astronauts and the rocket, and the people tried to look some-

will be back soon, please God."

And then, in silence, they walked to the base of the Jericho Tower and through a heavy steel door which Vincent had had installed there and which was as stout as that on a massive safe. They were about to swing the door closed behind them when Dr. Kokintz opened it again and said to Tully, "Please do not forget to feed the birds." Then the door was shut and those outside heard the several locks on it being slipped into place and knew that in a few minutes Kokintz and Vincent would be entering the rocket and strapping themselves to their bunks in preparation for the take-off.

Everybody now backed away from the tower. They had been told that there was no danger at all, that since the rocket was equipped with nuclear power, there would be no terrible blast of flame to crack the stones of the tower and burn them, but they could not believe this. Nonetheless, they moved to the wall surrounding the courtyard and stared in silence at the Tower of Jericho from which the capstones had all been removed, so that it looked like a huge factory chimney.

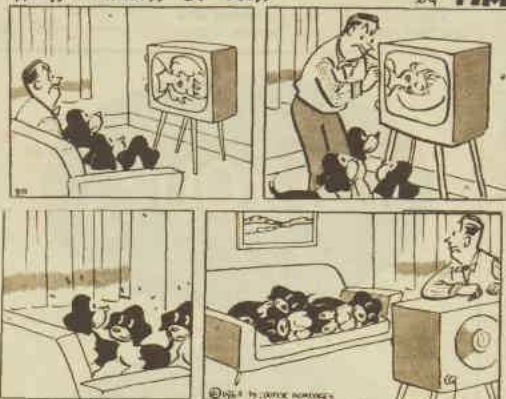
There was no warning of the take-off at all — no thunderous noise or escape of vapors in terrifying clouds. Watching the top of the tower, they saw the nose of the rocket appear quite slowly above it, as if it were some creature come out to sniff the morning air. A big "Aaaaah" went up from the people; and then in utter silence the rocket suddenly left the tower, so swiftly that they could not follow the

To page 66

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

By TIM



this. Cynthia was standing by Vincent of Mountjoy and her face was very pale. Her lips were trembling and she bent her head and Gloriana looked quickly away from her.

"You can be sure of our prayers," she said, turning to Vincent and Dr. Kokintz. "And the prayers of a whole nation, however small, will hardly go unanswered. We send with you all our faith,

where else but could not when Vincent took leave of Cynthia. As many as could came forward to shake the astronauts' hands and suddenly they were alone in a little area by themselves, the crowd withdrawing from them.

Dr. Kokintz blinked around in the bright sunlight through his thick glasses and then, turning to Gloriana, said, "Thank you, my lady. We

for HIGH SPEED cough relief look to BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL

ACTIVE TASTE MEANS ACTIVE COUGH CLEARING ACTION!

Suddenly, breathing is easier! You've cared for your cough with Buckley's. And right away, the clean and active cooling taste tells how it's working: easing and clearing away the cause of your cough. And while Buckley's soothes you, the lively medication brings stimulating refreshment. As the coughing spasms stop, you feel more than relieved... you feel good. That's the active action of Buckley's!

HOW BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL WORKS to clear away the cold or 'flu cough. First, there's the cooling decongestant action: Buckley's attacks the congestion simply and directly, breaking up the tightness that causes the cough. As congestion goes, the cough stops... and Buckley's next swift step is to help the system shake off the very cause of the congestion. And all the time, that crisp and active taste lingers on and on... freshening the throat and gently soothing the chest.

For bronchial coughs, Buckley's has no equal. Make Buckley's your family standby, against any kind of cough.

4/9 at all chemists and stores.

the decongestant mixture
with active taste...
active action!

Buckley's is all medication.
No syrup. No sugar;
ideal for diabetics.



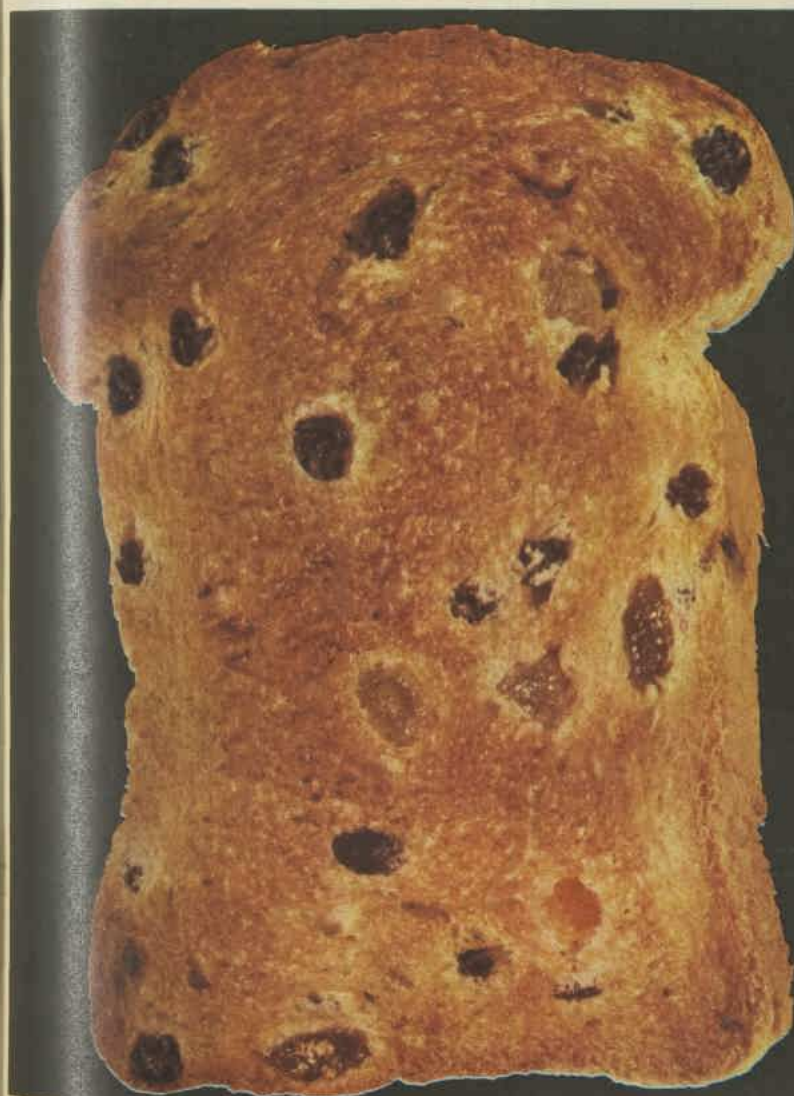
plain or toasted it's terrific!



Tip Top

Spicy

FRUIT LOAF



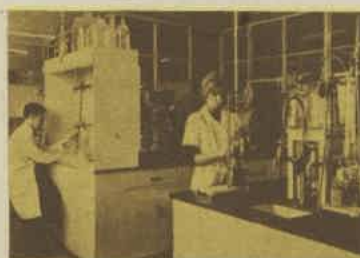
more fruit
more flavour



Never before, a fruit loaf with *quite* so many pieces of delicious good-for-you fruit, or just such a blend of delicate spices! Tip Top Spicy Fruit Loaf adds more appeal and *more goodness* to after-school and suppertime snacks... pops out of the toaster golden-brown and tempting for morning and afternoon teas. It's Spicy Fruit Loaf *time now*, so look for it in the cellulose pack with the red, white and blue shield.



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in the Weston Research Laboratories, where every ingredient used in Tip Top Bread products is checked and re-checked to ensure the highest standards of purity and quality for you and your family.

motion until it was already many hundreds of feet up in the air.

It left a graceful thin line of vapor behind it, and when it was up some distance, there was a sudden heavy explosion which produced a shock wave that sent the spectators staggering and many of them thought that the rocket had blown up.

"Mach One," said the Count of Mountjoy. "They have gone through the sound barrier."

After a little while the rocket appeared to alter course, as if it were coming down to earth again. "They're in trouble," someone cried. "It's falling back to earth!"

But it was not so.

The rocket was still gaining altitude and Tully, who was the first to collect his wits, rushed to Dr. Kokintz's study to switch on the microwave two-way radio with which they could communicate with the astronauts. His instructions were not to mes-

Continued from page 64

THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

sage them first but to wait for a report, and it was twenty minutes before they got one. Then Dr. Kokintz's voice came through, surprisingly clear, as if he were talking from the next room.

"Everything is fine," he said. "Please announce our successful take-off to the world."

That was the end of the message.

Beyond this one microwave radio set, beamed to the rocket, there were no facilities for fast communication in the Duchy.

Grand Fenwick had no cable office, no telephones, and certainly no broadcasting station. A Press release had been prepared in advance, however, and it was agreed that this would be sent on the bus to the Associated Press and Reuters bureaus in Bern as providing the best

method of letting the world know that Grand Fenwick was on its way to the moon.

The Swiss bus-driver was a little more regular in his schedule than the French bus-driver who served the northern border of the Duchy, which was the reason Bern was selected. But he had had a flat tyre that morning and his bus was an hour behind schedule when he stopped at the border of the Duchy. He was met there by the Count of Mountjoy, who was dancing with irritation at the delay.

"You would have to have a flat tyre on the day we sent a rocket to the moon," said the Count unreasonably.

"If I'd known about it, I would have put new tyres on all the wheels," said the bus-driver. He glanced past the Count of Mountjoy down the road leading into Grand Fen-

wick, which he had never visited and had no desire to visit. "Is everybody crazy in there?" he asked. "Or is it only you?" Then he slammed the door shut and revved up the engine before Mountjoy could think of an appropriate reply.

Bern was only fifty miles by road from the Grand Fenwick frontier, but because of the flat tyre and rather heavy traffic at Neuchatel (it was market day) it was four hours before the news of the Grand Fenwick expedition to the moon reached the news agencies in that city. And then there was more delay.

It is unfortunately true of news agencies that they regard anything that comes by bus and is contained in an envelope as not being news. So at the Associated Press, United Press, and Reuters bureaus, where the three

releases were delivered by messenger from the bus station, the envelopes were put aside to be opened by the office boy, whose chore it was to pull out anything from the mail that might be worked up into a feature story or used as a "mailer"—that is, a little feature story itself distributed by mail to their various clients rather than over the teletype.

Reuters was, of course, the senior news agency and it is well known among newspapermen that Reuters has a genius for getting scoops in the unlikely places. It is also well known among newspapermen that Reuters, when it gets moving on a story, moves faster than any other agency. Part of this is undoubtedly due to a special esprit de corps among Reuters men, who think of themselves as envoys of Britain and do not like to let their country down.

In short, the reporter who fails Reuters fails not merely a news agency but a nation, and this spirit had trickled down to the office boy of the Reuters agency at Bern, who had secret dreams of opening the mail and uncovering some sensational scoop, like a plot to assassinate the President of the United States or put strychnine in the feed of a Derby favorite.

The Reuters office boy was the first to open the dispatch from Grand Fenwick. He did it immediately after lunch and before hunting up the tea things to prepare the cup of tea that the Reuters staff would have out of thick white cups at three o'clock that afternoon.

He picked the Grand Fenwick dispatch out of the bundle of mail because the envelope was king-size and had a fascinating crest on it and he thought it might be an invitation to attend some embassy ball and his boss would be busy and would tell him to go instead. The office boy's daydreams were not confined to an assassination plot directed against the President of the United States or a scheme to doctor the feed of a Derby favorite.

The Reuters office boy opened the big envelope from Grand Fenwick and his eyes bugged at what he read. For what he read exceeded all the great scoops of all his daydreams, which he would one time pluck from the routine mail, making his name famous among the great newspapermen of the world.

The heading on the first sheet of paper in the envelope (there were two of them) read:

MOON ROCKET LAUNCHED

And below was the following statement:

The Duchy of Grand Fenwick announced today the successful launching of a rocket designed to land two men on the moon, the launching taking place from the Tower of Jericho in the Castle of Grand Fenwick.

Two astronauts were aboard the rocket—Dr. Theodore Kokintz, world-renowned physicist, and Vincent of Mountjoy, Prime Minister of the Duchy. The launching occurred at 9.15 a.m. (the date had been filled in, since the release was prepared ahead of time) and went off without a hitch. The rocket, powered by an element discovered in the Duchy's famous Pinot Grand Fenwick wine, is expected to arrive on the moon nine days and four hours from the time of launching.

The rocket has been designed to travel at a comparatively low speed—no more than a thousand miles an hour—thus avoiding the many

problems attached to high-speed travel in space.

When he had read this far the office boy, trembling, took the release over to the chief correspondent's desk.

"Sir," he said in great excitement, "I think this is important."

"What is it?" asked the correspondent, busy at his typewriter, and not even bothering to look up.

"Grand Fenwick has launched a rocket to the moon," said the office boy.

"From the Tower of Jericho," said the correspondent. "For the love of Mike when are you going to catch on?"

"It is from the Tower of Jericho," said the office boy, blushing. "And the launching was at nine-fifteen this morning. Dr. Kokintz was aboard..."

At the mention of the name of Dr. Kokintz, the correspondent looked up at the office boy and said, "Give me that," and snatched the paper out of the boy's hand. He read it, threw it down on his desk and stroked his chin.

"Wonder who on AP dreamed this one up," he said. "Let me see the envelope this came in." The boy produced the envelope and the correspondent inspected it carefully, noting the Grand Fenwick crest.

"It's their envelope, all right," he said. "But anyone can get hold of one of them."

Calamities are of two kinds: misfortune to ourselves, and good fortune to others.

—Ambrose Bierce

"It's signed by the Count of Mountjoy," said the office boy.

"I'm not blind," said the correspondent rudely. But nonetheless he inspected the signature.

"I think it's legitimate," said the boy, greatly daring.

"Horse feathers," said the correspondent. "It's just Joe Redditch over at AP. Forget about it."

The office boy went away, crushed. Here was the great scoop which he had dreamed would one day come through the mail, and it was a joke. He looked at the crest on the envelope again and then at the signature of the Count of Mountjoy. Then he ducked out of his office, got on his bicycle and pedaled through the traffic to the bus station. There he pestered several people until he found the driver of the bus which had passed Grand Fenwick that morning.

"Did you pick up anything from Grand Fenwick to bring to Bern this morning?" he asked.

"Yes," said the bus-driver. "Three letters. Given me by a real nut. He said they'd sent a rocket to the moon."

"Thanks," said the boy, and then as an afterthought asked, "What did he look like?"

To page 68

Nervy?

Tired? Can't eat?

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*RICH IN VITAMIN 'C'
MORE RECIPES ON CAN LABELS



FISH tropic style

Drain the syrup from 15 oz. can of GOLDEN CIRCLE Sliced Pineapple. Prepare your favourite recipe for Fish Cakes, adding 1 tablespoon pineapple syrup and 1/2 teaspoon mustard for extra flavour. Shape into cakes, dip in beaten egg, then fine bread-crumbs and fry till brown on both sides. Then fry the pineapple slices in the pan drippings until lightly browned. Serve each fish cake on a slice of fried pineapple. Garnish with tomato and parsley.



These delicious hamburgers are made by sandwiching together two thin hamburger patties with the following pineapple-rice filling.

HAMBURGERS tropic style

Drain syrup from 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Crushed Pineapple, then add pineapple to 2 cups cooked rice. Fry 1 chopped onion, 1 chopped capsicum and 2 crushed clove garlic in 1 tablespoon butter until tender. Add to pineapple rice mixture 1 cup grated tasty cheese, salt, pepper and herbs to taste. The hamburgers can be barbecued, panfried or baked in oven. Serve plain or with tomatoes and chipped potatoes, and for added zest pineapple slices.



LAMB tropic style

One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple Pieces, 1 green pepper, 1 cup celery, diced, 1 large onion, sliced, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 lb. lamb, 1 dessert-spoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, juice from can. Sauté pineapple pieces with onion rings, celery and green pepper in butter until tender. Remove and add cubed meat. Mix cornflour in a little pineapple juice, add remaining juice, soy sauce and vinegar. Add to meat. Cook until meat is almost tender. Add pineapple and vegetables. Season and continue cooking until tender. Serves 4.



Palm Island
Great Barrier Reef

PORK CHOPS tropic style

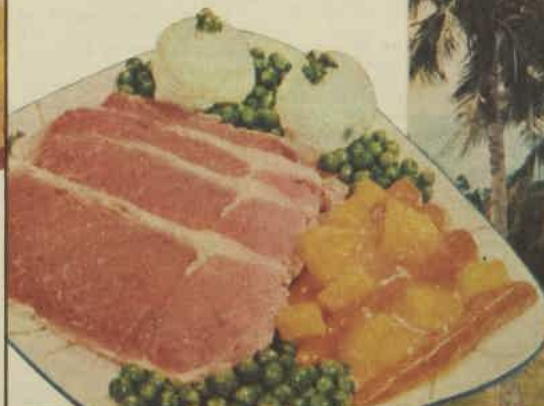
One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple pieces, 4 pork chops, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 1 dessert-spoon ground ginger, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1/4 cup brown sugar. Brush chops with soy sauce and rub in ginger and pepper. Bake in moderate oven. Strain off part of the fat and add brown sugar. Sauté pineapple pieces in this mixture until glazed. Garnish pork chops with the pineapple and serve with beans and potatoes. Serves 4.



Hayman Island, Great Barrier Reef

CORNERED BEEF tropic style

One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Choice Pineapple Pieces, 3 or 4 large sliced carrots, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 to 3/4 cup syrup drained from the pineapple, 1 tablespoon cornflour or arrowroot, 2 tablespoons butter. Cook carrots with salt and water until tender. Drain any remaining liquid into measuring cup and add pineapple syrup to fill cup; mix in cornflour or arrowroot and return to saucepan. Cook, stirring until thick and clear. Stir in butter, add carrots and pineapple pieces, heat and serve with slices of freshly cooked corned beef, potatoes and green peas.



Happy Bay
Great Barrier Reef

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Bethal Tablets
For ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, HEAD COLDS, CATARRH, etc.

Bethal relieves Asthma and Catarrh, too!

"Tall. Silver-haired. Had a monocle," said the bus-driver.

"Who were the letters for?" the boy persisted.

"Reuters, Associated Press, and United Press," said the bus-driver.

"There was one for Associated Press, too?" asked the boy.

"Yes," said the bus-driver. The boy didn't wait for more. He jumped on his bicycle and rode full speed back to the office, where he presented himself, out of breath, at the chief correspondent's desk again.

"I checked on that moon rocket, sir," he said. "And it's true. I went to the bus station. The driver said the letter came from Grand Fenwick. It was given to him personally by a man who was tall and silver-haired and wore a monocle. There was one for the United Press and one for Associated Press as well."

The mention of his rivals stimulated the correspondent to action. He picked up the dispatch again, glanced at the clock and went dubiously to the teletype by which he could transmit messages direct to London. He sat down in the little swivel chair before it and stared at the keys. Then he put Mountjoy's dispatch in the copyholder, hesitated and hit the signal key to call London's attention to the fact that he had something to transmit. The teletype printed out the letters G.A. for "Go Ahead" from London. Shrugging his shoulders, the correspondent started his message.

"Have tip here that nuclear-powered rocket launched to moon from Grand Fenwick stop (he typed) no communications possible with Duchy stop. Know this sounds crazy but can Jodrell Bank confirm if rocket has taken off stop. Speed one thousand miles per hour, take-off at 9.15 a.m. stop. Wagner."

They waited for a few minutes and then the teletype started to clatter, the keys rattling out the message from London.

Continued from page 66

"Tower of Jericho I suppose stop. Will check anyway and message you stop. Redgrove."

"Well," said the correspondent, "they'll be telling that story about my message in all the pubs in Fleet Street in half an hour. Shouldn't wonder if I got fired." He glared at the office boy, who felt uncomfortable and guilty and glanced at the clock and went off to make the tea, as being the best thing to do in the circumstances.

Ten minutes later the teletype started to chatter again, this time giving first of all

FROM THE BIBLE

"Whoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."

— Matthew 23:12.

six sharp rings that signified an urgent message was coming through. Everyone in the office hearing the rings gathered around the machine watching anxiously as the keys clattered out the words.

"Jodrell Greenwich and others report rocket take-off from somewhere southern France stop. File all you have on Grand Fenwick stop. We will hold pending confirmation. Urgent. Redgrove."

"Here," shouted the chief correspondent to one of the assistants, handing him the Grand Fenwick statement, "put that on the wire—all of it. Mark it hold until I send confirmation. I'm off to Grand Fenwick." He fled from the office, dived into his car, and headed for the Duchy.

One of the duties of the office boy at the Associated

THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

Press bureau in Bern, which was in the same building, was to keep an eye on the Reuters office boy and, if he saw him going out of the building urgently, to find out what was his errand. On this occasion the AP boy goofed, for he was playing a game of checkers with one of the junior reporters.

The Reuters man reached Grand Fenwick in one hour of perilous driving, got a quick interview with the Count of Mountjoy and Tully Bascomb, found nobody had bothered to photograph the take-off of the rocket, but got a picture of its construction taken by Tully, denounced the Duchy for not having a single phone in its territory, and stormed back into Switzerland, where he called his London office from Neuchatel.

"Redgrove," he said when he got hold of the chief of the London Bureau, "release that Grand Fenwick rocket story."

"It's astounding, impossible, crazy... anything you want to say about it. But it's true. I've got a picture of the rocket I'm going to put on the wire when I finish phoning you. We've got a clear beat on this. AP and UP haven't woken up yet."

"Get back to Grand Fenwick and stay there and keep a story running," said Redgrove. "What are communications like?"

"There are none," said Redgrove. "No phones or cable offices. I'm calling from Neuchatel in Switzerland. I'll call Bern and have them send me a couple of men to establish a messenger relay system. If you want to message me, do it through the post office in Neuchatel."

"Can you give any more details now beyond those you sent over the wire?" asked Redgrove.

"Yes," said the chief correspondent. "Give me a telephonist."

Reuters, in common with the whole British Press, em-

ployed highly skilled shorthand writers who could take any dictated story over a long-distance telephone as fast as it was rattled out to them. A telephonist was put on the wire and the Reuters correspondent, long-practised at this work, dictated an impromptu story of the short radio report from the rocket to Grand Fenwick, details of Gloriana's farewell address, reaction in the Duchy to the rocket's take-off and the picturesque detail that Dr. Kokintz's last words before departing for the moon had been a request that his birds be taken care of and fed regularly.

WITHIN a matter of a few minutes, teletypes in newspaper, radio, and television offices all over the world, from Darjeeling to Detroit and Melbourne to Manchester, were giving the six abrupt, spine-tingling rings that indicated that a dispatch of the first urgency was coming over the line. And then all these teletypes in all these offices all over the world began battling out the words:

Urgent—a nuclear-powered rocket with two men

aboard, one of them world-famous physicist Dr. Theodore Kokintz, was successfully launched from the Duchy of Grand Fenwick at 9.15 GMT this morning in an attempt to land on the moon.

The story, delivered in short takes of one paragraph for quick handling, ran to several columns of copy.

It was ripped off the teletypes as it came through, paragraph by paragraph.

Radio and television programmes were interrupted to put it immediately on the air. Newspapers replated, flinging extra editions out of the streets in every city of the globe, and suddenly it was as if the whole distracted world had been silenced and all eyes and ears were directed toward the tiny little Duchy tucked away in the Northern Alps between France and Switzerland which had performed this miraculous and unbelievable feat.

The news hit the eastern border of the United States about eight in the evening, when the last editions of the New York evening papers had long been put to bed. Nonetheless, they called their staffs back, replated and put out extras.

The White House Press Secretary, who was having a

To page 70

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(Copyright)

Continued from page 37 WOMAN IN THE BACKGROUND

She shook her head. "Navy-blues are for conservative, play-it-safe women. They want to appear proper but inconspicuous, melt into the background."

Susan shrugged, bit into the apple, and stalked from the room. Louise's hands automatically resumed picking out basting stitches. Ordinarily, she laughed off Susan's eternal quizzes. Today, the bleak truth hit too close to the nerve.

She was a background person, Louise admitted ruefully; always had been. Maybe being brought up by old people, her distrustful Victorian grandparents, had done it. She really didn't mind so much, except for times like tonight.

"Don't pay any attention to her, Mum."

She'd forgotten Billy completely. From the hall, she heard Susan's voice answering the phone. Louise listened, nodding because she could tell from Susan's gushing tone that the caller was that good-looking senior who was football captain at high school.

That conversation was too important to interrupt. Louise shook the apricot sheath. "Turn your back a minute," she told Billy. When he had she slipped out of her own house-dress and into the sheath. Susan was always hard to catch, but it didn't matter. Their measurements matched, if not the results.

"What did you want to ask me, Billy?" Louise said.

He turned around, eyed her, and whistled.

"Don't be silly," Louise said, flustered. "This dress is for your sister."

Suddenly she noticed it was time to start supper for Billy and Susan. Hurriedly, she shoed away Billy, changed back to the house-dress and hung the apricot sheath on a hanger over the top of the door sill.

Later, while she dressed upstairs, she heard Paul whistling off key in the other bathroom. She went downstairs to find Susan had gone off without drying the dishes. She grabbed a dish-towel.

PAUL and Billy came into the room in a minute.

"Louise!" Paul howled at her. "For Pete's sake! It's almost seven. Why don't you go get dressed?"

Louise looked down at her navy-blue, fingered her single strand of pearls, her face flushing painfully. She was dressed. Couldn't he see she was dressed?

Paul waved his hand imperatively toward the apricot sheath, still hanging in the doorway. "When are you going to put it on? Hurry, will you? I'll go start up the car."

She stood in strained silence when he'd left, suffering her own hurt, conscious, too, of Billy watching her. How could Paul be so unthinking? He knew she never wore clothes as un-

suitable as the slim, daring sheath.

"Why don't you, Mum?" Billy said. He marched over and got the dress, shoved it at her. She shook her head vehemently. "You looked great in it. And Dad evidently thinks it's right for you."

Oddly, there was a message in Billy's expression: understanding, encouragement. From the mouths of babes, they said. Shouldn't a woman try to be, she thought, reaching, the woman her husband's love entitled her to be? She took the dress, then turned back at the door to Billy.

"What did you want to ask me earlier, Billy?"

He colored. "Well, there's this girl at school. I can't work up the nerve to ask her out."

Louise's heart lurched. Why hadn't she ever realised? Handsome Billy, the replica of his father, but he was unsure of himself. Susan and Paul were foreground people. Billy was a background person, just as she was. She could help him; she could and would, the way he'd just helped her.

"We'll talk about it tomorrow," she said softly. "We'll have a long talk. She's probably dying for you to ask her out." She smiled confidently over it, going up the stairs. For herself, she already felt like a woman in an apricot sheath, whose husband was waiting to take her to a dinner dance.

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overnight recovery

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off their food, "nervy" are very
often sufferers from temporary
constipation. Your answer is
simple; one or two chocolate
Laxettes at bedtime and your
child can be happy and well
again next day. Laxettes con-
tain an exact dose of the
safest, surest laxative you can
buy, and there's no taste but
the chocolate. Buy a packet
today, 3/3, and when nature
forgets, remember Laxettes.
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Continued from page 68

THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

drink at the Press Club bar in Washington, got the story hot off the Reuters teletype, which was conveniently installed only a few steps from the bar. When the six warning bells rang, the bar emptied and everybody crowded around the Reuters machine. Somebody read the message aloud as it was pecked out by the keys, and suddenly there was a mass exodus as correspondents and local men dashed back to their offices in case they should be needed for a Washington reaction.

The White House Press Secretary's name was O'Hara. He'd left Boston newspapers for Boston politics and, having astutely handled Press relations for the right candidate, wound up in the White House.

In his college days he had been a champion sprinter, but he broke all his previous records in a dash from the Press Club building to the White House, flung himself behind his desk, and called the President, who was sitting down to dinner with an ambassador from one of the Arab States.

"Chief," he said, "there's a Reuters report just come in that the Duchy of Grand Fenwick has successfully launched a rocket to the moon with Kokintz aboard. The Press are going to be down on us like an avalanche in a minute."

"Say that again," said the President.

O'Hara repeated the statement again and asked if there was any

comment he could give from the White House.

"Comment?" cried the astounded President. "Comment? Just what would you suggest, O'Hara. I say it's crazy."

"That's what I thought, Chief," said O'Hara. "But there are too many details for it to be anything but true. We ought to have some comment ready. I think we ought to say that we welcome this splendid achievement and so on and point out that, without wishing to detract in any way from Grand Fenwick's credit, we loaned them the money for the research and gave them a Saturn rocket as a space vehicle."

There was a terrible silence while the President digested the import of this last statement.

"Are you losing your mind, O'Hara?" he said at last. "Don't you know what this means? It means that using a secondhand rocket which we gave them and with an expenditure of a miserable fifty million dollars, Grand Fenwick has beaten us to the moon. That's what it means."

"They're not there yet, Chief," said O'Hara. "They're not much more than ten thousand miles on their way. It's a slow rocket," he added.

"Ten thousand miles is a heck of a lot farther than we have been able to send a monkey," said the President. He pulled himself together. "No comment," he said. "Tell them we're awaiting confirmation through official sources. And I want a full-dress Cabinet meeting here in an hour. That's not for release," he added.

O'HARA just had time to call the President's chief assistant about the Cabinet meeting before the telephone calls from Press, radio, and television started to pour in. To all he gave the stock reply that the President was awaiting official confirmation of the report, and until this was received there would be no comment from the White House. But he was not let off easily.

The newspapermen had been digging into the clippings about Grand Fenwick and found the previous stories announcing the gift of 50,000,000 dollars to Grand Fenwick for rocket research and later the transfer of a Saturn rocket to the Duchy.

What about it? they wanted to know. How come Grand Fenwick could send a rocket to the moon with a gift of what amounted to petty cash and the cast-off materials of the United States? O'Hara pointed out that those questions should be properly addressed either to the State Department or to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

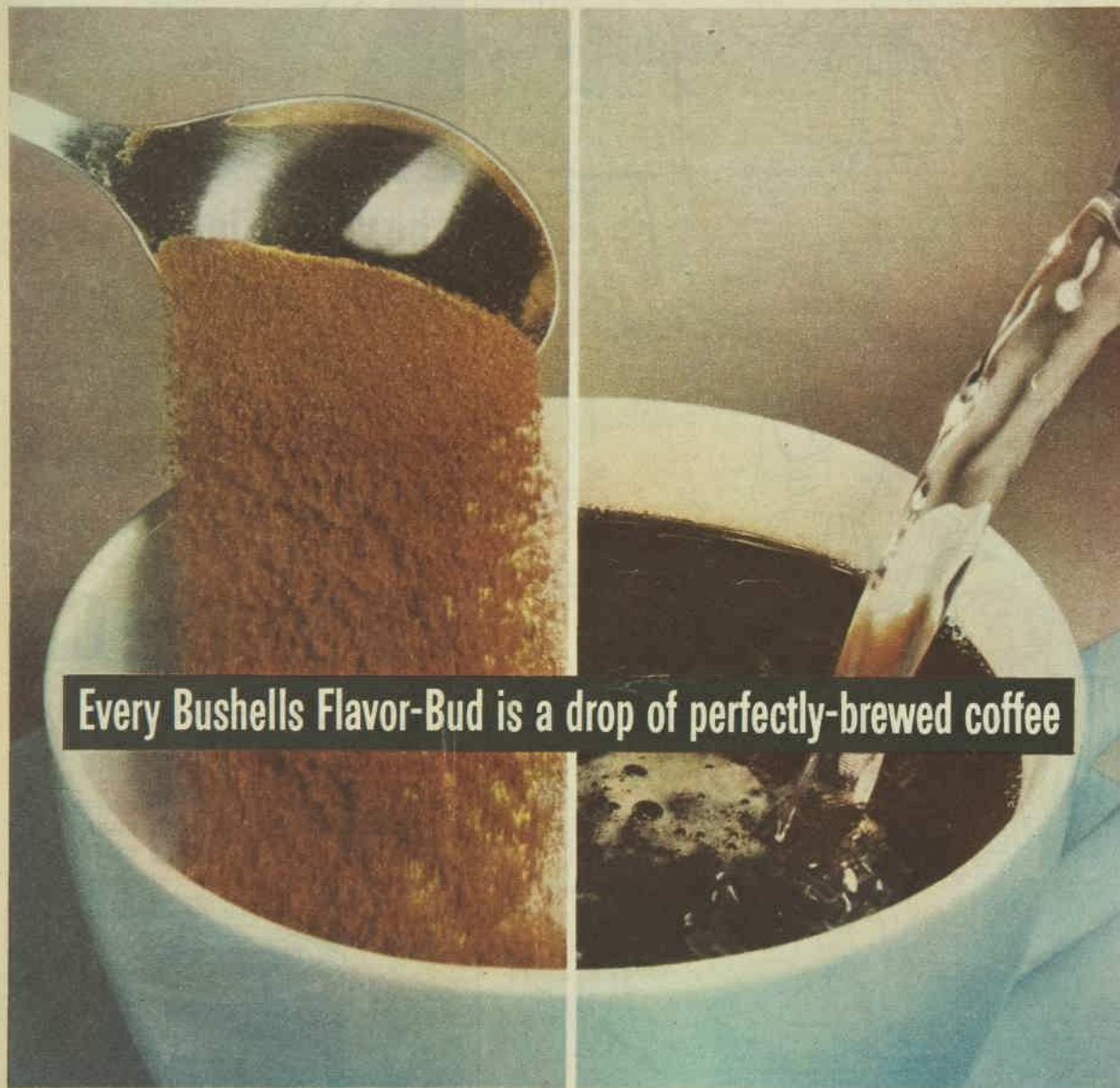
The tone of the Press was indignant and, sensing this, O'Hara called the editors of such papers as the "New York Times," the "Kansas City Star," and the "Christian Science Monitor" and suggested that they might consider withholding editorial comment involving the United States for a day or two. The editors agreed. But when a special edition of the "New York Daily News," which had been flown to Washington, was brought to O'Hara, the headline made him flinch.

It read:
**LILLIPUT HEADS FOR MOON
IN JUNKED U.S. ROCKET**
The "New York Daily Mirror" headline was no more friendly. It read:

**U.S. "DUD" BECOMES
SPACESHIP FOR DUCHY**
"There is going to be hell to pay for this," said O'Hara, ceying these headlines. And then he began wondering grimly what it would be like back at his old post writing editorials for the paper in Boston. He shuddered at the prospect.

To be concluded

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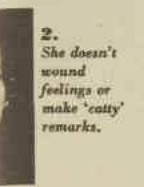
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DRW(23)

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE has just finished a magic show, using hypnosis and illusion to make "ghosts" appear on stage. Backstage, he has a visit from a young woman who takes ghosts seriously. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- Disappearing trick (11).
 - Assaults at small flat-headed nails (7).
 - Fragment of a broken car hidden by a bookie (5).
 - Bed covers, possibly for parasitic acarids (5).
 - Thoroughly imbued in the fruit of cereal plants (7).
 - Dwarfishness (6).
 - Set rib (anagr., 6).
 - Depraved (7).
 - A fish (5).
 - The end of this fish forms a crowd (5).
 - Fife end for this Turkish master (7).
 - These joints are evidently for gourmets (11).



Solution of last week's crossword.

- DOWN
- Vain cat (anagr., 7).
 - They join heads to shoulders (5).
 - Model a Bellini's opera (5).
 - Deciding factor possibly in a fisherman's life (7, 4).
 - In spite of its sound it is not the chief water supply of Madrid (7, 4).
 - Such game is a swindling trick (4).
 - It is sweet and can be used as rug (5).
 - It is a spy, but not when preceded by a boy (5).
 - A great Australian poet (7).
 - Sees as actual existence (4).
 - Scotch or economic life indicates an odd job (5).
 - Comic actor in an opera (5).

Solution will be published next week.



LAST WEEKS!

3rd MARVILLE NATIONAL BAKING QUEST

1,025 PRIZES WORTH £11,050

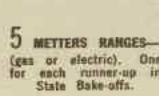


5 FORD FALCONS TO BE WON

(one for each State)

PLUS £1,000 FOR NATIONAL WINNER

Win your very own Ford Falcon De-Luxe Sedan... plus £1,000 cash and the coveted crown of Australia's Baking Queen. This and any of over 1,000 other valuable prizes could be yours for sending in your favourite recipe. DO IT NOW—to qualify for valuable weekly prizes; Weekly winners announced in Women's Weekly.



5 METTERS RANGES—(gas or electric). One for each runner-up in State Bake-offs.



5 KENWOOD MIXERS—one for each third place in State Bake-offs.



23 PHILIPS TRANSISTORS—one each for 15 State Bake-off contestants not winning a car, range or mixer, and 8 National weekly winners.



980 AGEE PYREX RAMEKINS (sets of 6)—multi-colour 12 oz. ramekins for State weekly winners (See Page 2).

Special Prizes for Schoolchildren—£50 cash for each State Schoolgirl Princess. The National Princess also wins a Philips Rhapsody Stereogram. This section open only to school students (under 18). Tick entry form if eligible.

Winners of the State Bake-offs will compete in the National Bake-off at Sydney, and the winner of this will be 1963 Marville Baking Queen.

Competitors in State Bake-offs enjoy free travel on their trip to the State capital. National finalists will be flown to Sydney via Ansett-ANA and accommodated at the Carlton-Rex Hotel.

EASY TO ENTER

- Send your favourite recipe for biscuits, cakes, scones or pastries made with MARVILLE Margarine to: 3rd Marville National Baking Quest, Box 7063, G.P.O., Sydney.
- Detach entry form below, fill it in and attach to your recipe. Extra entry forms available from your grocer.
- Attach a MARVILLE Margarine wrapper to your entry (except where this contravenes State Law). Weekly and princess prizes (see prizes panel) will be awarded on recipe alone. State Bake-off finalists will be selected in each State and will actually bake their recipes under controlled conditions in the State capitals.



Conditions: Judge's decision is final. Employees of MARVILLE Margarine Company, or their associated companies (and their families), Home Economists, Chefs and Bakers may not enter. All recipes submitted become the property of the makers of MARVILLE Margarine.

ENTRY FORM

To: 3rd Marville National Baking Quest, Box 7063, G.P.O., Sydney.

I enclose my recipe and accept the conditions of the 3rd Marville National Baking Quest as advertised.

NAME _____ (BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS _____

Name of Store where Marville purchased _____

Tick here if school student (under 18) ☐

Closing date for entries: 2nd August, 1963

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Get wonderful relief from "stuffy" head colds—anytime, anywhere with NYAL 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY. A fine mist of relief-bringing medication penetrates high into nose and sinuses. Relief lasts for four hours. Soothing and gentle to delicate nasal tissue, 6/6

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

Teenagers'

July 24, 1963

WEEKLY



● Clowning after a long and strenuous rehearsal, the Ray Price Quartet is one of the few full-time professional jazz groups in Australia. It consists of (from left) Pat Rose (saxophone and clarinet), Colin Nolan (piano), Ray Price (banjo and guitar), and John Sangster (trumpet)

THE RAY PRICE QUARTET

PAT ROSE played in the Irish Guards Band when he was 15, and later played with some of the great names in jazz—George Shearing, Fats Waller, Benny Carter, Chris Barber, and Humphrey Middleton. Pat has been in Australia for six years and joined Ray in 1962.

Colin Nolan, the youngest mem-

ber of the group, joined Ray in 1959. Colin also leads his own group and is studying classical piano to improve his jazz technique.

Johnny Sangster played drums with Ray when Ray was commanding the Port Jackson Jazz Band. John then toured Europe and Japan, playing trumpet with Graeme Bell.

Ray Price played double bass in

the Sydney Symphony Orchestra before devoting himself to jazz. He brought the Port Jackson Jazz Band to fame, playing in a hotel on Sydney's waterfront before forming his present group.

The Quartet, which recently released a popular LP, "One Day I Met An African," has a repertoire of about 500 numbers.

LETTERS

Holiday club for schoolgirls

I AM president of a newly formed club, made up of five junior girls at a Rockhampton school. We call ourselves "The Holiday Club," and our object is to save some money before we leave school toward a vacation to the islands off North Queensland.

We have decided to see Australia before we attempt to travel overseas. To do this we are taking part-time jobs during the holidays and entering various competitions as well.

We strongly urge other teenagers to aim at some distant goal, for we are not only saving money and gaining a sense of responsibility, as it were, but through our club we have a lot of fun among ourselves. — "President," Alpha, Qld.

Dangerous relics

NUMBERS of dangerous war souvenirs are confiscated annually by the Army. It is time we had a special campaign to warn people about the dangers of these souvenirs. Some live shells are used as doorstops, which a good bump would set off.

It would be a good idea to have an "anti-souvenir" week with competitions for the best posters by children. This would arouse their interest and warn them of the dangers. — "Anti-Souvenir," Bathurst, N.S.W.

Girls in boots

AS a fashion-conscious teenager I am wondering what boys think of the girls' latest winter craze—wearing boots.

A local male correspondent recently condemned boots as ridiculous for the dry pavements of Adelaide. I hope he has eaten his words, because not only has it been extremely wet but also bitterly cold since then.

We girls are very glad of our snug and comfortable boots. How do other males feel about them?—R.E.P., Adelaide.

PUZZLE

• An explorer travelled eight miles due south. He stopped to eat lunch, and then travelled eight miles due west. He stopped for a nap, and when he awoke he set his course due north, and after travelling eight miles he was back where he started.

From what place did he start his journey?

Answer, page 7.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Are they ashamed?

AT school the other day the conversation turned to music, and when I remarked that I thought Gilbert and Sullivan songs were my favorites, everyone looked at me in astonishment.

However, on attending performances of "The Mikado" and "Yeomen of the Guard" (there were full houses at both) I found that a great percentage of the audience were teenagers, and yet I've never heard one teenager remark they liked Gilbert and Sullivan.

Are they ashamed, and trying to conceal the fact? I believe a liking for these musicals shows signs of maturity.—D. Ross, Brisbane.

Ill winds . . .

DURING the last few weeks I have, like everyone else, been cursing the wet weekends. I now think it may have been a blessing. No more do I go out with pins in skirt waists or coats with buttons off.

Due to the recent weather, I've got more sewing and mending done than I have in the last two years.

But don't misunderstand me. I'm eagerly awaiting the next glimmer of blue sky to break through.—"Rastus," Riverwood, N.S.W.

Pillory the gangs!

I WAS shocked to read in the news that a gang of youths threw a young woman out of a moving train. These gangs, once relatively small in number, appear to be growing to menacing proportions.

My suggestion for a suitable deterrent would be the re-establishment of stocks and pillories. Public ridicule would soon cure them.—(Miss) L. Andrews, Melbourne.

Glory-box at 14

A FRIEND of mine is only 14 years old and has already started a glory-box. Every weekend she adds up her savings and works out what she will buy next for her box. Towels, pillow-cases, sheets, and face-washers are just a few articles she has purchased.

I think at 14 years of age this is ridiculous. What do other readers think?—Judith Missans, Berri, S.A.

Flying classroom

A FEW weeks ago our geography class had a lesson with a difference—instead of having it in the classroom we had it at an altitude of 5000 feet.

For quite a number of us it was our first air trip. It lasted 30 minutes, and we flew over Brisbane and the surrounding areas of the Glasshouse Mountains and Moreton Bay.

It was fun to try to identify all the various landmarks we had learned about, and to put this knowledge to good use by discussing it among ourselves.

Although some of us were a little "green" when we landed, we wouldn't have missed it for anything.—(Miss) C. Henderson, Coorparoo, Qld.

Book vandals

IN university and public libraries you often find books from which whole chapters have been wantonly torn.

Why would anyone do this? Students are severely penalised if their essays copy the ideas of other writers. And what happens to the missing pages when the student responsible for the damage is finished with them? Are they tucked away for exclusive use by this one student, or are they just thrown out?

BEATNIK



"I asked her if she knew of any opening for a guy like me — and she showed me the door."

Most of us use the books to get the factual background of the subject, not to copy the ideas of someone else.

Shortage of academic books is a problem which may never be solved, and this type of vandalism makes the books that are available useless because the vital pages are missing. — P. Martenson, Canley Vale, N.S.W.

Next week

• There's a big fashion swing to bright colors in shoes, handbags, and accessories—and the very latest are vividly shown in our next issue. And on the cover there will be a pin-up of Melbourne singer Johnny Chester.

Time for engagement

• "Bride-to-be" (T.W., 5/6/63) asked if it is better to be engaged briefly and live in a rented flat or to have a long engagement, saving all the time for a home to move into after marriage. Her friends, she said, were amazed that she planned a two-year engagement.

SOME people say that a lot of fun in a marriage is the initial struggle for a home, but this struggle can also cause the failure of a marriage.

Rent is money wasted, not money saved, and a two-year engagement gives sufficient time to save a down payment on a home. There is plenty of fun, too, in saving and planning.

Two years is also sufficient time for a young couple to become sure of their feelings toward one another before they take the final step.

I am 19, and my fiancé is 22, and we are enjoying our two-year time of preparation and planning for a home of our own.—Fay Moore, Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

LONG engagements are not always wise, as they sometimes make for boredom and friction. However, a period is needed for planning—for the home, and future life together.

So make sacrifices to do this and shorten the waiting period. A home of one's own is something all young marrieds want, but once bought, marry and

leave all the luxury items to be acquired gradually together. —"Aquarius," Clayton, Vic.

GO ahead with your plans, and do not be persuaded against your own better judgment. Marry when you feel you are ready, and save the rent to spend on a home of your own.

Do not be influenced by others, who are, after all, only interfering in your private affairs. Later on you may regret a change of decision.—Marguerite Wallace, Roseville, N.S.W.

MY fiancé and I have seen too many of our friends rush into marriage with the idea of living in a flat for a few months—then finding expenses so high they cannot find the money to save for their own homes.

To buy a house before marriage is absolutely necessary.—Faye Mark, Bailleen, Vic.

"BRIDE-TO-BE" made the mistake of displaying her ring too soon. Once the novelty of the engagement wears off, friends want the

anticipation of wedding plans.

Stick to your wise plan and head off the next sticky-beak about your wedding date with "I'll tell you in time to get a present."

Marriage is the biggest event in your life, so don't be stampeded into it just to provide excitement and romance for the crowd.—"Mind Their Own," Geelong, Vic.

IF you and your fiancé can organise your finances satisfactorily together, then I suggest you marry as soon as it is convenient. Live in a flat, and both work.

Making friends with other married couples, visiting their houses, will give you a better idea of the sort of house you really want to live in. In several years your joint savings account should provide the deposit on a house.

The old adage "Two can live as cheaply as one" is not strictly true, but certainly two people can live cheaper together than they can separately.—J. D. Alderson, Manjimup, W.A.

At 15 he composes classical music

By Marjorie Stapleton

● With a happy smile and a twinkle in his eye, 15-year-old Peter Hodkinson, of Shorncliffe, near Brisbane, received the news that he should "live and breathe Johan Sebastian Bach for the next five years."

THIS was good news to Peter, as music is his magnificent obsession.

Peter is a young classical composer who had his first pianoforte lesson only two years ago.

When friends of his mother recently heard a tape-recording of his latest composition, "Dreaming," they persuaded her to send all his work to the Queensland Conservatorium of Music for examination.

Mrs. Hodkinson said that as his mother she was hopeful of a good report; as his music teacher she was diffident.

Incidentally, boy-friends of Peter had "taped" the music one wet afternoon while he played to them waiting for the rain to pass.

A reply soon came from Mr. Lloyd Vick, of the Queensland "Con," specialist in composition, form, and history of music.

"I have examined your boy's manuscripts, and it is my opinion that the work shows an undoubted gift and intense interest in composition," he wrote.

"The boy's gifts need harnessing, and much hard study lies ahead. . . . The study of composition really resolves into a study of the technique of composition of different periods. . . ."

"I suggest you get him a book of chorales harmonised by J. S. Bach. . . . There are many harmonisations of chorales by Bach. Let him PLAY them on the piano and LIVE with them, and gradually DIGEST what he can of the idiom. . . ."

"Conducts" while on long walks

There was much more good advice to a budding composer which Peter decided to follow.

"But my schoolwork will have to come first," he admitted. "I'll do my homework and then settle down to Bach."

"As it is I practise piano all through the weekend. Photography and tennis are my only other interests."

Peter and his mother live in a flat on a cliff overlooking the sea. He takes long walks to make up for active weekend sport, sometimes conducting an imaginary orchestra as he walks along or thinking out a new score.

His "Dreaming" seems to hold the tang of the Australian bush. Other compositions include "Water Wheel," "A Lament," and "Prelude and den Fantasia."

Beethoven and Grieg are his favorite composers, and Rudolf Pekarek (of the Queensland Symphony Orchestra) is his favorite conductor.

His ambition is to have a composition conducted by Mr. Pekarek one day, with Peter himself at the piano.

"I guess there's no harm in dreaming," laughed the cheerful young composer, and ran through his "Dreaming" music for me, then a Bach fugue.

As the sea breezes fluttered the curtains and Peter drank his third cup of tea, I thought how Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, and Bach himself would have envied the lithe, healthy youth who idolised their music.

Hopes to starve in a garret

Short hair, short sleeves, a fond mother to teach you music and cook for you, school (St. Patrick's College) just 100 yards down the street, the blue ocean at the bottom of the cliffs. . . .

I should think Peter's compositions will all be light classics so long as he remains in this setting.

His daydreams include starving in a garret in Vienna and composing heavy classics there, but he says he will have to finish school before the starving season sets in (helping himself to another piece of cake).

"And now I must look for a suitable music teacher for him," Mrs. Hodkinson remarked. "I have a teacher's diploma, but I feel he is getting past me."

"Nonsense!" said Peter, flexing his long 10-key fingers, and played us his "Lament."

Although it was a lament, he still had a twinkle in his merry eye, this happy young composer who has never played pops and never appeared on TV.

He admits to playing at school concerts and reaching the final of a radio talent quest with Sinding's "Rustle of Spring."

Cheerful 15-year-old composer Peter Hodkinson, of Brisbane, who had his first lesson in pianoforte from his mother less than two years ago.



How to cure an inferiority complex

● Until recently I had a dreadful inferiority complex — one of the worst things that can happen to a teenager.

By Kelly Street

I HAD always been short and rather thin, and my looks were only ordinary.

At the age of 15, when most of my friends were beginning to look like attractive young women and having a great time leading the happy-go-lucky life of a normal teenager, I was sitting by myself, sighing and wishing I didn't look about three years younger than I was.

There were no parties and gay schoolday crushes for me. Boys had very little interest in me, because I looked so young and was shy and withdrawn. The more I was left out of things the more silent and withdrawn I became.

I was terribly self-conscious. If people tried to be nice to me and converse with me I thought they were either trying to make a fool of me or felt pity for me.

My hurt pride caused me to unintentionally snub acquaintances. I pretended not to hear when boys spoke to me, and looked the other way when I saw anyone I knew only slightly.

As a result of this seeming snobbishness people no longer went out of their way to be nice to me. My complex built up as a feeling of being alone and unpopular and disliked filled me.

I snapped at my family, flew into terrible rages, or sat sulking morosely in my room wishing I had never been born.

I was fiercely possessive and became outrageously jealous if my few friends seemed to be

forming strong, friendly relations with others.

If I dared to like a certain boy, my hopes were dashed when I discovered he liked another girl. I came to detest anyone who was pretty and popular.

During the lunch-hour at school I would eat alone, glumly contemplating my miserable existence.

Then, gradually, I began to get more self-confidence. Perhaps it was because of some article I had read, but I really think that my best friend started me back on the road to enjoying life.

Friend's advice

One day, after we had been talking to a group of gay, popular girls and boys, I remarked that I hadn't said a word because I felt that I would say the wrong thing and be considered a fool—that I felt inferior to these happy kids.

She gave me quite a lecture, telling me that I was just as good as any of those young people. I was quite intelligent, good at school work, and moreover quite attractive, she said.

Gradually I began to take an interest in myself. I realised that not many people are beautiful, and, anyway, friendliness and personality are the things that really count.

Experiments with make-up,

hairstyles, and flattering clothes improved my good points and camouflaged my bad ones.

I smiled and said, "Hello" when I met people, and gradually began to mix with people, talk sensibly or gaily as the occasion demanded, and soon discovered that other teenagers were accepting me.

The change did not come overnight — it was gradual, taking nearly a year, and is not even yet complete.

But I know that I am a normal teenager now. I can laugh and talk, and mix with people of all ages. I am madly in love with a dreamy boy, and (joy!) the feeling is mutual!

Just as my shyness led people to believe I was a snob, and thus to avoid me, now my efforts to be friendly are winning me friends and confidence in myself.

Each day I discover some little thing to make me happy, though I still have my little "tragedies."

I hope that anyone who is suffering as I did (and an inferiority complex does cause mental suffering) will take my advice—act now before your happiness and personality are warped.

Stand up straight, hold your head up, and look the world in the eye.

Don't be afraid of anyone. You may not be better than anybody else, but you're just as good. And remember—if you have confidence in yourself other people will, too.

For your own sake, try it!



Dough FUN TO MAKE

● Doughnuts are fun food—they're nice". Why not plan a Doughnut Party? recipes prepared by Dorothy

YOU can roll them in cinnamon-sugar, frost them with orange, chocolate, or any of the other delicious flavors suggested here, or you can top them with toasted coconut, chopped nuts, or pipe on gay little decorations.

Your doughnuts will be an instant success, so make lots of them.

Spoon measurements are level, and the eight-liquid-ounce measuring cup has been used.

DECORATE doughnuts gaily, with chocolate, pink or mocha icing. Or serve golden Berlin Doughnuts, jam-filled, topped with a snowy drift of icing-sugar.

Quantities given for each recipe make about two dozen doughnuts.

BASIC RECIPE

One egg, 4oz. sugar, 2 table-spoons softened butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup sour milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons bicarbonate soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt, oil for frying.

Beat egg, add sugar, continue beating until mixture is light and fluffy. Beat in softened butter or substitute, then essence and milk. Sift dry ingredients together, gradually add to egg mixture, blend well. Knead lightly.

Roll out $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, cut with a doughnut-cutter (or use two scone-cutters, one 3in. and one 1in., making rings). Allow to

HOW TO MAKE PERFECT RAISED DOUGHNUTS

● These step-by-step pictures show how easy it is to make perfect raised doughnuts with yeast. They are light as a feather and mouth-meltingly good.

THE secret of all yeast cookery is to stand the dough in a warm spot, so that the mixture will rise — on top of a warm stove is a good place.

Cover the bowl during the rising period — this helps keep the yeast at an even temperature.

You will need: 1lb. 9oz. flour, 1 teaspoon spice, 4oz. sugar, 1oz. powdered milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint lukewarm water, 2oz. compressed yeast, fat or oil for frying, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon.

Sift flour, spice, powdered milk, sugar, and salt into a

basin. Add butter or substitute and rub in well. Mix in beaten eggs and yeast (that has been crumbled into a small bowl and the warm water added, stir until yeast almost dissolves).

Mix to a soft dough and turn out on to a floured board. Knead well and place dough back into a lightly greased bowl. Stand in a warm place and

leave until dough is doubled in bulk.

Turn out on to board and roll out thinly. Cut into 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ or 3in. rings and then with a smaller cutter take out centres, so forming rings (or use a doughnut-cutter). Fry in hot oil or fat until browned and well risen. Toss in mixture of sugar and cinnamon.



TOP LEFT. Roll out dough and cut into rings with floured scone-cutters or doughnut-cutter. **LEFT.** Drop doughnuts into hot oil and fry lightly until browned on both sides. Drain well. **RIGHT.** Toss warm doughnuts in mixture of sugar and cinnamon.



Doughnuts

FUN TO SERVE

Use "sugar and spice and everything nice" to make a party this weekend, and use these recipes, our teenage chef?

stand 10 minutes; they will rise a little.

Deep-fry a few at a time in tuming-hot oil until golden brown, turning once.

Drain on absorbent paper. Shake in paper bag with cinnamon-sugar, or dip doughnuts in one of the frostings suggested below.

To make cinnamon-sugar, mix together well 1 cup sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

FROSTINGS

Use about 1 tablespoon of frosting for each doughnut, spoon over — or swirl doughnut tops in the frosting, then stand aside to set. These frosting quantities make enough for approximately two dozen doughnuts.

After frosting, doughnuts may be topped with plain or toasted coconut, chopped nuts, cherries, marmalade, or gay, decorative designs may be piped on.

Vanilla Frosting: 4 cups icing-sugar, 3 tablespoons milk, 2 teaspoons vanilla essence.

Sift icing-sugar, beat in milk and vanilla; mix until smooth and well combined.

Orange Frosting: Substitute 1 tablespoon grated orange rind for the vanilla. Add a few drops of orange food coloring.

Chocolate Frosting: Blend 2 ounces melted chocolate into Vanilla Frosting.

Coffee Frosting: Omit vanilla; dissolve 1½ teaspoons instant coffee in the milk before adding to sifted icing-sugar.

DOUGHNUT BUTTONS

The centre buttons cut from the doughnuts can be cooked separately, then frosted or dusted with sifted icing-sugar. These little golden buttons are delicious and attractive to serve.

Or thread two or three together on a small wooden pick, touching lightly so they'll join when cooking; plunge into deep, hot fat. The little buttons pull up into unusual shapes.

BATTER FOR DOUGHNUT IRONS

Special doughnut irons are now available in most large city stores. A thick, pancake-type batter is poured into the iron; the iron is then lowered into the hot oil; in a few seconds the batter rises. Turn the doughnut iron over — this will free the doughnut.

Then repeat the process, pouring more batter into the

iron. Turn doughnuts once during cooking so that they are a golden brown all over.

Doughnut-Iron Batter: Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1½ teaspoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, milk.

Rub butter into flour, add sugar and just enough milk to make a thick consistency of batter that will pour into the doughnut iron.

CHOCOLATE DOUGHNUT DROPS

Sift in 1 tablespoon cocoa with dry ingredients of basic doughnut recipe, fold in ½ cup chopped, shredded coconut to batter. Drop dough, by heaped teaspoonfuls into hot oil. When balls rise to surface, turn, fry until golden brown on both sides.

When cool, frost or dip tops into melted chocolate; put aside until chocolate sets. Sprinkle with sifted icing-sugar.

BERLIN DOUGHNUTS

One ounce yeast, ¼ cup lukewarm water, ½ cup butter or substitute, ½ cup milk (scalded), ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 3½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg-white, strawberry (or raspberry or apricot) jam, oil for frying, icing-sugar.

Sprinkle yeast on to lukewarm water, stir until dissolved. Melt butter or substitute in scalded milk, cool to lukewarm.

Beat together dissolved yeast, lukewarm milk-butter mixture, sugar, eggs, and salt. Add sifted flour, a little at a time, then grated lemon rind; beat well. Let rise in warm place, covered, until almost double.

When risen, knead lightly on lightly floured board; roll out to approximately ⅛ in. thickness. Cut into rounds with floured 2½ in. plain biscuit-cutter.

Brush half of rounds with slightly beaten egg-white, place 1 teaspoon strawberry or other jam in centre of each. Top jam rounds with remaining rounds, pinching edges together firmly. Cover, let rise in warm place until almost double.

Fry, a few at a time, in deep hot oil until golden brown, turning once. Drain on absorbent paper. Sprinkle with sifted icing-sugar.

FRENCH GOLDEN-PUFF DOUGHNUTS

One cup water, 2½ ounces butter or substitute, 1 dessert-spoon sugar, pinch salt, 1 cup flour, 3 large eggs, whipped

cream, strawberries or peaches, rum, icing-sugar.

Place water, butter, sugar, and salt in saucepan, bring to boil. Add flour all at once, stirring vigorously with wooden spoon over heat until mixture is thick.

When it forms a smooth ball and leaves sides of pan, remove from heat; cool slightly. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each.

With icing-bag and large plain pipe, pipe mixture in doughnut shapes on to well-greased waxed paper; do only one or two doughnuts at a time. Invert paper over pan of deep, hot oil; as the steam reaches the doughnuts they will drop into the pan. Fry until golden, turning once.

Drain on absorbent paper; cool. Split carefully, fill with whipped cream flavored with rum, through which some chopped strawberries or peaches

have been folded. Dust with sifted icing-sugar.

POTATO DOUGHNUTS

Three cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup butter or substitute, 1 cup cold unseasoned mashed potatoes, ¼ cup milk, oil for frying, cinnamon-sugar.

Sift flour with baking-powder, salt, and nutmeg. Beat eggs with sugar and softened butter until very light and fluffy. Beat in potatoes gradually. Stir in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk; the dough will be soft. Wrap in waxed paper or aluminium foil, refrigerate at least 1 hour.

Roll out half the chilled dough on well-floured surface (refrigerate remaining dough until ready to use). Turn over dough to coat with flour. Roll out approximately 1-3rd inch thick. Cut with doughnut-cutter. Press trimmings to-

ARRANGE doughnuts decoratively on paper doilies, and they'll be a conversation centrepiece.

gether, re-roll, and cut. Let rest 10 minutes.

Gently drop into hot oil, a few at a time. As they rise to surface, turn; cook until golden brown on both sides. Drain well. Dip warm doughnuts in cinnamon-sugar.

Finally, for a good drink to go with doughnuts, try:

CHOC-MILK PARTY SHAKE

Swirl chocolate sauce around the base of each glass; add two scoops of ice-cream. Fill with milk which has been beaten with a little malted milk powder. Drizzle a little strawberry syrup down the sides of glass. Top with whipped cream; drizzle a little chocolate sauce over the cream. Serve deliciously chilled.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Out of this world?

"WE are twins raised in the traditional Victorian manner — so strictly that the discipline almost drives us into the depths of insanity. Although we are 19, our parents refuse to allow us out of the house unless escorted by 'mater and pater,' because 'a species of the male sex might raise his eyebrow at THEIR daughters.' We have seriously considered leaving home, but fear the effect of sudden impact with the outside world, having been constantly protected from base humanity. We are deeply indebted and grateful for our parents' care, but the strain of their exaggerated concern is almost unbearable."

L. and R.R., S.A.

Are you sure you're not indulging in just a little Victorian melodrama? If you've given me a genuine picture, it's certainly time you made some move to assert your individualities and begin living in a world you'll have to face, sooner or later, without parental protection.

The best way to meet and mix with people is to take up some form of work—part-time or on a voluntary basis if you like—or a course of study. (I'm assuming that you're at home all the time at present.) Offer your services to the Red Cross, go to a business college and learn to type, go out and take art or millinery lessons—anything.

Choose something you're genuinely interested in, then tell your parents. It's up to you to convince them of your sincerity.

Although you are old enough, you cannot legally leave home unless you can support yourselves adequately, but it may help your situation if your parents realise you have been contemplating such a step.

Double dilemma

"WE are 16-year-old twin sisters with the same problem. We belong to a church fellowship which holds its activities on a Saturday night a long way from our home. Transport is willingly supplied by two boys who attend with us. Our problem is that they want to go steady with us, and we don't want to, as we wish to concentrate on our studies for the Leaving Certificate. We don't wish to hurt their feelings by telling them. We wish to keep things on a friendly basis. As these boys are both 20, we feel they would be wasting their time with us. Please advise us, as we don't want to lose their friendship."

"Twins," N.S.W.

Just tell the boys what you've told me. I doubt if you'll hurt their feelings—or lose their friendship. If they are unchivalrous enough to stop providing transport (which is at least part of your problem, isn't it?), their friendship isn't worth bothering about, anyhow.

Green eyelashes

"I LIKE a boy who is hopelessly in love with another girl who has a very bad character. She is deliberately nasty to me because she is so sure she has got him. None of the boys seem to be able to see through her. Do you think I should tell him that she is not his type? Also at what age is it right for a girl to wear false eyelashes?"

A.S., W.A.

1. No. He'll see through YOU if you do.

2. There is no "right age" to wear false eyelashes. Apart from models, few women can get away with them—except on the stage or on television. However, from your first question, maybe green ones would suit you.

Family inspection

"I AM 19 and shortly to become engaged to a man 13 years my senior. My parents don't approve of the match because of our age difference, but will not stand in our way. His parents, who live in the country, have invited me there for a weekend in the near future. My problem is that they also disapprove because they think I'm an immature schoolgirl. His mother depends greatly on her son and resents any girl who might take him

away from her. His older brothers and sisters will also be present to see if I'm good enough for their favorite brother. I've never been so scared. Could you advise me how to handle this situation?"

D.E., Vic.

Confide in your fiancé — tactfully. Don't tell him you're scared stiff, but that you are rather nervous about meeting his family because you're so anxious that they should like you, for his sake. Ask him questions about them so that you'll be forearmed with some knowledge of the things they'll be interested in talking about.

Don't try too hard to make a good impression when the time comes. Keep firmly fixed in your mind the fact that HE loves you and has chosen you to be his wife—and be your own natural self.

You'll probably still have butterflies (at least at first), but your fiancé's moral support and understanding should help to bolster up your confidence.

Looks or lucre?

"I HAVE recently met a boy who appeals to me very much, but he wears black-rimmed glasses and has a fair amount of freckles. My girlfriends make fun of all boys with such things as these. I continually feel embarrassed when he calls for me at work, as they always seem to be around at the time he calls for me in his car. Should I take notice of them (the girls) or should I keep him, as he has plenty of money and lots of love for me and everything a pretty girl could wish for except good looks?"

M.S., Tas.

Is it the boy who appeals to you—or his car and his cash? If you really liked him, you'd like his freckles and his glasses, too, whether the girls at work approved of them or not.

If his looks bother you, let him go—not for your sake, but for his.

A word from Debbie



• How about giving your den or attic a Spanish flavor? Get the gang to come and help you, with a party afterwards as bribery.

A few licks of paint in gay fiesta colors—red, orange, yellow, with white somewhere to give them more dazzle.

Vivid posters on the wall—in the Spanish theme, of course. One of your friends might do you a mural—a fiery senorita or a torreador scene.

Try the secondhand shops for an old guitar and some castanets.

Some cheap red-and-white checked gingham for the tables and windows, and we're nearly finished.

Get big brother or sister to give you some old chianti bottles and put bright red candles in them. Scatter them on the tables for wonderful atmospheric lighting.

All you need now are some flamenco discs to play at your party. Ole!

Coffee time

"I HAVE had this question on my mind for some time now. When I was at school I was told by my teachers that it was wrong to ask boys in for coffee after dates. But Mum said I should ask them in for coffee. Who is right—Mum or the teachers? Does the same apply when boys bring you home from dances?"

"Wondering," Vic.

Asking your escort in for coffee after a date, with your parents' consent, is not only right—it is a pleasant way of saying "Thank you" for the evening. (It would be wrong, of course, to abuse the privilege by letting him stay very late, or disturbing your parents' rest by playing records very loudly.)

You should use your own judgment about the boys who bring you home from dances. If you know them well, ask them in by all means. If you've only just met them that evening, it is sufficient to thank them for accompanying you home when you reach your front door, unless your parents are up and you know they won't mind.

Photo finish?

"LAST month I purchased a photo that a girl I am very fond of had taken on the beach. My sister found out and told the girl. After apologising, I offered her the photo, but she would not take it because I had paid for it. I feel I can't keep it because it would embarrass her, and I feel I have done the wrong thing. Please help me."

"Silly Sydney," Qld.

I doubt very much whether the girl really resents your having the photograph of her. She's probably secretly flattered that you went to the trouble of buying it—which could be the real reason she wouldn't take it from you. Just put it in your album (or with your pin-up collection) and don't worry any more.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Beauty
in brief:

LEG EXERCISE

WEAK and undeveloped feet and legs are sometimes the cause of legs "bowing" out at the knees or thighs, though wrong stance, especially in young girls, is sometimes the cause.

This wrong stance is the habit of "back slinging" the knees—standing with your legs apart, pushing the back of the knees out and leaning the weight of the body on them.

In this position the thighs are also pushed out and the knees and feet turn in, creating gaps between the legs and thighs. Very often this strain will cause the legs to bow.

The stress is placed on the outside muscles of the legs, and that is why, to correct this condition, it is necessary to build up the inside leg muscles.

However, bowed legs are not hopeless unless there is a real curvature of the bone itself. Their appearance can be helped a lot by proper exercises and the will to stand in the proper way once you've learned it.

Standing leg straightening is a good exercise to begin with. Stand before a mirror, place heels and toes together, relax the knees. Then draw the backs of the calves together, pulling them as tight as you possibly can, until they hurt, and in the mirror you will see your legs slowly straightening.

Hold the tight, straight leg position while you count 10, and then relax. Repeat 10 times at each session over a period of two or three months. You will achieve nothing in a hurry.

—Carolyn Earle



LISTEN HERE —with Diane Roberts

A fine sound, plus comedy

● The Hi Fis, a Melbourne instrumental trio which has migrated to Sydney, is a group with a difference. They combine a fine sound and good vocals, with comedy thrown in for good measure.

THE leader and arranger is Jeff Dart (piano and bass), Englishman John Rigby (vibraphone and drums) is the comedian of the group, and the guitarist is Johnny Kaye.

The Hi Fis have been playing together for two years, but turned professional only six months ago.

Since then they have worked in clubs and nightspots in Melbourne and have appeared on "In Melbourne Tonight," "The Vikki Hammond Show," and "Startime."

They have also toured Brisbane and Adelaide, and while in South Australia had a swinging weekend at Woomera Rocket Range entertaining the staff.

Jeff and the two Johns may never have met if musician Horrie Dargie's TV set had not broken down one day in 1961.

John Rigby, a TV technician, and John Kaye, a clerk, played drums and guitar in their spare time and had worked up an act together.

While repairing Horrie's set John Rigby mentioned that he and his friend were looking for work as musicians.

On the same day Jeff—who had trained as a concert pianist and music teacher—called on Horrie and asked him if he knew of any musicians interested in forming a group.

Horrie told him of the two Johns, and after a few workouts the three boys decided to form the group.

Since moving to Sydney they have appeared on "Bandstand" and played at a city night-club.

The boys plan to make frequent interstate tours and maybe a trip to the Far East.

COL JOYE has come up with a rocking album called "Classics of Rock" (Festival LP). On it he revives all the big hits of the rock era, and this disc really jumps. Numbers like "Hound Dog," "Whole Lotta Shaking Going On," and "See You Later, Alligator" sound far better than the original versions, as Col gives them a bit more polish and the Joy Boys provide a good beaty backing.

LEO DE KROO, who has been steady-dating Judy Stone for well over a year, took her to see Patti Page when she was appearing at a hotel in Sydney recently. After the show ("fantastic," according to Leo) they popped backstage to say hello to Patti and her husband, Charles O'Curran.

Charles was most taken with the boots Leo was wearing, and was surprised to learn that Leo and brother Doug have all their footwear made to their own designs.

These were very pointed and



The Hi Fis. From left, John Rigby (24), John Kaye (21), and Jeff Dart (23).

cut just above the ankle. Charles was so impressed that he ordered a pair to take home to America with him.

JAPAN'S top pop artist, Peggy Hyama, has released her first disc in Australia.

She sings — wait for it — "Click Go the Shears" in Japanese! It's delightful, with pretty choral backing.

The flip, "Oh, My Papa," she sings sweetly in English, but it hasn't the charm of "Click" (Festival 45).

LUCKY STARR'S latest release, cut just before he left on his tour of America, is a hepped-up version of the old "Muleskinner Blues" (Festival 45). It doesn't sound like Lucky, but it's a good treatment. "Rat Race," the flip, is just another song.

R.C.A. have released a new LP of Chet Atkins, "Travelin'." This man can make a guitar talk. He strums through this album making every track a joy. Difficult to pick which tracks are the best, but I like "Wheels," "Baubles, Bangles, and Beads," and "Exodus."

THE trend in the States at present is for artists to follow up a hit disc with an album based on their hit number. Ruby and The Romantics have produced "Our Day Will Come" (Kapp), and The Cascades "Rhythm of the Rain" (Warner Brothers). Both LPs are excellent.

The Exciters' album, "Tell Him" (United Artists), however, sounds as if it were done in a hurry. There is very little polish and poor material.

Puzzle answer

● The answer to our puzzle on page 2 is the North Pole. (From "Mathematical Fun, Games, and Puzzles," by Jack Frohlichstein. Published by Dover Publications, Inc., New York, and reprinted through permission of the publisher.)

—Martin Long

THE (SULKY) GOLDEN FLEECE

● I see that the Australian Wool Board's 1964 colors are called "sulky."

SOME of these colors, which replace the "Wild Colonial" range for 1963, are, I gather, labelled Bold as Brass, Wild Oats, and Ticked Pink.

The names are intended to attract young buyers. I echo the industry's primary producer — baaaaa! They can't pull the wool over my eyes when all this jazz is rammed, literally, down my throat as a new promotion.

At Shows for years I've seen girls in sulkies. And lasses have long been wearing sulky expressions, too.

I don't know, for that matter, what's so new about the actual "sulky" colors.

Haven't girls been wearing Bold as Brass dresses ever since Eve wore her first strapless?

Then, pity the poor wool. It's no laughing matter to be Ticked Pink.

All these Wool Board names are not very Australian, anyway.

I can offer a couple of more appropriately woolly ones — say, Shearer's Language Blue, and Thumbnailed Dipped in Tartan.

Miss Nan Sanders, director of the Board's Market Development section, has said "sulky" is a "name that has to be accepted with tongue in cheek—you mustn't take it too seriously."

I suggest, however, that people might take the colors seriously—and look what could happen . . .

A girl has been to a dressmaking class and returns home. Her mother asks her what she's been doing.

Imagine the commotion when the girl answers truthfully: "Oh, just sewing Wild Oats!"

Really, Miss Sanders!

I ALSO SEE that Australian scientists have found a tough timber, bull oak, that they claim can "floor" women's stiletto heels.

"It will definitely resist stiletto heels—it often knocks the hardened tips off circular saws," boasted one expert.

Though it goes against the grain, I must say I am pessimistic about the scientists' claims. Women will defeat the bull oak boys.

I don't care how tough the wood is. A woman can always be relied on to put her foot in it.

—Robin Adair

WORTH HEARING

Spanish Medieval Music

ALMOST everybody knows "Sumer is i-cumen in," but it is only lately that the musical scholars have begun to let ordinary music-lovers into the secret that there is an enormous amount of other medieval music with the same springing, dancing quality as that well-known song.

One of the groups that have done most in making this early music popular is the New York Pro Musica, whose latest record, "Spanish Medieval Music," is available here now through the Universal Record Club.

One side of this disc is given to 12 Cantigas—songs in praise of the Virgin Mary which were collected by Alfonso X of Castille near the time that "Sumer is i-cumen in" may have been written.

Many of the tunes used in these songs (there are about 400 altogether) sound as though they had been borrowed from popular dances, which may be the reason why the Pro Musica has nine out of the 12 performed on instruments alone—authentic medieval instruments such as krummhorns, psaltery and recorders.

The other side is in graver mood. It presents a group of magnificent liturgical works: three pieces from the liturgy of Santiago de Compostela, dating from the 12th century, and a 14th-century Mass in Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

—Martin Long

Youngest Wallaby

● When good-looking Phill Hawthorne left school in 1961, his burning ambition was to make the grade as a "marsupial" — though at that stage he wasn't sure whether he wanted to be a Kangaroo or a Wallaby!

HE decided, however, to concentrate on Rugby Union rather than League — and he amazed even himself by hopping right into the Wallaby Test Tour of New Zealand last year.

Since that first big hop he hasn't looked back, and now is touring South Africa as the only teenage member of the 1963 Wallaby side.

Phill, who is 19, is a nippy five-eighth player from Newcastle. He is one of 25 New South Welshmen in the team (the others are four Queenslanders and one Victorian).

When he left school the odds were really loaded that he'd choose to play Rugby League, for it was in this code that he won his way into school teams, and his father, Frank Hawthorne, is a former N.S.W. Rugby League player.

"It's hard to say why I chose Union," said Phill. "But I'd

By Cynthia Robinson

always followed the Wallaby tours with great interest, and they have some fabulous trips.

"For instance, there's a trip round the world in 1966, and maybe I'll be lucky enough to get on that, too."

Off the field, Phill is quietly spoken, rather shy, and at times even bashful.

Ask him if he's leaving any broken hearts behind while he's overseas and this Wallaby with a lot of fans (many of them pretty, too) can muster a decent blush, and a sheepish: "Heck, no. Cut THAT out."

As Phill runs on to the ground for a match, however, his whole personality changes. There's nothing shy, retiring, or sheepish about him then.

Any of his opponents will tell you that while, at 5ft. 8in., and just a little short of 11 stone, he is one of the smallest of the Wallabies, he is really tough to beat.

His main advantage on the field is his nippiness, and he says this is one reason he receives few injuries.

What about that broken jawbone he got just before playing in a Test against New Zealand last year? "Oh, that . . . that was nothing," he says with a grin.

Phill, a product of the Newcastle Boys' High, also played cricket, basketball, and tennis at school, but now mainly concentrates on his Rugby, and accountancy studies to help him in his job.

Over the years the amateur Union code has lost many of its stars to professional League, and at some future date this could quite easily happen to Phill, whose talents have already come under the notice of League scouts.

That Wallaby, therefore, could yet turn into a Kangaroo, but right now Phill has no intention of switching.

Next week: Wayne Brown



PHILL HAWTHORNE, of Newcastle, is the youngest member of the Wallaby team now touring South Africa, and one of the smallest—but he's really tough on the field.

TEENA® by Linda Terry

